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# *Hugh Montgomery*

Hugh Montgomery

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*Hugh Montgomery*

# HUGH MONTGOMERY;

OR,

EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH MINISTER AND  
TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

WITH SERMONS AND ADDRESSES.

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NEW YORK:  
PHILLIPS & HUNT.

CINCINNATI:  
WALDEN & STOWE.

1883.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS story of an earnest life commends itself to the Christian and the philanthropist alike. It is an unpretentious narrative of struggles with adverse fortune in early years, of consecration to the service of God in ardent young manhood, of unwearied devotion and unceasing toil in mature years, with unwavering fidelity, unquenchable zeal, and unfaltering courage, and of the successes with which it has pleased God to crown such labors. In the hope that it may promote his glory and inspire other young men with a like spirit, it is given to the public.

The Rev. Hugh Montgomery, now in the prime of life, is widely known as a successful pastor in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Large revivals have occurred in every field to which he has been sent. He is much better acquainted with men than with books, and knows how to meet the masses on their own ground. Noted for his sympathy with the poor



and suffering, he has every-where proved himself their friend. The narrative shows what such a man, a man of child-like sympathy, large heart, deep convictions, and determined purpose, can do.

Though never making his work as a minister secondary, Mr. Montgomery is, perhaps, most widely known by his efforts in the cause of temperance. It was sympathy with a victim of the rum traffic that first, in his young ministry, roused him to a contest with it; and probably no pastor in the country has given to this cause more time, thought, or labor, or accomplished so much in the recovery of the inebriate and the punishment of illegal dealers in strong drink.

The reader of these pages will follow from the forests of Canada the steps of the untutored Irish boy, whose courage is equal to his conscience, to the school, the pulpit, the farm-house, the abodes of poverty and woe, the saloon, the platform, and to the court-room. He will know him ever as a stalwart hater of evil, whom wrong-doers fear; and a gentle friend, to whom the poor and the unfortunate gladly turn. The narrative abounds with incidents, some touching and sad, and many of a different character, as would naturally be looked for in such a career.

Unfortunately, Mr. Montgomery has never kept a journal, or, until recently, even a diary; but his tenacious memory of persons, events and incidents, has enabled him to furnish the materials for the present sketch, much of which is in his own words.

In compliance with the expressed desire of many friends, a few sermons and addresses are inserted.

*September, 1882.*



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# HUGH MONTGOMERY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH—BOYHOOD—EMIGRATION.

Birth and Ancestry—Early Home—Famine of 1846-47—Incidents—Corn from America—St. Patrick—Early Irish Church—Canada—Service—Struggles.

**H**UGH MONTGOMERY was born March 28th, 1839, in the county of Fermanagh, about seven miles from the city of Enniskillen, in the North of Ireland. That ancient city is noted in history for the defeat of a superior force sent against it by James II., and the subsequent formation of a part of the defenders of the town into a regiment of cavalry called "The Enniskillen Dragoons." The regiment still exists, and bears its old name.

The parents of Hugh, Alexander and Hannah Montgomery, were excellent, cultivated, and substantial people. They were Protestants, but while Christians in name and form, strict in principle and life, and reverential toward religion, they knew not in their own experience the saving power of divine grace. Their sympathies were with the Established Church; but they at the same time cherished a high

regard for their Methodist neighbors, whose daily lives they saw to be in so beautiful harmony with their profession.

When Hugh was five years of age the family removed to a pleasant spot in the county of Tyrone, about fourteen miles distant from the place of his birth, where Mr. Montgomery had secured a lease of a farm extending through the life-time of his three sons. In this new home they were witnesses of the fearful sufferings produced by the terrible famine of 1846 and 1847. Although he was then but a mere child, so vivid were the impressions made by those scenes upon the boy's mind, that the lapse of years, with all their multitude of labors, cares and changes, has never been able to efface them.

Though the famine began in 1846, its greatest severities were not felt until the failure of the crops of the next year. Multitudes were without food, and thousands perished from starvation. The poor-houses were crowded, and their inmates were swept away by the typhus fever. Not infrequently three patients sick with fever might be seen in one bed, and sometimes the yet living and the dead lay side by side. Parishes became unable to furnish coffins for the dead poor, and they were put away in the ground without coffins and with little ceremony. In the extremities of hunger, many boiled the weeds of the garden and the field and ate them for food. Then came the added scourge of cholera. More and

more, under the operation of the laws then existing, the people were driven houseless, homeless, and penniless into the highways, where hundreds upon hundreds perished without help or pity. The story of these horrors went abroad and turned the attention of people every-where to this stricken land, and not only awoke deep sympathy, but brought help, though too late to save the lives which had been lost.

Fresh in Hugh's memory to-day is the poor starved boy that came to his father's door for food, and, having been fed by his mother, walked away perhaps twenty paces, and fell to the earth lifeless. He once accompanied his father to the house of a neighbor, where they found the father, mother, and five out of seven children lying dead from starvation. The horrors of those days of suffering have often been described; but no pen, however graphic, can set forth the full reality. Sometimes their darkness was lighted up by a beautiful faith in God, as in an instance known to Hugh. A gentleman passing along the highway found sitting by its side a starving mother, with two little girls, one of whom was lying lifeless upon the ground at her feet, and the other weeping and pleading for the food which she could not give. Keenly suffering under this triple affliction, and despairing of relief except at the merciful hand of death, she was saying, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Just then the gentleman came up, and seeing at a glance her distress, exclaimed,

"Poor woman, I pity you from the depths of my heart." Hearing his voice, she turned toward him her face on which, through her tears, shone the bright expression of victory, as she replied, "I have done all I could to sustain and keep my children alive. My little May has gone to her heavenly Father, and Maggie will soon go, too. I shall quickly follow them. The Lord knoweth what is best. We know that 'all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.' I am not poor, for the cattle on a thousand hills are my Father's." Truly, though cast down, and nearly destroyed, she was not forsaken.

Very distinct, also, in Hugh's recollection is the coming from the United States of the ship loaded with corn, the free contribution of its people for the relief of suffering, starving Ireland. It was ground, and then "porridge," as they called it, was made of the meal, though the dish thus prepared is better known among Americans as Indian pudding. Hugh describes the applicant for it as required to bring the testimony of a neighbor that he was truly in need, when he could receive the prescribed allowance of a quart for each member of his family fourteen years of age and over, and a pint for each one under that age. And daily could be seen those poor, grateful people, Catholic and Protestant alike, receiving their food, and then returning home and

falling on their knees with glowing faces to pray God to bless the people of America.

Previous to the famine, Hugh's father was in prosperous circumstances, and had intended and expected to give his children the means for procuring a good education; but the terrible scourge had sorely impoverished him. Four or five years of struggle followed, with little hope of relief. He had heard of America, and glowing visions had been presented before his eyes; but with an Irishman's love for his native land he clung to his home until emigration alone seemed to promise an improvement of his condition.

It must be a poor country, indeed, whose sons feel for it no enthusiasm and love, or from which they can depart forever without regret. Ireland is poor enough; but she is not so poor as that. Yet she has not always been so, nor would she have become what she is had she been true to the teachings of her early apostle, and been permitted to keep the Christianity which he gave her. St. Patrick was a holy man and devoted to the holy Scriptures. He says of himself, while herding the cattle of Milcho, to whom he had been sold, "The love and fear of God inflamed my heart. I said a hundred prayers in a day, and nearly as many at night. And in the woods and on the mountain I remained, and before the light I arose to my prayers, in the snow, in the frost, and in the rain; and I experienced no evil at all." In obedience to a

divine call, as he thought it, and sent by no Bishop or Pope, he went to Ireland in the year 432, to preach the Gospel to the pagans; and notwithstanding he and his converts were for some time the victims of persecution he brought the nation to Christ. He built between three and four hundred churches; he founded schools, and organized an Irish Church; and never did he appeal to any foreign Church, Bishop, or Pope. For seven hundred years this evangelical Church of St. Patrick flourished and grew strong, in absolute independence of Rome. Its schools prospered. Its college of Armagh had seven thousand students. Its scholars were among the most learned of the world. Its missionary teachers went into other lands, carrying religion, schools, and civilization. Its Bishops would hold no intercourse with the Pope.

To subdue the Irish Church it was necessary to destroy its schools, its churches, its open Bible, and its native Bishops. "To accomplish this inhuman aim," says the historian, "Pope Adrian IV., in 1156, sold Ireland to the Normans. For a certain tribute, to be torn from its bleeding people, the Holy Father (who claimed all islands as his,) transferred all the rights of St. Peter in the soil, the inhabitants, the schools, the churches of Ireland, to Henry II. of England." This meant nothing but bloody war, the subjection of the people to the condition of serfs and paupers, and the mastery of the old Church by the

Roman Catholic. Ireland's recovery from her sad condition must date from giving back to her people an open Bible, and her return to the religion of her great apostle.

Mr. Montgomery at length decided to surrender the lease of his farm, losing all that he had expended upon it, and sell the little property still in his possession, and then to emigrate to America. In the township of Kingsey, in the forests of Lower Canada, he bought fifty acres of woodland, and on it erected a rude log-cabin in which to shelter his family. At that time he had three sons and three daughters, Hugh being the eldest son, and about fourteen years of age. The glowing descriptions they had received of this new country they did not find verified. They had been accustomed to cultivated fields and refined society; they were now surrounded only by the forest, with no neighbors near, unless, perchance, they were the wild beasts. The change was exceedingly painful. For three or four years their trials were very severe, and they knew not as yet a personal Saviour to whom they might carry their burdens and sorrows. They were strictly moral and upright in conduct, living as rightly as they knew. The Sabbath was rigidly observed by them. Hugh says that he never saw his father even black his boots or shave his face on the Lord's day. These parents, moreover, carefully taught their children the fear of the Lord; but they then knew not how to teach them his love.



It was not very long before the family became so pressed in their circumstances that the children who were of sufficient age were compelled to go to service. The first barrel of flour brought into the new home was purchased and paid for by Hugh, whose wages, not including board, were eighteen English pence per day. Then, when the long winter months came on, the father, assisted by his boys, would clear the land. The trees were felled and cut up, and the wood was then burned to ashes, the lye of which was boiled down into "salts," and from them was manufactured the common baking-soda. The salts were sold at the rate of two dollars and a half per hundred weight. At length, by hard work and the strictest economy, the land was cleared and the family made comfortable.

The first stove brought into the log-cabin was earned and paid for by Andrew, Hugh's younger brother, and was the cause of no little rejoicing in the Montgomery family. Not long afterward a cow was added by Hugh. At twenty-five cents a day and board, it took a good many days of weary labor to earn a stove and a cow; but these brave boys, in doing it, not only added to the comforts of home, but they learned lessons of patience and self-discipline which were invaluable to them in subsequent years.

When Hugh was fifteen years of age he hired himself as cook for a gang of a dozen French lumber-

men. The culinary apparatus was limited, and little skill on his part was required. The food was coarse, but substantial; and if any extra implements were necessary, the cook must make them. He did his own washing, using for a tub a trough which he made by digging out a log. In the hardships of the camp he learned new lessons of sympathy with the extremely poor. Here, too, he had his eyes fairly opened to the hollowness of Romish worship, and received his first decided impression of the reality of true religion. The French Catholics with whom he was associated held to the forms of worship with a tenacity that would have done them credit had it been given to the practice of godliness. They knelt regularly and prayed, and compelled Hugh also to kneel with them, and kept him down by placing and holding a stave across his legs. Yet they were often profane while at their prayers, and seemed to have no conception of religion beyond the form. Among the men was one old Frenchman, a Protestant, who used to return to the shanty in their absence to pray. Hugh could not understand a word he said; but he saw in his earnest face as it was turned trustfully toward heaven an expression of hope which made him feel that that man's religion was real.

Trying as was this Canadian life because of its severities and privations, its most painful feature to the parents was in their inability to give their children the education which they had intended, and

which the children needed. Their condition demanded hard and steady toil from early morning until late at night; and very little time could be devoted to school or to books. This deprivation the children most keenly felt in subsequent years; and we shall find Hugh using his best efforts to recover the loss.

## CHAPTER II.

## CONVERSION—EARLY MANHOOD.

Camp-meeting—Love-feast—Hugh's conversion—Ridicule—Family prayer—Parents' conversion—Death of mother and father—Personal effort—Timidity—Revival—Unites with Wesleyans—Night at a farm-house—A new baptism—Call to preach—Spare moments—School.

IN the autumn of 1856, when Hugh was in his eighteenth year, he learned of the announcement of a Methodist camp-meeting to be held in Melbourne, some sixteen miles from his home. It was to continue three weeks. Camp-meetings at that day and in those parts were usually seasons of great spiritual power. Ministers and people came together with one object in view, the salvation of souls. The preaching was plain and practical, direct and pointed, and was accompanied by wonderful manifestations of the Holy Ghost. Every tent was a place of prayer. Frequently hundreds were converted at these meetings. At an early hour, on a Sunday morning, Hugh, with six of his neighbors, started in a lumber wagon for the camp ground. It began to rain before they reached their destination, and continued to pour down without intermission nearly all the day. This was Hugh's first camp-meeting, and he was not

very favorably impressed with the new and peculiar surroundings. The wet weather had driven the worshippers into their tents, and in one of them a man, praying devoutly, thanked God that he had sent the "gentle shower," and that they were where they could "cool their tongues with water." Young Hugh, standing outside in the rain, showed his appreciation of their differing circumstances by remarking to one near him that "if that fellow was out here he wouldn't feel so happy." He returned home at night; but on the next Sabbath morning, in company with five other young persons, he was again at the camp ground, and early enough for the love-feast, at eight o'clock. Among those who spoke was an aged saint who related at a little length what God had done for his soul. When he sat down, he was reproved by the minister in charge of the service for having spoken so long. This brought the old man again to his feet. With a spirit and manner full of sweetness, he simply replied: "I haven't told you half of it!" As he uttered these words a tear rolled down his cheek and fell upon the straw in the altar. Hugh says he has never seen a tear sparkle as that one did. God used it to touch and awaken his heart. He said to himself, "That old man has something I haven't got." All the day long, although the singing was sweet and the preaching powerful, he could hear and see only the testimony and the solitary tear of that humble old Christian. Many

times before this he had felt that he needed to be a better boy, that his heart was not right before God, and that his efforts to live as he knew he ought did not bring him peace. At times, indeed, he felt that he was as good as others; and then again the fears and terrors of hell would take hold of his soul. But the way he knew not.

At the close of the evening sermon a minister arose to make room in the altar for penitents, with this remark: "All those who do not wish to become Christians, will please leave, and give room for those who do." Hugh, who had been inside the altar, a deeply interested observer, at once passed out; but his soul was full of a longing to know his sins forgiven! We will let Mr. Montgomery himself tell the story of his conversion:

"Two ministers, with arms locked, stood up, and sung:

'Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.'

And to this day there is no hymn in the old Wesleyan collection that will so stir my soul to its depths as that one. Glory be to God! While they were singing, one of the ministers, the Rev. Benjamin Cole, now in heaven, came to me, and, taking me by the hand, tenderly and earnestly exhorted me to give myself to Christ. I yielded to his solicitations, and accompanied him, weeping as I went, to the altar.

It was full, and I knelt by the side of an old hemlock stump. I remained there about four hours on my knees. The more I prayed the more wretched I felt. But I was determined not to leave the spot until I found the Lord Jesus Christ. At length a Christian lady, an acquaintance, came to me, and, laying her hand on my shoulder, said: 'Hugh, you cannot save yourself; just throw all upon Christ.' I obeyed as would a little child. In a moment by faith I caught sight of Him who was wounded for my transgressions and bruised for my iniquities. The burden of sin rolled away; I was forgiven; the glory of God had come into my soul, and I arose to my feet, praising the Lord. My heart was almost bursting for very joy, and I wanted wings to fly home to my old father and mother that I might tell them what great things the Lord had done for me.

"I was hardly converted, however, when an old Christian came up to me and said: 'The probability is you will never be as happy again as you are now,' and exhorted me not to backslide. But, glory be to the eternal God! the old man was much mistaken. I have received many remarkable blessings since then, when my soul has been made to run over with 'glory divine.'

"The rest of the night, as it was the last one of the meeting, was spent on the camp ground in prayer and praise with a faithful minister of Christ, the Rev. Thomas Derrick, who was then our circuit

preacher. He gave me many practical suggestions as to how to walk before God. He also urged me to go home and tell my parents all about the Lord's dealings with me.

"The next day, with the same young people who had accompanied me to the ground, I returned home. I was the only one in the company who had sought the Lord. As we rode along they taunted me with all manner of questions, among others, asking me how much religion I had. I finally turned to them, and said: 'Boys, I know God has converted my soul, and all the powers of earth cannot turn me from Christ.' This blunt declaration served to close their lips for the rest of the way.

"It was about midnight when I reached home, and my mother took me to task for staying out so late; but I quietly related to her what the Lord had wrought in my heart. She listened in perfect silence, and when I got through she only said, 'My child, you are excited. You had better go to bed.' My father, who was quite deaf, could not understand the conversation. The next day, however, when out with him in the forest, I sat down by his side and told him what had occurred on the camp ground, and that God had forgiven my sins and given me a new heart. Then, without waiting for a reply, or giving him any time to question me, I exhorted him to establish a family altar. The fountains of the great deep of his heart were broken up. He



threw his arms around my neck, and exclaimed: 'My son! my son! I cannot! I cannot!' That was all that was said at the time; but after supper that evening he took the old family Bible, put on his glasses, and looking over them at my mother, remarked: 'Hannah, it's time we were doing differently when our children are leading us.' He read a portion of Scripture, and, turning to me, said: 'Hugh, wont you pray with us?' Then, for the first time in the presence of my father and mother, I knelt down and prayed aloud. The Lord graciously helped me. While I was praying both of my dear parents were powerfully converted. O what a night was that! The old log-cabin was transformed into a very palace.

'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know.'

"That was the time and way in which we established the family altar, and, glory be to Jesus! it stood firm and unmoved in that old home from that day until a few years since, when my dear, aged father was laid away in the grave to await the sound of the archangel's trump. One of the sweetest and most encouraging thoughts that would come to my soul, during the past of my Christian life, when I have been engaged in hand-to-hand conflict with the powers of darkness, has been that my father was bearing me up before the throne of grace in fervent prayer.

"My dear mother was called upon to go up higher in May, 1866. I was in the midst of a blessed revival when a telegram summoned me to her dying bed. I had been home but a few days when she called me to her side, and said: "Although I should like to have you stay with me to the end, you had better be about the Master's work.' Three times in succession she called me close to her, and exclaimed: 'Hugh, keep humble at the feet of the Master, and give Christ all the glory.'

"The years have come and gone, but the memory of that sainted mother grows brighter and more precious. In a little while, after a few more cares and sorrows shall have been added to the many of the past, I shall realize what the poet meant when he sung—

" 'O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain;  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,  
To meet one another again.' "

Fourteen years after the death of his mother, Hugh was telegraphed to come and see his father, who was dying. When he reached his bedside he found him unconscious, and was told that he had been in that condition for a week.

"I tried hard," says Hugh, "to make myself known to him, but failed to arouse him, until I requested one of my nephews to bring the old family Bible. I opened it and held it before him, and in an instant

the sight of the old, familiar book broke the spell. He laid his thin, trembling hands on its sacred pages, and then drew it close to his bosom. Looking up into my face he recognized me, and, throwing his arms around my neck, kissed me. That last kiss lingers yet, and the memory of it is worth more to me than all the silver and gold of this world. Strange as it may appear, when he afterward fell into one of those unconscious states, the only thing that would arouse him was the presence of the old book, which was brought into close proximity to his face. A number of times was he thus awakened to consciousness. Sweetly and calmly, full of years, and ripe for glory, he passed away. The years of life had been full of toil and sacrifice, sunshine and shadow. He is now where no carking cares or vexatious trials can ever enter, dwelling in the sunlight of an eternal home.

‘His soul to him who gave it rose;  
God led it to its long repose,  
Its glorious rest.  
And though my father’s sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round me yet,  
Bright, radiant, blest.’ ”

The blessedness of the new experience of his soul’s salvation, as is true with most young converts, led Hugh to earnestly desire to make others sharers in his peace and joy. He was naturally very timid; perhaps few are more so. He could talk of the great question with a single individual in private; any

thing more was a heavy cross. But God lays on us no burden heavier than we can bear, and he knows how to lead and prepare the weakest for the severest tasks. We have seen how Hugh's parents were converted. A suggestion of the circuit preacher, made soon after that event, led him, as he was working for different men, to resolve that in tarrying over night in a house where they had no family worship, he would ask permission to pray with the family. But he shall tell the story of those days:

"I began," he says, "from that hour to use all my influence in private, personal conversations with my youthful companions to bring them to Christ. A revival soon commenced, and under the faithful ministrations of Mr. Derrick, who was a man of great ability, many of them were converted. Between eighty and ninety were received into the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of whom I was one. This was in December, 1856.

"A few months afterward, I was some nine miles from home, when a snow storm came on which obliged me to ask shelter for the night of a farmer who was a fiddler at country dances, and an unbeliever in religion. After supper we fell into conversation, in the course of which he said many things against Christians, and ministers in particular. I remember even now very distinctly his saying that 'ministers think a great deal more of the fleece than they do of the flock.' He was not aware that he

showed how little he knew about them. But his cavilings did not disturb me half so much as did the thought that I must in some way fulfill my purpose of prayer with the family. The crisis came at last when he arose and said, 'I guess I had better show you where you are to sleep.' He took a candle and was nearly to the top of the ladder by which the chamber was reached by the time I touched the first round. He stopped and looked down upon me. The expression on his face seemed to say, 'What are you waiting down there for?' I could keep still no longer, and then told him my resolution, and asked him to grant me the privilege of praying with him and his family. He assented, came down the ladder, and handed me the Bible. My hands trembled so much that I could scarcely distinguish one word from another. I closed the book without reading, and fell on my knees before the Lord. 'I was nervous and excited, and my prayer was broken; but the trembling soon ceased, and I prevailed with God. When I got through praying, the man and his wife remained on their knees, bathed in tears. When they arose they thanked me heartily for the interest I had taken in them. I retired to my room, and such was the blessed baptism on my soul, that I seemed to hear music sweeter than the music of earth. My whole being was thrilled, and the singular manifestation of God to me was such as I cannot find language to express. I could almost say with

Paul, 'Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell.' I then and there felt within me a deep conviction that I must preach the Gospel. Fully believing it to be from the Holy Ghost, I solemnly dedicated my whole being anew to God, and promised him I would preach his blessed Gospel if he would only qualify me for the work. Up to this time I had been exceedingly timid in all public religious exercises. I could privately converse with my young friends about their souls; but I had never taken any part in a prayer-meeting, and my remarks in a class-meeting or love-feast were very brief, and were uttered with great fear and trembling. It was nearly four years before I was able to take the first step toward the fulfillment of this promise then made. My parents needed my labor, and the door did not open. Meanwhile the matter was locked in my own bosom as I waited for the movement of God's hand.

"From my conversion till I was twenty-one, I used what leisure I had in reading, and in going to school in the winter months. My old class-leader, Henry Haddock, became my religious instructor, and to him, through the grace of God, was I indebted more than to any other man during my early Christian life for encouragement and help.

## CHAPTER III.

## ON A FARM—AT SCHOOL.

Twenty-one—Littleton, N. H.—Deacon Cobleigh—On a farm—First Sabbath in United States—Tested—Sunday sugar-making—Meeting at Deacon Cobleigh's—Six young men converted—The teacher and her girls—Jackman's—Debate with annihilationist—Walker Hill—Infidel's dollar—Whipping not taken—Disturbers rebuked—Joins Methodist Episcopal Church—School—Debate on hell—License to exhort—Newbury Seminary—Ryegate—Hungry—In the pulpit.

IN the spring of 1860 Hugh attained his majority. The time had come when he must take his first steps toward his life-work, and he must go alone, except as God would accompany and help him. His life had hitherto been passed in a rural neighborhood. He had not received the ordinary instruction of the common school; he was unfamiliar with books, and he was poor. He had come of a hardy race, and had a vigorous constitution; he had lived in the free, open air of the country, and had good health; he had the love of God in his heart, and an irrepressible desire to do good to men. Down in his soul was the conviction of his duty to preach the Gospel, with the memory of his promise to obey if God should open the way. For this he must prepare himself. He must obtain an education, and an education costs money. He had

no money, and must earn it. He knew no trade, and must earn it by hiring out himself to work on a farm. Such was the simple logic of this honest-hearted young man, who had four years previously so solemnly consecrated his all to Christ. He set out from his father's house with his bundle in his hand to earn by labor money, not to lay the foundation of an earthly fortune, which none who know him will doubt his ability to create, but to expend in preparing himself to preach the Gospel of Christ. His entire earthly goods were in that red handkerchief in his hand, and consisted of a pocket Bible, a New Testament, a small Webster's Dictionary, and a change of clothing.

Crossing the boundary line between Canada and the United States, he traveled on until he came into the town of Littleton, in New Hampshire. Worn and dusty and tired, he made his first application for employment to a farmer, known among his neighbors as Deacon Cobleigh. He was a godly member of the Congregational Church.

"The good deacon looked me over," says Mr. Montgomery, "eyeing me sharply, and said to me: 'The Lord has given me four children, and I am training them for heaven. I wouldn't have a man on my premises who would use profane language, if he worked for nothing. Besides that, I should expect my hired men to attend both family and public worship.' Having delivered himself of this plain speech in a kindly manner, he informed me that I



might have the place if a certain man who had applied for it did not take it. I did not, however, obtain the place, as it was filled by the man who had the refusal of it; but I soon secured work with another farmer in the neighborhood."

The contract was for six months at fifteen dollars a month and board.

Hugh was a servant of Christ, and, as such, he had no other thought than that he was always and everywhere to do his best for his Master. A test that he had not anticipated came to him on his first Sunday morning. The widowed sister of his employer, who was his housekeeper, placed a couple of wash-tubs with pails in the kitchen to be filled with water for the Monday's washing, and asked Hugh to fill them immediately after breakfast. As we have seen, he had been trained to such an observance of the Sabbath as avoided all unnecessary labor on the Lord's day, and this request surprised him. The question was at once raised of his obligation to his employers and his duty to God. After thinking the matter over, he decided that he could not do the thing asked of him, and that he must, if necessary, refuse to obey, even if he lost his place. Approaching the lady frankly, and addressing her, he said: "Mrs. Abbey, I have given my heart to God, and want to be a consistent Christian. I would have been glad to do these chores last night, but I cannot trample upon the Sabbath." She was struck by his fidelity to what he

believed right, and at once begged forgiveness for her request. She ever afterward manifested a deeper interest in the young man than she had before shown, and, better yet, she soon became a Christian. It was a little thing that had been asked of Hugh, and it demanded but a few minutes of time; many people, far too many, would not have hesitated; but with him it was a question of doing Monday's work on Sunday. He endured the test.

There was no religious service near Hugh's new home, but there was the school-house, and there were private houses, and, plainly, there ought to be a prayer-meeting established. He would talk with the neighbors and get one started. So his first Sabbath in the United States was spent in going from house to house, conversing with the people about their souls' salvation, and urging them to consent to prayer-meetings in their homes, as the locality in which they were was about four miles from any church. But he met with no success until he came to Deacon Cobleigh's. He approved the plan, and at once appointed a meeting to be held at his own house on the next Sabbath evening.

As Hugh on that Sunday was passing through a grove of sugar maples in going to a certain house, he found a couple of men boiling sap in the process of sugar-making. He told them that it was the Lord's day, and reminded them of the fourth commandment. They only laughed at his reproof of their wick-

edness in working on Sunday, and he finally said to them, "You will lose more than you will gain. You cannot outwit the Almighty." As he withdrew, one of them, much his senior, shouted after him derisively, "Halloo! bub, you mustn't come and steal the sugar." "No, sir," he replied, "but I will talk to the Lord in prayer about the matter." He walked away into the depths of the woods and there knelt down and prayed that the Lord would open their eyes and show them their sin. On Monday one of the men left the camp for home; the other stayed to attend to the fire and see that the sap did not burn, but, wearied with his continuous labor, he soon fell asleep. While he slept, the sap boiled over, and their sugar was all burned up. The declaration of the youth in the face of the accident seemed to them almost prophetic. One of them was heard afterward to say, "I guess that young Irishman and God have an understanding with each other." The men ever afterward were friendly to Hugh, and he held meetings in their houses by their invitation. Their respect for the religion of Christ was increased, though they were not won to his service. The story was widely told at the time and kindled much interest.

Of the prayer-meeting and the gracious work that followed, the account is best given by Mr. Montgomery himself:

"It was soon noised abroad," he says, "through the neighborhood that 'a young Irishman was going

to hold a meeting at Deacon Cobleigh's.' The advertisement had the effect of bringing out a house full of people. When I reached the place and found so many gathered, my knees smote together, and I was terribly frightened. The good deacon, reading my embarrassment at a glance, took charge of the meeting himself. This was a great relief to me. He read the Scriptures and then called on me to pray. When I knelt down my timidity, which was my natural cross, passed away, and I had access to the throne of grace. God graciously poured his Spirit upon me while I was on my knees. Prayer being ended, we urged the people to sing, as I could not sing myself. But no one responded. At length, a little boy between five and six years of age, who had come to the meeting in company with his uncle, turned to him and said, 'Uncle, can't I sing?' The uncle replied that he could if he wished, and then this dear little child, who had been taught by a dying Christian mother, sang in a sweet, plaintive voice, the hymn beginning,

" 'There are angels hovering round.'

When he finished there was not a dry eye in the house. The Spirit of God was manifestly there.

"The week following, an unconverted young man, the son of a Congregational deacon, Ezra Day, by name, and now himself a deacon, started to see me, and we met on the road. After talking together, we

knelt by the roadside and prayed. He went home, but so deep was his conviction that he could not rest until he found Christ, and, instead of going into the house he went into his father's barn and continued in prayer until about two o'clock in the morning, when he was powerfully converted. Early in the day he came to me, about half a mile from his home, his face all aglow with the light of the glory of God in his soul. Taking me by the hand he cried out, 'Hugh, I've been converted; what shall I do for Jesus?' I replied, 'Ezra, tell the people all about it at the prayer-meeting to-morrow evening.' The meeting was in his father's house, and in a simple style, but with thrilling effect, he told the story of the wonderful things God had done for him.

"The narrative of his conversion produced a profound impression on the minds of all present. At the close of the meeting, after all except myself were gone, Ezra, his sister, and I covenanted together to ask God for the conversion of six young men in that neighborhood. We wanted that number with whom to go out and hold meetings.

"The next Wednesday evening, as Ezra and I were walking along the road, we met just *six young men*, all of them unconverted. We conversed pleasantly together for a little season, and then I proposed visiting Deacon Cobleigh's and holding a meeting. They readily assented, and in a body we proceeded to the house, though a little apprehensive of incom-

moding the family. We were hardly seated when Mrs. Cobleigh, a noble Christian woman, exclaimed, 'What a fine company of young men! It seems to me that we ought to have a season of prayer.' This sweetly opened our way. While we were on our knees praying, the Spirit of the living God fell mightily upon our little group, and every one of the young men was gloriously converted. O what a season of rejoicing! Two of them became ministers of the Gospel. One was Nelson Cobleigh, a son of the deacon, now a Congregational clergyman; the other was Joseph Robbins, now a member of the New Hampshire Conference. Besides the six young men, a daughter of the deacon was converted at the same meeting, who, as the wife of Rev. Orrin Cole, is a missionary in Turkey. It is worthy of mention that they all were children of praying parents.

"These meetings were continued through the summer, and scores of souls became savingly acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ. A number of young converts instituted a little noon prayer-meeting in a grove near the old Reed school-house, as it was called. They continued the meeting for weeks, until twenty-two of the scholars had embraced religion. One morning, before dismissing the school, the teacher, a young lady not a Christian, said to her scholars that she would assist them in solving any difficult problem they might bring to her. After the school was closed at noon, a little girl came up to her and said:

“‘Teacher, will you help us on a problem we have been working at for three weeks?’

“‘Yes,’ was the answer; ‘what is it?’

“‘We have been praying for three weeks for God to convert your soul, and we want you to come down to the grove and help us.’

“The teacher’s eyes filled with tears, but she kindly begged to be excused from accompanying them. However, God, by his blessed Spirit, had fastened the nail driven by her little scholar. Day and night the problem proposed by the child followed her. She could not get rid of it until, finally, some three months afterward, at a service I conducted in another neighborhood, she, under deep conviction, knelt at the altar, a weeping penitent. But no light came into her soul until she arose and related what had occurred between her and her faithful Christian scholar. The Lord wonderfully saved her, and she became a prominent worker in his vineyard.

“As far as I know, these young converts, with but few exceptions, have stood firm in the faith. Some have gone home to glory, while those left behind are on the way.

“The same summer I began a series of meetings in what was called the Jackman Neighborhood. Here the Lord gave us most blessed displays of his grace and power, and many souls were converted.

“During these special meetings I was greatly annoyed by an elderly gentleman by the name of Shute,

who believed in the unconscious state of the soul after death, and also in the annihilation of the wicked, and was more infidel than any thing else. He was habitually present at the meetings, and claimed the right of publishing his peculiar ideas. If he prayed or spoke, he brought in his favorite topic. After one had given testimony for God and his saving grace, he would rise and say that it was not true, and the witnesses who had so testified were deluded and ignorant of the Scriptures. I at length felt obliged to ask him to desist. He replied, 'Look here, my young friend, I am older than you, and I have studied the Bible: let me convince you.' I told him that he could change me only by going on his knees and getting God to change me, for I fully believed God had given me a soul and had converted it. One day after class-meeting, I told him that if he did not cease talking as he did, I should be compelled to stop him, for I knew he was hindering persons from coming to the Saviour. He became quite excited, and challenged me to publicly debate with him the doctrine of the soul's immortality. I accepted the challenge, and it was arranged that on the Sabbath following, at the close of the morning meeting, he was to prove from the Bible that a man has no more soul than an ox, while I, of course, was to prove from the Scriptures that man has a soul, and must live forever.

"I was now compelled to study the question. I purchased the first Cruden's Concordance I ever



owned, in order to look up texts that would support my side of the argument. The week rolled round and the old school-house was filled. After a preliminary service, I announced that Mr. Shute and myself were going to debate the question of the soul's immortality. I said that it was the custom of my country to always 'give the old men the big potato,' and as I was but a mere boy, Mr. Shute should have the floor first.

"The old gentleman arose amid the most profound silence, and in a drawling tone of voice talked for over an hour, claiming that the soul is simply the breath. Finally, he quoted the text, 'Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?' In his interpretation of this passage, he said :

" 'Man and beast both breathe air alike.' "

"At this point I arose to my feet and asked :

" 'Mr. Shute, how are we, then, to distinguish the man from the ox ?' "

"The old man, stretching himself to his full height, and taking a long breath, replied :

" 'Man stands perpendicular, and his breath always goes upward ; while the ox stands in a horizontal position, and his breath goes downward.' "

"I immediately called to a listener, and asked him to go quickly to a house near by and borrow a mirror. He, as well as the whole audience, looked surprised, and, in a startled manner, he asked me what I wanted

of a mirror. I replied, "I want Mr. Shute to have it, so that he can look into it and find out which way his nose hangs, for it is very evident from his last statement that he don't know. I have always thought that a man's nose turns downward, and that the nose of an ox inclines upward."

"This was too much for my opponent, and he sat down amid the hearty laughter of our rude country audience at his ridiculous but sudden overthrow. We had no more trouble with the dear old soul-sleeper, and the revival went on uninterruptedly for weeks, the Lord blessing us and giving us many souls for our hire."

From the Jackman Neighborhood the revival flame swept over into the Walker Hill District. This section of the country was more thoroughly isolated, so far as church privileges were concerned, than any heretofore mentioned. There was no church nearer than six miles, and few professed Christians were to be found in the neighborhood, while many of the people were very wicked. No regard was paid to the Sabbath. When Hugh and his friends arrived at the school-house, where the meeting was to be held, they found a motley crowd gathered. Their hair was uncombed, their faces and clothing were not clean, but plenty of raw material was there for the prayers and exhortations of these young men. God was with them and blessed their efforts. Hugh relates some subsequent events as follows :

“At the close of the service some of the audience came to me and urged me to appoint another meeting. I told them I would come if they would wash themselves, as I didn’t believe in presenting a dirty offering to the Lord. This pointed speech as to their personal appearance was kindly taken, and they promised to be on hand in good shape if I would only come and hold meetings in the old school-house.

“Another week passed, and on reaching the place I found a clean and orderly congregation assembled to hear the word of the Lord. The Holy Spirit came upon the people in convicting power, and many conversions soon followed, some of which were remarkable in their character.

“One day, as I was passing the house of a farmer, who was an unbeliever, he hailed me :

“‘Hold a moment, Mr. Montgomery,’ said he, ‘I owe you something.’

“‘I think you are mistaken, sir,’ I replied.

“‘No, sir: I am not. I don’t believe much in your religion, but it is evident that there has been quite a reformation wrought in this neighborhood. The people have left my pears, apples, grapes and pumpkins alone this year ; besides that, they do not fight and quarrel as they used to do ; they keep their children neat and clean, and they stay at home Sundays ; and I am willing to pay for it.’

“He then handed me a dollar. I thanked him, praised the Lord, and went on my way.

“Shortly after this pleasant little incident, as I was on my road to an appointment in the same district, I met a man who had just enough whisky in him to make him quarrelsome. He began to swear at me fearfully, threatened to whip me, and grasped my Bible to take it from me. But he quickly found himself tripped up and lying on his back, with my knee on his chest, when he began to beg for mercy. I let him up, when he went his way, and I went mine.

“It was here in this school-house that I preached my first sermon. I had never before attempted to preach from a text ; but circumstances rather compelled me, although I had no license. For several Sabbaths preceding I had been considerably annoyed by a number of young men, who came out to the meeting in order to break it up, as I afterward learned. I had hitherto borne with them patiently ; but the time had now come when I could no longer endure their disturbance. They would sit on the back seat of the room, chewing tobacco and whittling during the entire service. After the usual opening services I announced to the people that I had never preached from a text, because I was afraid I could not stick to it ; but now I would take one, and, with God’s help, I would preach a sermon. The text was ‘The devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.’ 1 Pet. v, 8. I remarked that I believed in the personality of the devil ; not a devil seventy feet in height, with cloven

hoofs, and with horns, but in devils from five to six feet high, and that when I should come to the close of my sermon I would exhibit several of them to the people. When I had finished my discourse I called on the congregation to turn around. They did so. Then, pointing directly toward the guilty band of disturbers, I said, 'There they are.' I then walked to the door, threw it open, and told them that they must either behave or go out. They chose to stay and behave, and the meeting went forward as though nothing had happened. The power of God rested upon the people, and a number of sin-stricken, weeping penitents came forward for prayers.

"On my way home that evening, the same young men whom I had so severely reproved during the service waylaid me with the intention of whipping me. They were determined upon being revenged for my exposing them so publicly. I had to pass through a narrow strip of woods, and when I came to the place where they were lying in the bushes, they rushed out and formed a circle around me. When they had thus brought me to a stand, they cried out tauntingly :

"'If we hadn't any better 'ligion than you've got, we wouldn't have any!' I replied to them :

"'You ought to thank God that I have religion ; for if I hadn't I would break every bone in your bodies.'

"They did not know how badly I was frightened,

or perhaps it would not have fared so well with me. They turned, and in less time than it takes to tell it were gone. I went on my way rejoicing that the Lord had delivered me from the lion's jaws.

"Thus the work had gone on in these different rural neighborhoods. The Methodist and Congregational pastors of Littleton from time to time came out to encourage and help us, and the former organized several religious classes. I had brought with me from Canada my 'quarterly ticket,' as evidence of my standing among the Wesleyans, and upon it I was, in June, 1860, received into the Methodist Episcopal Church by the Rev. L. P. Cushman. The success attending these labors fully satisfied me of my call from God. Besides that, the neighbors began to press me to enter the ministry. With the conviction of duty strong upon me, I decided to enter school. I worked about five months at farming, not losing a day, and then I went to the High School at Littleton."

We are now come to a new era in the life of our young friend. He was a man twenty-one years old, about six feet in height, broad-shouldered, well-proportioned in frame, strong, muscular, and in vigorous health. He was ardent in spirit, and energetic in action. With books, except his Bible, he had but slight acquaintance. He had mingled with men, many of them rough men, and few of them men of culture. His hard life had not made him bitter or

distrustful: he was honest, frank, simple-hearted. He had never been vicious. What his four years of religious life had saved him from, no one can tell. But those four years had done much for his spiritual life, developing in him a deep devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom his whole being was consecrated, a profound conviction of the perfect truth of the Holy Scriptures, in their awful threatenings of the ungodly as certainly as in their blessed promises to the righteous, and a tender love and pity for all whom he believed to be out of the ark of safety. He believed that there is a terrible hell as truly as he did that there is a glorious heaven. He knew no soft style of speaking of the fate of lost souls; his Bible taught him that sinners were going to hell, and he told them so, plainly and bluntly, but tenderly and sorrowfully. He thus early had received the name of "the hell-fire preacher," though he was no preacher, but a simple layman trying to save souls, as every layman ought. And now he is going to school for the first time in his life. He is yet to learn how little he knows, and how much there is to be known before he can be properly fitted for his chosen life-work. He will come into new associations, but he will carry with him all that he has become, and all that he knows to be true and good.

Almost immediately upon entering the school at Littleton, Hugh became acquainted with a couple of students, who had spent some time in a law office,

between whom and himself a warm friendship grew up. They were Universalists. They were greatly his superiors in education, while he as much excelled them in knowledge of the Scriptures. In their free, frank conversations, they very naturally fell into frequent discussion of their differing religious beliefs, and especially of the doctrine of future punishment. It finally fell out that they challenged him to a public debate in the school lyceum on the doctrine of hell, as taught in the New Testament, and he accepted. With him, against his two friends, was associated a fellow-student, now the Rev. Charles Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was to open the debate. By the rules, each side had ten minutes for opening and twenty for closing, the intervening time being given to any other persons to express opinions or ask questions.

Hugh's acceptance was made with fear and trembling; but he thought that he could obtain some assistance from his pastor, and then, with God's help, he could, though unlearned, maintain the truth of the Gospel. There were four weeks for preparation. He soon sought his pastor, but, to his surprise, was met with reproof instead of help.

"This is a grave question," said he, "which often confuses the learned, and religion cannot be benefited by a public discussion of it. You were foolish to accept such a challenge. The young men opposed to you are better educated, and the only way for you



to do now is to withdraw from such a serious and uneven discussion."

Hugh, in his faith and zeal, believed that God can confound the wicked out of the mouths of babes; and he felt that he could not withdraw. He did not really know just how to prepare himself for the contest. He did not even know how to use his Concordance. He finally took the New Testament and carefully read it through, noting down the passages relating to hell and heaven, and the words "eternal" and "everlasting," and getting the true meaning of all allusions to his topic. Added to his regular studies this made his work very laborious: but he accomplished it.

The appointed evening came, and the attendance was very large. As the question was to be decided upon the merits of the arguments by the vote of the lyceum, the result was not full of promise; but Hugh relied upon the Lord with undoubting faith, to make clear through him the truth of his word. The opening arguments were made, and the time came for volunteers to speak.

A well-known gentleman of the place, a Universalist, arose with one of those stock questions which have "never been answered."

"I should like," said he, "to inquire how it is that a God, who we are taught loves mankind with an affection as much above the ordinary love of a father for his child as the heavens are above the earth, can

find pleasure in consigning souls to hell for all eternity. The basest wretch that ever lived would not pass such a sentence as that upon his fellow-man. I do not believe these hell doctrines are true. I never have seen a minister who could make this doctrine appear consistent. When I meet a minister who can, I will gladly consider the matter further."

To the surprise of all, Hugh quickly arose and said, "Mr. President, I have no right to speak out of my time, but if the lyceum will give me permission to speak now, I will try and answer that question." The audience smiled at his boldness, and, on the president's putting the question, permission was readily given.

"I deny," he said, "that God finds pleasure in sending souls to hell. The Bible declares, 'Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?' Ezekiel xxxiii, 11. To show that no charge can be made against God for inconsistency, we will take our friend's own illustration of parental love. A boy goes out from home who has been well educated, and has a good character, and is prepared to lead an honorable and successful life, if he will. His father and mother follow him with their love and blessing. But when he is gone he forgets their advice; he forms vile and corrupting associations; he squanders

his money, destroys his good name, and becomes ragged, diseased, filthy, and a wreck of what he was. In his wretchedness he seeks his father's house. As he enters the door, the old love sees in the ruined son the darling boy of former years. He has lost every thing else, but the love of the mother remains. The proofs of sin and shame are overlooked, and she cries, 'John, come in.' She immediately spreads nourishing and inviting food upon the table and bids him come and eat. He refuses, and says, 'I will not eat.' 'But, my son,' she says, 'you must eat. Unless you eat, you will die.' 'No, I wont,' is his reply. As she pleads, her tears fall upon him, and she begs him for her sake, who loves him so much, for the sake of his immortal soul, and for God's sake, to eat, for if he will not he must surely die. But he still refuses, and death follows. Now see that mother bending in sorrow and tears over the open coffin; go with her to the grave, and know the aching of her heart as she turns away to her home, leaving there the form of that son for whom she would have given her own life. Now, sir," addressing the Universalist, "who killed that boy? Every intelligent man must admit that the boy was the cause of his own death, and not the mother. Neither is it God who damns the sinner. The Lord Jesus by his death on the cross has furnished a table of the length and breadth of the universe, and he says, 'Come, eat, and live forever.' He has sent every agency that a holy

and infinite God could send, to invite us. He has cried, 'Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved.' Now, my friend, God has done all for you that he could do, and if you do not come to him to be saved, you are as sure of hell as if you were already there, and when you get there you will find out that God never sent you, for hell was made for the devil and his angels and not for men." The speech was closed with a warm exhortation to repentance.

Hugh's answer was new to the Universalist, and pertinent as well, and it won the sympathy of the audience. Indeed, it is the old oft-repeated answer: the sinner damns himself in spite of all God's efforts to save him. The debate went on, but the chief speech had been made. Hugh's closing argument brought out his array of well-studied texts, but their effect was small compared with that of the impromptu speech. On submitting the question for decision, all present, with five exceptions, voted with Hugh and his friend. This debate gave him a better standing with his fellows, and a greater confidence in himself. As a mere school debate, it was a little thing; but as an incident in the training of a young man, it was worth much, while as a preaching of the Gospel to people who seem to have heard it for the first time, eternity alone may disclose its results.

Hugh remained in the school at Littleton during the winter and spring, vigorously prosecuting his

studies, and, as opportunity offered, holding religious meetings at various points in the immediate neighborhood. His leisure was employed in manual labor, that he might obtain means to purchase the books he needed and pay for his board.

In June, 1861, Rev. George S. Barnes, the preacher in charge, handed him an exhorter's license, and thenceforth his meetings were held under authority from the Church. The summer found him hard at work again on a farm, procuring the means of pursuing his studies. In the autumn he entered the seminary at Newbury, in Vermont, and continued there most of the time for the next three years. During his first year there he held many services in various school-houses in the surrounding country, and God was pleased to show his approval by the conversion of many precious souls.

Of his early life at Newbury, Hugh says: "Through my first year I boarded myself. My fare was of the simplest kind, consisting of corn-bread, molasses, and oatmeal pudding: to meat I was almost a stranger. My money with which to pay my bills was earned at sawing wood."

With like self-denial and labor has many an indigent young man pursued his studies for the ministry of the Gospel.

"Every moment," he continues, "was employed in labor and study. I even robbed myself of proper sleep, often studying until two or three o'clock in the

morning. The almost total loss of school advantages from the age of nine years until I was twenty-one impelled me to this severity, in the hope, if possible, to recover some part of the lost ground. I would sometimes become so weary that, kneeling by my low cot to pray before retiring to bed, I fell asleep, and slept so soundly that I did not awake till morning, when I found myself still on my knees. Besides this, my mind was filled with thoughts of the revival work that was going on, which so seriously interfered with the concentrated attention demanded by my studies, that even when working at the blackboard my hand would pause, and I would stand absorbed and forgetful until the teacher's voice or touch aroused me. Nevertheless, in all the gracious Lord sustained me. If no other good result was attained, it gave me a discipline which brought me into a deeper sympathy with the poor and struggling, which has given tone to all my subsequent life."

An illustration of the severity of his discipline is connected with an appointment at a school-house at Ryegate. The money with which he paid his fare to the railroad station nearest the place was earned by sawing a cord of wood. Then eight miles of walking brought him on Saturday evening to the home of a farmer with whom he was to pass the night. After a plentiful tea he was invited by his host to exhibit his skill at husking corn, and was kept at the work until eleven o'clock. He thus more than

paid for the hospitality received. The Sabbath morning came, but his nervous excitement in view of the work before him took away all appetite for breakfast. Morning and afternoon he addressed the school-house congregation, and then, without refreshment, he set out on foot for the seminary, a distance of fifteen miles. When about half way there he began to feel both weary and hungry, as well he might, having eaten nothing since breakfast. Apple-trees extended their branches heavily loaded with ripened fruit over his path, and he was tempted to take of it to satisfy his hunger; but his next thought was that the act would be wrong, and the example bad. Seeing a neat-looking farm-house near, he went to it with the purpose of purchasing a little fruit. A woman came to the door in response to his knock, to whom he made known his desire. "We do not sell things on Sunday," was her curt reply, as she shut the door in his face. She was right as to the selling on Sunday, but she might with brief inquiry have ascertained the necessity of the case, and with a briefer word she might have given him permission to take freely all that he needed. The unkindness was keenly felt. Passing on a little way, he turned into the woods alone with his God, and, kneeling by a hemlock log, he told the Lord his troubles. He had learned the precious lesson taught by the apostle: "In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made

known unto God." And the Lord heard him and so wonderfully blessed his soul that hunger and weariness were forgotten; and in the strength of that heavenly food he arose and went on his journey. "From that day forward," he says, "I knew no want."

A year and a half afterward Hugh held service in a school-house near the spot where this incident had occurred. The first person whom he recognized was the woman who had shut her door upon him. In concluding his discourse he told the story of his fatigue, his hunger, and his refusal in their own neighborhood, and exhorted them to remember the words of the King in the coming judgment-day: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Hugh's first pulpit attempt deserves a word. It was made at Newbury, at the earnest solicitation of the Rev. W. D. Malcolm, then pastor there. He accepted the invitation, but with reluctance, for he felt his inability to properly present the word of God. He was the oldest student at the seminary, and enjoyed a recognized repute for knowing the least. The thought of appearing before people so much better educated than himself, to declare God's truth, caused him great anxiety, and for the two days preceding the Sabbath he was so affected that his stomach refused to retain its food. Although suffering from nervousness and embarrassment, he



took his place in the pulpit. The text was: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke xix, 10. "Aided by the prayers of the congregation," he says, "I was able to preach the truth;" and it was done in a manner so earnest and practical that he won the sympathy and close attention of his hearers, and gave them a good opinion of his gifts.

## CHAPTER IV.

## PIERMONT.

Piermont—Sermon not stolen—License to preach—In charge—A case of neglect of duty—Festival—No dance—Infidel saved—Prodigal son—Infidel's challenge—Five hundred dollars—Typhoid fever—Death of Eliza—Poor advice—Changed plans.

THE summer of 1862 found Hugh hard at work in the hay field, receiving one dollar and a quarter per day for his labor. His exposure to the sun, after so long seclusion in his room, soon gave him a sadly blistered face. After about four days of this experience he was requested by a professor in the seminary to go and fill an appointment at Piermont, the minister there being necessarily absent. When he arrived at the house where he expected to be entertained, and informed the old brother and his wife that he was sent there to preach on the coming Sabbath, they looked at him in astonishment, doubtful, because of his burned, half-skinned face, whether to believe him. But after a few moments' close scrutiny they invited him into the house. "My face," says Mr. Montgomery, "was in a sorry condition. In fact, I did look hard. And if my kind host and hostess were surprised at my forlorn appearance on Saturday, the congregation that assembled at the church on Sunday were much more surprised.

"A good but impulsive woman in the vestibule seeing me in the pulpit, exclaimed loud enough for me to hear, though not intentionally, 'O! la! another boy with his composition!' I was considerably embarrassed when I took my text, (Ezek. xxxiii, 11,) but the Holy Ghost came upon me, and I was enabled to speak with considerable freedom. After service one of the old brethren asked me if I did not borrow my sermon from John Wesley. I told him I did not."

Owing to the continued absence of the pastor, Hugh supplied the pulpit for seven consecutive Sabbaths. On his return, instead of rejoicing at the acceptability of the young student's services, his jealousy took fire, and his tongue so foolishly scolded them for their interest in the boy, that his people petitioned the presiding elder for their preacher's removal from the charge, and asked that Hugh Montgomery be appointed to supply them for the remainder of the Conference year. Their pastor was removed, and, as the Church would accept no one else, Hugh received the appointment, and was thus drawn into the pastoral relation before he was properly prepared for it. When he went to his charge, the presiding elder, the Rev. James Pike, gave him the following quaint but excellent advice: "You will hear people talk. It is your duty to listen. After you have heard all, say h'm, h'm, kneel down and pray, and go about your business." This bit of wisdom has since proved

invaluable to the preacher in his work. The Lord made bare his arm during the winter, and the Church enjoyed a blessed revival. Many sinners were converted, and the congregation was largely increased. At the end of the year Hugh was re-appointed to the charge.

“When I first took hold of the work on this charge,” says Mr. Montgomery, “the spiritual thermometer was very low. Great worldliness prevailed. There was a steward, a leading man in the community, who wholly neglected the social meetings and took no active part in the church work, though he was regularly in his place on the Lord’s day. I labored with him, but could not move him. His usual plea was that we held our meetings at an hour when he must milk his twelve cows and attend to his chores. But the time came when the Bradford Guards, a regiment of nine months’ men, returned from the war, and were given a grand reception, with fireworks in the evening. On that day this brother had his chores done, himself and his family dressed, and an hour before the usual time for the social meeting was on his way to the neighboring village to witness the celebration. It struck me when I saw him that, if he chose to do so, he might in like manner hurry up his work to get to our meetings. I was much exercised over the matter, and resolved to do my duty in the fear of God. The next Sunday I took for my text the words, ‘Woe to them that are

at ease in Zion.' In the course of my remarks, among other illustrations, I mentioned the name of this brother, who was present, and spoke in plain terms of his inconsistency. As I ought to have anticipated, this personal statement caused no little excitement in the congregation, and at the close of the service several of the brethren reprimanded me for being so personal and speaking so plainly, and especially as the brother named was a prominent and influential member of the Church. They said it would never do. They were right enough, but in my youth and inexperience I did not know it. I was much disturbed. On the one hand, it seemed that the restraint advised by the brethren would hinder the good of the Church; and, on the other, I began to fear that my zeal had outrun my knowledge. I took the whole matter to the Lord, and passed most of the night on my knees in prayer, beseeching him to lead me aright and overrule it all for good.

"I resolved to go early the next morning and see the offended brother. I found him about the farm, indignant and reticent. He met me without any salutation. He would not notice me or answer any of my questions. To get away from me he went to the barn, and I followed him. I finally said to him: 'Brother A——, if I have stated any thing but the truth, I will retract it as publicly as I said it.' This opened his lips. We sat down and talked the matter over, and in a little while he frankly said: "I am

wrong, and I have been setting a bad example before my family and the community.' We knelt together there in the barn, by the side of an old meal-chest, and we both prayed, he confessing his sins and backslidings, and the Holy Ghost fell upon us in mighty power. Our difficulty was healed.

"We arose from our knees, and, with this new baptism upon us, went into the house. We had breakfast together, and, with his wife and children around him, the family altar was erected, and he consecrated himself and his family anew to the service of God. At the next prayer-meeting he was present and confessed publicly and humbly the wrong of his previous course. He attended regularly and was active. He and I were bound closely together in Christian love and fellowship, and, by the blessing of God, there followed a general quickening in the spirituality of the Church, and many souls were converted to Christ."

In the incident thus frankly narrated, one will readily discern a turning-point in the young preacher's life. His soul burned with a desire to see the salvation of God, and his clear eye saw the chief hinderance to be in the coldness and worldliness of his people. This barrier he rightly felt must be broken down. With this burden upon him, his fiery zeal outran his discretion. He meant well, but his act was without defense. Now, had he persisted and justified himself, he would soon have been sent the

way of his predecessor, and that very likely would have ended his ministry. But he was humble and carried the case to God, and God graciously delivered him. He learned a lesson for all future life; and the point which he himself would make is that it is not safe for young ministers to rashly commit blunders and then expect that God will always help them out.

Another incident occurred at Piermont, which illustrates Hugh's sturdy adherence to principle and convictions of duty. The society was poor, and the support given to the preacher was meager at best, and even that was in part raised by some sort of a festival. As Christmas was approaching, the young people took the matter in hand, and arranged for the holding of a festival in the Town Hall. The evening came and the hall was crowded. The chief interest gathered around a large Christmas-tree, loaded with presents, a good number of which were intended for the minister. The ladies had prepared garments of every kind needed in the wardrobe of a young unmarried preacher, not forgetting the gown and slippers. There was for him also a purse of a hundred dollars. Some practical wag had conceived the idea of crowning the tree with a gilded cradle, and there it was, a pretty thing, tastefully lettered with the preacher's name, and containing a colored doll. There could be no mistake as to its destination.

The various gifts were by and by distributed, and Hugh, stepping to the platform, thanked his friends

for their kindly feeling and their many tokens of it. He took up one by one the gifts of which he had been made the recipient, with some pleasant and humorous remark, and as he went down the list toward the cradle, curiosity as to his disposal of so delicate a subject became quite intense. His inherited wit did not desert him at the critical moment. He took the toy and the joke in good part, but declaring that it was too bad to give an unmarried man a baby and a cradle without a wife to care for the one and to rock the other. He felt that he was much in the predicament of the Irishman who came to America with the assurance that every body here slept on feathers, while at home they slept on straw. Failing to find the quarters he expected, he one day, passing through a pasture, picked up a handful of feathers, and, placing them upon a rock for a pillow, lay down and fell asleep. He awoke with a headache, when he exclaimed in disgust, "Faith, if these be feathers give me straw!" "So," said Hugh, "if this is the only baby the Yankees can give me, I prefer the fat Irish ones I have seen in the old country." A gentleman present was so pleased with the happy turn given the affair, that he quickly offered and paid five dollars for the doll.

Shortly after these pleasantries, Hugh discovered a violin in a bag in a retired part of the hall, and at once saw the intention of ending the festival with a dance. Inquiry verified his supposition. At once



returning to the platform, he rapped on the table and called the assembly to order. When all were quiet he addressed them.

"I am poor," he said; "I have worked hard all my life, and I need all you have given me; but I would rather starve to death than be guilty of accepting money raised by a festival that closed with a social dance. I cannot take this money and these gifts which you have so kindly bestowed."

He laid the package of bills on the table and turned to leave the room, when he was called back by the generous spirits that honored him the more for his fidelity to his convictions. They promptly promised that the dance should be dispensed with, and begged him to take back the money. He gladly received it again, and with it he carried away their full belief that he was an honest man. If any one supposes it an easy thing for Hugh to take this stand against kindness and friends he greatly errs. He simply saw his duty and had the grace to do it. He grew in the respect of his people; his support became more earnest and hearty; and he was really the gainer in every way. He had the great joy of seeing many of these young people, including those who projected the dance, converted before the winter closed. Such experiences have made it with him an axiom that a young minister loses nothing by being faithful to his convictions. And Hugh Montgomery, by the grace of God, has never had principles for sale at any price.

Mr. Montgomery tells the story of a remarkable conversion that occurred at Piermont during his stay there. "A man fifty-two years of age," he says, "a noted infidel and a drunkard, a thoroughly developed specimen of total depravity, was strangely wrought upon by the Spirit of God, and, after a severe struggle, found peace by trusting in the blood of the atonement. His wife, a woman of no small literary ability, for a long time supported the family by writing novels, and contributing stories to newspapers. Four years prior to my coming to Piermont, she had been converted, and became an earnest, practical Christian, respected by all; but at the same time she sacrificed her old mode of support, and became dependent upon such employment as her friends could give her. This naturally increased the bitterness of her husband against her religion, although he had been bitter enough before. Frequently on her return from the class or prayer-meeting she would find the doors barred against her, when she was compelled to seek shelter for the night at the house of some friendly neighbor. But hers was

" 'a faith that [would] not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe.' "

Thoroughly consecrated to her Master's service, she went bravely on, unheeding the scorn and the scoffs of her drunken, infidel husband, and continually lifting up her heart to God in prayer for his conversion.

At times he would manifest his hatred toward Christianity by burning the Sabbath-school books brought home by his children.

“One morning I determined to pay him a visit, as I had never met him. I asked the Lord Jesus to go with me, knowing full well that I could accomplish nothing in my own strength. When I reached his house, toward which I suppose he saw me coming, he met me at the door, with his mouth full of vulgarity and blasphemy. He poured a perfect torrent of imprecations upon me, and, with an oath, declared that I should not come into his house. Shaking his fist at me, he threatened to whip me. I looked up into his face and smilingly replied that two could work at that trade. After he had exhausted his passion he walked into the house. I followed him and engaged him in conversation for about two hours, and finished with reading the Fifty-first Psalm, and praying for him. He was still in an ugly frame of mind when I left him. He subsequently told me that he cursed me for weeks after my visit, and ridiculed the work I was doing. But he could not get rid of the influence of that visit and prayer; and he used to reason in himself, ‘How could that man pray for me after I had abused him so? There must be something in him I haven’t got.’

“A few weeks after my visit he was sitting in the village bar-room, idling away the time, when he felt, as he expressed it, his chair sinking, and himself go-

ing down to hell, soul and body. He rushed from the hotel into the woods, where he spent the whole of the night under the deepest conviction, suffering the severest agony of mind. He was so terrified that from that day he ceased both his drinking and his profanity. Weeks passed, and he still remained under deep conviction. All this time, however, he kept his feelings secret, even from his wife. But one Saturday evening, as he came in from his work, he leaned back in his chair and said to her, 'Wife, I'm lost! There's no hope for me.' Silently lifting up her heart in gratitude to God, she took the Bible and read to him, and then, kneeling with him, prayed. She wrestled with God for his conversion almost continuously until two o'clock the next Monday morning, when, as he expressed it, the heavens opened, and the Holy Ghost came down! He rose to his feet a redeemed man.

"That same morning I received a message, requesting me to come over immediately to Mr. Williams' house. I was in perfect ignorance of what had occurred. When I arrived I found him dressed, and lying, face downward, on the bed. His wife stood silently by, with a happy expression on her countenance and her eyes filled with tears. I spoke to him, and in a moment he leaped from the bed and knelt, clasping my feet. His first words were, 'The Lord has forgiven me; will you?' I cannot describe my feelings as I looked into the face of this once wretched

and wicked character, and saw the marvelous change that had come over it. It was truly wonderful.

"I never witnessed more lowly penitence than was manifested by this converted infidel. He went from house to house to tell the story of what the Lord had done for him, confessing his wickedness, and begging the forgiveness of his neighbors for the life he had lived, and making reparation for wrongs he had done. Some of his former associates came miles to see him, in order to learn from his own lips if the reports concerning his conversion were true. This furnished him a glorious opportunity to preach Christ, which he did not fail to improve.

"The first prayer-meeting he ever attended was shortly after his conversion and in his own house. He said he had never heard before the last Saturday but two prayers in all his life: one was at his father's grave, and the other was the prayer I offered for him at my first call. He was truly a miracle of grace, and his recital of the marvelous change God had wrought in his soul always produced a deep impression upon all who heard him."

Hugh called one day on a wealthy parishioner who was a Universalist, and quite an intelligent man, and was very cordially received. After a little conversation his friend remarked that he thought it of the utmost importance that young ministers should begin by preaching the right doctrine. Hugh assented.

"Are you familiar," the gentleman asked, "with the parable of the prodigal son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you be willing to preach upon it next Sunday?"

"O, yes."

"Do you believe that the prodigal represented the very worst specimen of society?"

"Certainly I do."

"Do you believe that he had a father that loved him; that he had a robe, a ring, a fatted calf, and that this son returned and was received by the father, as the parable says?"

"All this I believe."

The Sabbath came, and Hugh kept his promise, his friend being present in a conspicuous seat. He repeated the conversation, and then proceeded with the exposition of the parable, as our Lord's own illustration of his great love for even the greatest sinner, so that no one is so steeped in sin as to be beyond his saving grace. Then, extending his hand toward the Universalist, he addressed him: "My friend, let us see what the sinner must do to secure forgiveness. This prodigal had to do more than simply believe that he was a sinner, miserable, disheartened, and eating husks; more than to realize that he had no one to help him; more than to believe that his father was loving and able to supply his wants. All this he might have believed, and still perished from

hunger. He saw that there was something for him to do, and he said, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned.' And we read that he arose and came to his father! Well, that is all that the meanest sinner has to do, to go to the Lord, confess his sins, and receive the royal robe of righteousness. I defy you to find a single passage in this holy Book showing that God ever forces his salvation upon any one, but all who would receive his grace and love must ask for it." The Lord was manifestly present, and some eyes shed tears.

After the service closed, as they were passing out, several of the hearers very naturally asked Hugh's friend how he liked the sermon, to which he replied, "I gave the boy the wrong text."

One Sunday Hugh preached from Matt. xxv, 46, "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." An infidel, who possessed a large library, and was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, was present, and was much enraged by the sermon. Hugh had an appointment that evening at a school-house four miles away. The infidel met him before he entered the house and pronounced it contemptibly mean to advance such an abominable doctrine in the nineteenth century as he had that day, styling it a relic of the dark ages, and presently challenged him to preach that evening against infidelity, and tell all he knew about it.

Possibly he did not reflect that he whom he thus dared was an Irishman.

Hugh repeated the conversation to the congregation, naming the challenger, who was present, and then read Isa. xxviii, 20 as his text: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." His first proposition was, that outside of the atonement of Christ no man had ever found a bed on which he could die peacefully. He summoned as witnesses Sir Francis Newport, Hume, Voltaire, and other historic characters, and related some instances within his own personal knowledge. His second proposition was, that believers in Jesus do find a dying bed peaceful and often glorious, which he illustrated by their dying words.

As Hugh sat down, a woman about thirty years of age arose, and cried out, "God have mercy upon me!" She soon found peace in believing in Jesus. The infidel friend went home without a word, but was often seen at church, and the effects of the sermon were for a long time plainly perceptible.

Piermont had been considered a weak society, unable to support a minister who was a member of the Conference. Nevertheless, some such had been appointed there. Early in his second year Hugh came to the conclusion that the charge really had much greater ability than had been supposed, and he resolved to prove it. He privately said to his presiding elder,



Rev. Elisha Adams, that before the year closed he should get five hundred dollars on subscription, which, in that section and at that time, was thought fully an average salary, and the elder might arrange to send a Conference preacher for the next year. "You cannot do it," the elder replied. "I can, and I will," was Hugh's response. For the doing of it he waited his time.

A prayer-meeting was held one evening at the house of Mr. Moses Mead, a wealthy member of the Church, who paid annually the sum of fifty dollars toward the support of the minister. In the course of the meeting this brother arose, and, in some remarks, said: "I am indebted to God for all I have. It all belongs to God, and is all consecrated to him." The meeting closed, and Hugh accepted an invitation to remain for the night. In the conversation that followed Mr. Mead remarked:

"We had a glorious meeting to-night."

"Any thing but that," Hugh responded.

"Why, didn't you enjoy it?" asked the member.

"I didn't enjoy it," answered Hugh, "because you lied so."

Looking at the young preacher with astonishment, he asked, "Wherein have I spoken falsely?"

"You said," Hugh replied, "that all your property belongs to God, and all you have is consecrated to him. I knew, and every one else knew, it was not true. You pay fifty dollars a year for preaching;

and you know, and every one else knows, that you could, out of your interest money alone, pay all that the whole church pays, and not feel it. You would let the grass grow in the walks to the church before you would increase your subscription. You ought to give a hundred dollars next year ; and, if the rest would do in the same ratio, you could have a Conference preacher."

This was blunt talk for a stripling local preacher, but it had the merit of fidelity. Mr. Mead pondered a few minutes over the matter, and then replied :

"All right ! You have told the truth. I will give a hundred dollars for next year."

The next morning Hugh called on another member, a substantial farmer. His usual subscription had been fifteen dollars, but Hugh asked him to make it thirty. He could not do it, he said, and refused to add a cent. To all reasoning he was deaf. "I am not circumstanced to do it," he said ; but Hugh believed otherwise. He promised, however, to make the matter a subject of prayer before retiring at night ; but he did not keep his promise. He went to bed, but could not sleep. He tossed and groaned. After several bitter hours he arose and fell on his knees, and prayed ; as he prayed his anguish increased, and he finally cried, "Take the thirty dollars, Lord ; take all I have got ; but, O Lord, bless me !" The sweetest, richest blessing of all his life fell upon his soul.

A meeting of the stewards of the Church was held the next day, and this brother was there, so full of joy that he could not refrain from telling the whole story. He made a motion that Hugh should write against the names of the nine stewards the sums which he thought they ought respectively to pay for the next year, which sums they would agree to give ; and Mr. Mead, whose conversion from fifty dollars to a hundred had not been made known, seconded it. Hugh could not think of doing it, and must decline unless they were unanimous. On taking the vote the motion was unanimously adopted, some thus voting because of the moral certainty that Mr. Mead's figures would be considerably increased. Hugh's list was soon ready. Mr. Mead's name was down for a hundred dollars, several others were doubled, and one, doing a good business, a class-leader and Sunday-school superintendent, was raised from five dollars to twenty. He insisted that it was too much ; he begged, and pleaded, and even shed tears, but in vain. Some plainer truths than he had dreamed of showed him that he had not been paying his share, and he yielded. Only one refused the apportionment, and his Hugh had reduced. Though his income was small, he had been paying thirty dollars, and he declared that he would not give the Lord any less. The five hundred dollars was soon raised ; the " feeble Church " was thus placed on an equal footing with the body of the Churches in the Conference, and in the spring the

people were gratified with the appointment of a member of the Conference to be their pastor.

All this while Hugh was doing the double work of student at the seminary and pastor at Piermont. The former was severe, and the latter was accompanied with protracted revival meetings. He did not know how to spare himself, and he believed that his stalwart frame and vigorous physical health would carry him through whatever his ardent zeal for souls might incite him to undertake. But he reckoned wrongly. He was suddenly struck down with typhoid fever. When he found himself ill he hastened to the railway station and took the first train for Littleton, but before reaching that place he became unconscious, and in that condition was left at the station. That godly man, Deacon Cobleigh, heard of him lying there ill, and quickly took him to his beautiful home. There, for thirty-five days, the sick man's unconsciousness continued, and for eight weeks the good deacon cared for him as if he had been his own son. Physicians and nurses did every thing in their power for his recovery, but their efforts seemed to be useless. He became reduced in weight from one hundred and seventy-five pounds to seventy-one. A council of five physicians agreed that no earthly power could save him. His feet and hands became cold, and his end was believed to be near. His sister came into the room, and placing her arm under his pillow, gently raised his head, and, her hot tears

dropping on his face, said: "Hugh, do you know you are dying?" In a faint whisper he replied, "No; I am not going to die. See, what a harvest of souls! There is work yet for me to do. The Lord does not want me in heaven just yet."

From that moment the tide turned and recovery was rapid. The physicians said they never before knew one so emaciated by disease to survive. Neighbors were astonished. But during that long illness the people of his Church were unceasing in prayer in his behalf; and the teachers at Newbury, with such of the students as were Christians, were devoting an hour every morning in prayer for his recovery. God mercifully heard the supplications of his people and restored his servant to health. He had other work for him to do.

The sister Eliza, mentioned above, was a devoted Christian, and a faithful member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Some years later, in 1873, she left her home in Canada to visit Hugh at Greenland. Toward evening she reached Montreal and stopped at a hotel for the night. It was observed in the morning that she did not leave her room, and after a time it was thought best to make an investigation. She was found on her knees by the side of her bed, unable to rise, and only dimly conscious. Help was unavailing, and she soon passed away. Her last words were, "Blessed Jesus!" and then, addressing one standing by her side, "Send me back to

my old father." Her body was forwarded as she requested : her spirit had found its long-sought rest with Jesus.

Hugh's purpose had hitherto been to obtain a thorough English education at the seminary, and then to go to the Theological School, at Concord. But his physicians were positive in their assurances that he must not again attempt the double work of student and pastor. They were, moreover, impressed by certain indications that he was doomed to die with consumption, and that his life would, beyond doubt, be a short one. They knew his zeal for the work of revival, as did the neighboring ministers who were consulted, and all united in strongly advising him to attempt no more a regular course of study. He felt compelled to submit, and reluctantly abandoned his previous plan. He, nevertheless, for the two or three years ensuing, did more or less seminary work.

The advice of those good men seemed wise, but it was a mistake. It is the one regret of Hugh's life that he followed it. He should have gone to school, and then, if by an early death he glorified God less on earth, he would have been better prepared to glorify him in heaven.

## CHAPTER V.

## EAST HAVERHILL.

East Haverhill—Church repaired—Stays with Elliott—Revival—Infidel praying—Marriage on a sled—Pennsylvania—Oil region—"Great Irish orator"—Sermon at Titusville—A sad case—Life threatened—Rumseller routed—Marriage.

IN the spring of 1864, when Hugh had become strong enough for work, he was appointed by his presiding elder, Rev. E. Adams, to the charge of the Church at East Haverhill. It was in war times, when party spirit ran high in New Hampshire, and the people there, as in some other places at that time, were quite as interested in knowing that their preacher was sound in politics as that he was correct in theology. Before the first Sabbath came he had called on sixty families, and in their homes found ample evidences of comfort and prosperity. But it was not so with the illy-kept, old-fashioned "meeting-house," as the country people called it, with its high-backed pews and high box-pulpit. He inwardly resolved on its speedy renovation. Large audiences greeted the young man. He entered the pulpit cautiously in the morning, and by every movement indicated an apprehension of some catastrophe, if he indulged in too much freedom of action, but said

nothing. In the afternoon he referred to the condition of the church. "I do not wonder," he said, that there are wars and rumors of wars, and that you are being called upon to sacrifice your sons and your wealth, if this is a fair representation of the manner in which God has been treated in this country." He left the pulpit, refusing to preach in it, and descended to the floor, where he preached his sermon. As might have been expected, the congregation were divided in opinion over the affair, and no little talk followed. One influential brother, a wealthy bachelor, after service was heard to say, "No young Irish stripling shall come here and tell us what to do. The meeting-house has always been good enough for others, and it is good enough for me;" and he went home in a rage. In a day or two the preacher visited him and found him in the field plowing. Hearty and frank, he took hold of the plow, without mention of troublesome topics, and turned handsome furrows in the soil, until he saw he had also plowed himself into the farmer's soul. Before he left he had won his man, who not only came to his views, but agreed to be one of the building committee. From that hour success was assured. A meeting was held, the money subscribed, and in four weeks the house was made a pleasant and comfortable place of worship.

Hugh continued his attendance at the seminary, and supplied the pulpit on Sunday, though he gave



much more time to the work of the charge. When at East Haverhill he literally lived among the people. His usage was to spend the Sabbath, first with one family and the next with another. This agreed well with the free, social habits of that community, and it had the advantage of bringing Hugh into close association with the people in their daily life. Within the limits of his charge resided a rough character, a farmer, Roswell Elliott, by name, who was reputed to be an infidel. He certainly had no faith in either ministers or churches, and was known to have declared that he would "whip the first minister who entered his premises." Hugh heard of the threat, and said within himself that he would go and stop over Sunday with him. The time soon came for the execution of the purpose. One Saturday night he drove to Elliott's home, and found him at work in the yard of his house. Introducing himself as the Methodist preacher of the place, he added, "I have come to stop over Sunday with you."

Elliott looked up in surprise at this announcement, and crustily replied, "I allow no ministers about my premises."

Hugh smiled at the forbidding words, and answered with positiveness, "I have come, Roswell, to stay all night with you."

"Well, you wont," growled Elliott.

"I think I shall," was Hugh's reply.

"I don't want you," retorted the farmer.

"O, now, stop this nonsense, and come and help me put up my horse, for I am going to stay."

Elliott laughed at this new specimen of a minister before him, and yielded. He took the horse and cared for him as for his own. The wife prepared the tea, and the evening passed in pleasant conversation upon political and other popular topics, the subject of religion not being mentioned. But as the hour for retiring for the night approached, Hugh observed to his host, "Mr. Elliott, you have the advantage of me."

"Why, how?" was the answering query.

"You know what I believe," said Hugh, "but I do not know what you believe."

This was a fine and unexpected opening, and led to a long conversation, in which Hugh won the respect and favor of his host. When it ended he was permitted to read a chapter in the Bible and pray with the family. This was, indeed, a new experience in that home, whose master's ideas of religion had never before risen higher than the infliction of degrading violence upon a minister who might come to his door.

The next morning, after they had breakfasted, to Hugh's great surprise, Elliott reached toward him his hand containing a five-dollar bill, saying as he did so:

"I am not in the habit of giving any thing to ministers." Hugh declined to accept it.

"Why," said Elliot, "you haven't got much money; you'd better take it."

"I know I have not much," Hugh replied, "but I never like to take money that I have not earned."

"I always supposed a minister would take any thing he could get," Elliott answered, with a laugh, and thus showed once more his ignorance of ministerial character. But he was rapidly learning.

"I always like to earn my money before I get it," Hugh pleasantly replied. "You never heard me preach, and don't know whether I can. Did you ever hear an Irishman preach?"

"I don't go to church anywhere," was Elliott's answer. "I never listen to preaching."

"Well, now," said Hugh, "I will take your money on the condition that you will let me earn it. If you will harness up and take your wife and come to church and hear me preach I will take it; and if you wont I cannot take it."

Elliott laughed again, and, turning to his wife, asked, "Will you go?"

"Yes," was her ready reply.

"Well, then, we'll go."

And, true to his word, they made ready and followed him to the house of God. A warm friendship sprung up between Hugh and the Elliotts, and they became earnest and generous adherents of the Church.

On this charge, as at Piermont, the faithful preach-

ing of the word of God, accompanied by earnest pastoral labor among the people, was attended by the power of the Holy Spirit, and many precious souls were saved.

On a certain Sabbath evening Mr. Montgomery held a meeting in school-house Number 6. At the close of the sermon he requested all to rise to their feet who were willing before retiring to select and read a portion of Scripture and to pray this prayer, "O Lord, if there be a Lord, reveal thyself to me." Sixteen persons arose, among whom was one who was a prominent business man of the town, and a skeptic. On his way home this gentleman said to a friend, "Do you think that fool believes we are honest?" Subsequent events proved that he was in earnest, whether his friends were or not. He went home under a deep conviction that his life was all wrong. He read the Scriptures and prayed, as agreed. He passed two sleepless nights and could not shake off his anxiety. Mr. Montgomery visited him on Tuesday afternoon, and found him deeply troubled, and angry as well. "I have felt," said he, "like thrashing you for pledging us to pray." Several brethren were called in, and fervent prayers were offered in his behalf. In the evening he sent out a four-horse team to gather in the praying men and women of the neighborhood for another prayer-meeting, which was held in his house. Yet he did not find relief. One who was familiar with his pri-

vate history informed Mr. Montgomery that he was once betrothed to a lady of the vicinity and had without cause deserted her. Another meeting was held on Friday, in which he said, "I am willing to do any thing the Lord requires, if I can find mercy;" but no change came to his soul. The following Sunday he harnessed his team, and took thirty persons to church, and among them was the woman to whom he had proved untrue. They attended the services of the day and in the evening started for home. When opposite the residence of Mr. Baker, a justice of the peace, the driver was ordered to stop. The justice was called out, and, to the surprise of the whole party, he took the lady by the hand and asked him to marry them. The justice performed the ceremony in a dignified manner as the couple stood on the sled, and they went home as husband and wife, and have since led a happy and honorable life. There was thenceforth a great change in him, though he did not come to a clear sense of acceptance. The incident, however, had a marked effect upon his acquaintances, and many of them were converted.

After several months of severe labor at East Haverhill Mr. Montgomery made a visit of a few weeks in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, partly for the relaxation which he greatly needed, and partly to see the country. It was about the time of the greatest excitement in oil speculations, when large fortunes were sometimes won in a day. He traveled with

light equipment of baggage, and smoke and dust soon made him look more like a working man than a minister. As opportunity offered he preached to gatherings of miners and other working men, and when one did not offer he would make it.

One day he came to a settlement between Oil City and Titusville, and decided to preach in the school-house. Going to the door he requested the teacher to ask her children to inform their parents that there would be preaching there that evening. She courteously responded and gave the desired notice. The school-house had once been a machine shop, and, like most such buildings in that section, was roughly built. A curiosity about it was a large number of hooks in the ceiling. The evening came, and the preacher was there before the congregation. Remaining without, he heard a voice from within in tones of prayer. He listened, and heard the petition, "O Lord, we do not know who is coming here to preach. If he is thy servant, bless him; and if he is not thy servant, keep him away; we do not want him." Truly could he respond an "Amen" to this. In a little while he saw in every direction people coming with lanterns. They filled the house, and their lanterns suspended on the hooks in the ceiling brilliantly lighted the room. The service was one of great enjoyment to all. Accepting the invitation of one of his hearers to a home with him for the night, he accompanied him to a shanty about fourteen feet by

eighteen, in which the family resided and a few boarders were kept. The taint of petroleum was on every thing. The house was so full that there seemed no place for company, but it was managed to give the best room to the minister. Climbing the ladder, he found it in the attic, which was partitioned off by curtains of cotton cloth. It would have been a warm place in winter; in this midsummer it was intensely hot, which, with the closeness and the odor of oil, following his exhaustion, resulted in an attack of illness that kept him a prisoner for two days. He was thus gaining new experiences of life. On the third day he traveled on, preaching as he went.

Mr. Montgomery's preaching was plain, practical, in the language of the people, and freely illustrated by scenes and incidents of every-day life, many of which would be thought by some too common and trivial for any practical use. In Pennsylvania they called it *oratory*; and, truly, if oratory be that discoursing which arrests attention, convinces, persuades, and rouses men, they were right. He had been but a short time in that country when fame, taking up the reports of these untutored people, proclaimed him "the great Irish orator." Cultured ears in Titusville heard it, and no sooner had he arrived there than the Methodist pastor sent him an invitation to preach to his people. The invitation was as promptly accepted. The news rapidly spread, and

curiosity was alive. The Titusville friends, looking for a "great orator," were expecting a gentleman of culture in dress, manner, scholarship and speech.

The Sabbath evening came. Mr. Montgomery had already preached twice that day, and he now went to fulfill his engagement. He seemed oblivious of the influence of travel, dust, smoke, and soot upon his personal appearance, and took no note of his soiled linen, dress, and air, as not precisely according to prevalent expectation in a minister, until on his introduction to the sleek, finely-dressed Titusville pastor, he observed the shrinking of the latter from him, when he bethought himself of his own untidiness. But he had no apologies to make; he had on the best he had. He was received with politeness, but with a manifest reserve. He had been judged by his appearance, and was evidently found wanting, because below the standard of external style. All this was very natural. The church was grand and costly, and, as they entered it, he could not refrain from a thought of the contrast between what was then before his eyes and the poverty and needs of the people to whom he had lately been preaching. To the pastor's inquiry if he should offer the prayer in the opening services, he replied, "When I am going to mow I prefer to whet my own scythe." Many an older and abler minister has not learned that lesson. When he arose to preach, he quickly scattered the cheap fame by which he had not felt flattered, and put himself



right before the congregation. "I am no great Irish orator," he said, "but a student in the seminary at Newbury, in Vermont, and a local preacher in East Haverhill, in New Hampshire. My parents taught me that if I were a good boy I should go to Paradise, the antechamber of heaven; and I did not know when I reached this place, the surroundings were so grand, but I had already arrived there. This is a fine church, but I doubt whether it is Christ-like to spend so much money for a meeting-house, when, for twenty miles around, the people are without a single place in which to worship. Such grandeur suggests that you enjoy much of the luxuries of life, and indulge little in plain victuals. I presume you have been getting cake enough. I will try and give you a little New Hampshire brown bread, with the aid of your prayers and the help of the Holy Spirit."

Hugh then began one of his clear, earnest, strongly-illustrated talks on "The wonderful power of the love of God to save the dregs of society." He had not gone far in his sermon before a sympathizing brother in the church shouted out, "Glory to God! Lord, send us more New Hampshire brown bread."

He then spoke of his tour among the oil wells and the pleasure he had found. "But," said he, "I have seen a cup of oil in New Hampshire that was worth more than all the oil ever taken from the earth in Pennsylvania." As they had heard of no discoveries of oil in that State, a keen interest was felt by

the whole congregation. "I witnessed a scene in New Hampshire," he continued, "where a Christian brother was going to his reward. Around him were anxious, tearful friends, and by his side two kerosene lamps threw out their dim light. The lamp of his life was burning low, but in it was the oil of God's grace, pure and priceless. When all other oil had failed, and artificial light no longer revealed to him the scenes of earth, the oil of the Holy Spirit illumined his soul, and the veil between him and eternity was rent in twain, and he, like Jacob, saw the angels in their robes of white, and in that light passed to glory and to God, as full of faith and confidence as a child goes to its mother's arms." At this point another brother had become so full that he shouted, "Thank God, you have not got all that oil in New Hampshire. We have got some of that here!" Hugh quickly replied, "Praise God, and dig for more!"

He went on: "I have been told that it costs from four to eight thousand dollars to sink a well, and but one in ten pays for sinking. The yield of the pumping wells is from five to one hundred and twenty-five barrels of oil a day. Some give forth a great deal of gas and water, and very little oil; and in this I found that they resembled a great many Christians in their work in the Church. They send forth a great deal of gas in the social meetings, and when tested yield but little oil, and that of poor

quality. But God does not measure people by their gas, but by the oil of sincerity which lights up their life with Christian deeds.

“The working of most of these wells is mechanical. The steam-engine pumps up the oil from the depths below, but at Pottsville I saw the well called ‘Old Petroleum.’ I thought of that text in Zechariah, ‘In that day there shall be a fountain open to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.’ Zech. xiii, 1. This well was sunk eight hundred and fifty feet through solid rock. When the workmen struck oil it spouted up with such force that the machinery was thrown up into the air. It flowed fifteen hundred barrels of oil a day. Surrounding it were twelve tanks, and each tank held twelve hundred barrels. At this time it is yielding twelve hundred barrels a day. I could not help thinking that before John Wesley’s conversion religion resembled the pumping wells. Through a great deal of canonical machinery a little oil was pumped here and there. But when he penetrated the rich reservoirs of Christ, a spontaneous outpouring of oil followed, such as the world never saw. By its light the way of truth is made clear, and the path of duty is pointed out. The people were to be made clean, and out from the grand churches the workers for Christ and humanity went to the hedges and ditches to do their Master’s bidding. The oil of salvation began to flow again pure

and undefiled, and with it the people have been anointed."

At the close of the discourse the friends gathered around him to greet him; and when it was over he found in his hand the sum of thirty dollars which had been given him without any solicitation. He pleasantly remarked, as he looked at the money, "This is the most substantial 'amen' of the meeting." He had doubted about such elegant churches, but he was here taught the lesson that Methodists in grand churches are just as responsive and hearty as in the poorest meeting-houses.

Mr. Montgomery was absent from home three weeks, and spoke every night but three. He took no collection where he preached, but he returned to his Church in East Haverhill with twenty-five cents more money in his pocket than he had when he left home.

When in Pennsylvania Mr. Montgomery met a lad of seventeen years of age whom he knew, and whose parents resided in East Haverhill. At the lad's request he consented to be the bearer to his mother of a package of fifty dollars. The little act of kindness led to Mr. Montgomery's first controversy in the matter of intemperance. He shall himself tell the story:

"I knew his mother well," he says. "She was an excellent Christian lady, but she was cursed with the companionship of an intemperate husband. Patient-

ly, like many another drunkard's wife, she had been enabled to bear up under her heavy trials, trusting in her God, and praying daily for the salvation of her husband.

“When the boy handed me the money he earnestly, and with a tearful eye, requested me not to give it to his father. After my return home I went to the mother and gave her the package, telling her what her son had said to me. She replied, ‘You had better give this money to my husband, Mr. Montgomery, for I do not think he will spend it for drink. I think he will never drink again, as he has not touched liquor for over four months. And then, besides that, it will encourage him to know that I have confidence in him.’ I did as she requested. But the tempter was at hand to dash away the bright hopes of the poor wife. A rum-seller, learning that he had received quite a sum of money, hired a boy to tempt him with some hard cider. The expected result followed. The poor man fell a victim to the temptation, and went home drunk, with his money nearly gone. The fearful appetite was again upon him, and he resolved to leave his home and go to a neighboring village to drink up the money still in his possession. His wife entreated him not to go. He finally became enraged and struck her with a billet of wood, injuring her severely. Sitting in my window, my boarding place being on the opposite side of the street, I saw the blow, and, hastening to the spot, I quickly laid the rum-mad-

dened man on his back, and knelt upon him. I asked his wife to hasten to the rumseller and tell him what had occurred, and urge him not to sell her husband any more liquor, promising that I would take care of him until she should return. She did as I requested, but the contemptible wretch grossly and profanely abused her, and, not content with that, set his large dog on her. She came back in great distress. I stayed with her husband until he became sober, and then I went to the first selectman of the town and told him what had taken place, urging him to do what he could to close the saloon. He admitted that it was all very bad, and much to be deplored, but there were two things to be considered: first, my salary; secondly, he, and Mr. Clark the rumseller, and myself were Republicans, and the town being so nearly evenly divided politically, it would not do to resort to legal means to shut up the rumshop, for it would injure our party.

“The next Sabbath morning a large congregation was assembled in the church, and my friend, the selectman, occupied one of the prominent pews; while in another sat the drunkard and his wife. I preached a temperance sermon, in which I related to my audience the full particulars of what had occurred during the week, including my conversation with the selectman, and his refusal for political reasons to do any thing in the matter. God was with me, and helped me preach from a full heart, and many were

moved to tears. At the close of my discourse I said to the congregation that if the men among them would not take the matter up, I would on Monday morning lead a dozen women to the place, if they would agree, and I would hold the rumseller while they should destroy the whisky and kill the dog. This announcement created no little excitement among the people, and it was not long before the rumseller learned the news. He was fearfully enraged, and, brandishing his revolver, declared with an oath, in the presence of three witnesses, that he would shoot me. I had him arrested for threatening my life. He begged for mercy, and promised that he would quit selling liquor forever if I would only let him off. He was true to his word and closed up his shop."

There was a courage in this method that is characteristic. It was truly said that politically Mr. Montgomery was, as he still is, a Republican; he has been a Republican when it cost him half his salary; but humanity is greater than party, and a wife's sufferings and a drunkard's peril are far worse than political defeat. The wrong man was appealed to when the proposition was to destroy a man in order to save a party. It was just like him to tell the whole story as he did. Men whose highest principle of action is the policy which will secure personal ends, will pronounce it unwise and imprudent; but Mr. Montgomery believes that it is always safe to go

to the people with a tale of a great wrong to be righted or a great suffering to be relieved, and no personal consideration is able to deter him. His greatest enemy has never yet ventured to accuse him of cowardice. He did not cause the arrest of the rumseller because he feared for his life, but because he saw the way to put an end to his business, which he had firmly resolved to do. "Quickly after this," he says, "the Lord blessed us with a gracious revival." Was there any connection between the two?

About the middle of Mr. Montgomery's second year at East Haverhill, on the first day of November, 1865, he was joined in marriage with Miss Anna E. Roberts, of East Hartford, in Connecticut. This lady was a native of East Haverhill, and was born there April 22nd, 1842. At eight years of age, with her parents, Joseph and Eliza Roberts, she removed to East Hartford. When she was thirteen she united with the Congregational Church in that place, of which her mother was a member, and retained her connection with it until her marriage. She was a young lady of excellent education, and was employed as teacher in the public schools. Her friends admired the stability of her character and the sweet conformity of her life to her Christian profession. She was devoted to her Church, and had been for several years a teacher in the Sunday-school. Mr. Montgomery met her when she was staying for a time in her native place, and the acquaintance thus



begun proved so pleasant to them both that it ripened into intimacy, and at length into marriage. For reasons good and satisfactory to the parties, it was arranged that the marriage ceremony should be performed at a certain place between their residences, and that they would go by the next train on their wedding journey. But it so happened that by some mishap, the train that carried the bride was delayed five hours, and the arrangement seemed threatened with disaster. The telegraph was called into requisition, and when she reached the station they had but three minutes for the ceremony. The ticket agent had cleaned out and made ready his office, the clergyman, the bridegroom, and friends were there, and when the bride arrived the two were made one, and at the end of the three minutes were rolling away in the cars. Our Irishman's wit had saved him both his bride and his journey.

Mr. Montgomery was once in conversation with a few Congregational clerical friends, when one of them asked him how it happened that such a noisy Methodist as he went into the Congregational Church to find a wife. To this he replied, "I had three reasons: First, I thought I could get a better wife; second, I took a woman that had talents out of a Church where she could not use them, and put her into a Church where she could use them without restraint; and, third, I had a good opportunity to add one to the Methodist Episcopal Church." The rea-

sons were held to be sufficient, whether they were quite satisfactory or not. Mrs. Montgomery had, so far as she discerned the new life which she must lead as the wife of a Methodist preacher, counted the cost. Resolved to meet all the requirements of her position, she not only entered into entire sympathy with his views, but stood by his side, a practical co-worker with him. She became his trusted counselor and friend, as well as the discreet manager of his home. Though from her previous training in another Church, habits of Christian work had been formed of a quiet and retired character, she quickly adapted herself to Methodist usages and methods. She found the class-meeting a congenial place. She did effective work in the prayer-meeting, where her voice was heard in prayer and in testimony or exhortation, and in songs of praise. She was as determined and earnest as was her husband in the work of God and the salvation of souls; and both in the place where she began her life as a minister's wife, and in every other where she has since resided, there have been many to invoke blessings on her head for her interest in their behalf. Her rich voice in holy song has more than once touched and melted hard hearts over which as yet her husband had gained no power. But, after all, her motherhood is her chief glory; and with a firm but gentle hand she is guiding her children, who are growing up around her, obedient, loving, pure and true.

## CHAPTER VI.

## NORTH GRANTHAM.

Admitted to the New Hampshire Conference—Ordained deacon—North Grantham—Two hundred conversions—Drunken outrage—Infidel bet—Fallen woman saved—Incidents—Young skeptic convinced—Grantham Hollow—A mean trick—First convert—Ninety saved—Thanksgiving dance—Heavy cross—North Wilmot—Prayer nine years—Sorely tried.

**I**N April, 1866, the New Hampshire Conference held its session in the city of Keene. Mr. Montgomery, having been duly recommended by the Quarterly Conference of East Haverhill, was admitted on trial in the traveling connection, and was also ordained deacon by Bishop Simpson. At this Conference he was appointed to North Grantham.

At a former day this had been one of the best appointments in the Conference; but in the Millerite frenzy, twenty or more years before this time, there had been a large loss in membership from which it had not yet recovered, and Methodism was at a low ebb. But the new minister was most cordially welcomed by the society, which, though small and feeble, was united. With his warm-hearted wife earnestly sustaining him, he entered on his work with zeal; and it was not long before a mighty shower of salvation fell upon them. The close of the first year

showed more than two hundred souls converted on the entire charge, and the society at this place became greatly strengthened.

Mr. Montgomery narrates an incident connected with the work at Grantham. He says :

“There was but one liquor saloon, called a hotel, in the town when I first came to the place. Soon after my arrival a man, whose route homeward from his work lay past this saloon, was enticed in, and went home to his family drunk. The night was cold and wintry, and nearly the first thing he did was to turn his five little children out of doors ; and then, in his drunken frenzy, he rushed into the bedroom where his wife was lying ill, and with a heavy lantern aimed a blow at her head, which was happily averted by falling on the head board. Thinking he had killed her, he went to get his razor, intending to take his own life. Just then the neighbors came in and disarmed him. The poor man was sadly mortified and humbled when he became sober. He signed the pledge, and came to be one of our most prominent temperance workers. This event so stirred public sentiment that the selectmen were soon compelled to close the hated rum-shop.”

A revival followed that took in most of the so-called habitual drunkards in the place, and, like a mighty tidal wave, swept over the community. While the special services were in progress, a man, about fifty years of age, who had been a noted infidel nearly all his life,

as was his father before him, went one evening to the village store, where a group of men was collected, talking over the revival. Among the foolish and untrue things in their gossip was a statement that "the Irish preacher took the people and dragged them to the altar, and, if they wouldn't come, he knocked them down." This story aroused the infidel's ire. With an oath he offered a bet of five dollars that if the preacher came up to him in that way he would knock him down. The money was soon put up, and the infidel went to the church.

"The 'devil's corner,' as it was called, was packed that night," says Mr. Montgomery, "many having come to see the fun. I noticed a stranger, dressed in rough soldier's-clothes, sitting in the back part of the church. At the close of my sermon, as we all rose up to sing and invite penitents to the altar, I proceeded, as usual, to go out into the congregation and personally urge the people to come to Christ. I finally got back to the pew where the infidel was sitting. Totally ignorant of the plan arranged by the sons of Belial, I stepped up to him and kindly asked him if he was a Christian. In a gruff manner he answered, 'No!' I spoke a few more kind words to him, and left him. After the service closed, the fellows who had made the bet with him gathered around him and asked why he didn't knock the minister down. He replied: 'You have lied to me. He treated me like a gentleman,

and I treated him in like manner.' His companions left him, and we soon came in contact with each other again. We engaged in an interesting conversation, and it was not until two o'clock the next morning that we separated. Before we parted I prayed with him. It appeared, however, that my talking and praying did not produce any impression on him. His heart seemed as hard as a flint, although he treated me personally most courteously. On reaching home I fell on my knees and lifted up my heart to God in earnest prayer that he would reveal himself to the poor sin-blinded infidel.

"I had, just before we separated, obtained from him a promise that he would offer the following prayer before he retired to rest: 'O Lord, if there be a Lord, and if I have an immortal soul to be saved or lost, reveal thyself in some way to me.' He kept his promise. While lying upon his bed, thinking over the strange things that had happened to him within the last few hours, as he told the story, a light suddenly appeared, and a voice said, 'Come unto me, and you may have eternal life. If you do not come, you will be lost forever.' For three or four days he pondered over the matter, and his convictions became so deep that he could not rest, either day or night. At length he came to the church, and as soon as the opportunity was given he hurried to the altar and cried out to God for mercy. His prayer was heard, his sins were forgiven, and his soul was filled with

joy unspeakable. So happy was he on the night of his conversion that he ran back to the door where one of his former companions in iniquity stood, and catching him up in his arms, as though he had been a child, exclaimed, 'John, we have fiddled long enough for the devil; let us now give our music to heaven!' They had both been violinists and played for balls and dances. He became a great power for good in the Church and community, and some of his old comrades came many miles to learn if the report of his conversion was true.

"There was another notable conversion during this revival. I one day received a long and beautifully written letter from an intelligent woman, a stranger to me, and an unbeliever in Christianity. She had attended the meetings, and her letter not only showed that she was in trouble, but also contained a courteous invitation for me to visit her. Thinking that, with God's blessing, I might do her some good, I drove to her neighborhood, and, meeting a lady who was a member of my Church, I inquired of her where Miss —— resided. She hesitated, blushed, and finally stammered out, 'Well—I—I—well, Mr. Montgomery, I think if you are going there, you had better go back and get your wife, and have her go with you.' This was too plain to be misunderstood, and I returned without making the visit. At the next meeting she was present. It was an inquiry-meeting, and many were there. I noticed that she

was coldly looked upon, and especially by the ladies, who seemed to regard her with great repugnance. When I came to her and asked respecting her feelings on the subject of her soul's salvation, she replied in substance as she had written in the letter, and stated that she did not believe in the religion of the Bible. I asked her if she had always believed that way, to which she replied that she had not. I then advised her to go home, get down on her knees, and ask God to show her the terrible sin she had committed which had brought her into such a state. She promised to do so.

“The next evening she came again, and listened eagerly and anxiously to the sermon. When I invited penitents to the altar she arose and said, ‘I have a heart as black as ink, and as hard as a granite rock. I am determined to seek and find the Saviour if I die in the attempt. O, pray for me!’ She fell on her knees and humbly sought for mercy. It was not long before her prayer was answered, and she arose, with her face shining with a heavenly light, and her lips speaking the praises of God. Many of the brethren of the Church, and of the sisters in particular, hesitated to trust her conversion as genuine; but her subsequent life soon dissipated their doubts. She cleansed her house, and transformed it from a place of shame and infamy to a Christian home. Young men who had previously visited there she influenced to turn back from the road to perdition and



begin a life of virtue and religion. She afterward sought the experience of entire sanctification, and for some years has illustrated it in her life and advocated it by her pen."

This incident convinced Mr. Montgomery that women who have fallen from virtue may be saved, and that the lack, on the part of their own sex, of charity and sympathy with their efforts at reformation, is driving many of that class from such attempts, and dooming them to ruin without remedy or hope. It is an old story, that society, and even Christian society, has a widely different treatment for the two sexes. Mr. Montgomery relates an illustrative fact which makes one's soul burn.

"I knew," he says, "a wealthy gentleman who had a son whom he almost idolized. As this son grew up, he took a wrong turn, and, becoming enamored of a beautiful but ignorant girl, he persuaded her to elope with him to a distant city, where, without marriage, they lived together as if husband and wife. When his money was gone, and poverty stared him in the face, he deserted the poor girl and went back to his father's house. Not long after his return a revival occurred, and among those who asked the prayers of the Church was this young man. He sorely needed their prayers. The whole Church was deeply interested in his behalf, and united in earnest prayer for him, as they ought. He professed conversion, and there was great joy. A few months

afterward there was a grand and expensive wedding in the place, when this young man led to the altar the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the community. What of the poor girl? She also returned, and attended the same revival meetings. With a heart crushed and bleeding, she arose for prayers. Her sobs and moans could be heard all through the house. Had the Christian women gathered around her as they did around the young man, she would probably have been saved. But they held aloof from her, as though she had been a leper whose touch would have been contamination. A few of us did what we could to help and save this penitent, seeking soul, but she saw too plainly the want of sympathy and confidence and the manifest aversion of her own sex. She felt that she was not wanted there, and broke down in her efforts for her soul's salvation. She left, and went to ruin, which seemed to her all that was left for her; but to this day I believe the women of the Church might have saved her had they only shown a decent, Christ-like pity and desire to help her.

"There was a young man named David Frye, of fine education and brilliant oratorical powers, somewhat known in that section as a public lecturer, who was an utter disbeliever in experimental religion, and made himself active among our young converts in efforts to unsettle them. I one day met him and reprimanded him for his opposition to the work that

was going on, kindly saying, 'You are like the dog in the manger, that will not eat himself, nor let others eat.' We had talked pretty lively for perhaps half an hour, when he said, 'Do you think it would change me at all to go forward for prayers?'

" 'Yes, I do,' I replied.

" 'I could go forward,' he answered, 'every night for six months without its affecting me in the least.'

" 'You dare not do it,' I said, in a confident tone. 'You have not moral courage enough to go forward for prayers.'

" 'I'll go,' was his reply.

" 'You wont; you don't dare to,' I insisted.

" 'You will see,' he responded; 'I shall go forward this very night.'

" After my sermon in the evening, I gave an invitation to seekers to come to the altar, and, while exhorting, I repeated the conversation with Frye, closing by saying, 'Now, David, come right along.' Frye at once arose and marched forward to the designated seat, as cool and unmoved as ever. It was my custom to speak with the penitents before prayer, that I might better know their state of mind in order that we might the more intelligently pray for them. I proceeded to do this, exhorting the brethren to lift up their hearts in prayer to God. Coming to Frye, I said to him, loud enough to be heard by all in the room, 'David, you can tell us how you feel. Now, stand right up here and tell us what you think

about these things ; and, brethren, pray the Lord to send down his mighty power.'

"David promptly arose, cool and collected, the confident master of the situation, and turned around to face the congregation, intending to make an infidel speech. But there he stood, unable to utter a word. All eyes were fastened on him. He began to tremble, and for full two minutes he stood there speechless and trembling more and more, until, like Belshazzar, 'the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.' The silence became almost painful, when he broke it, saying, in earnest tones, 'I have sinned enough in the last three months to damn this whole town !' And he then fell on his knees, crying, 'O God ! have mercy on my soul.'

"God had shown him his awful wickedness, and before the meeting closed he graciously saved him. The Holy Spirit has arguments that the soul cannot answer."

Not long after Mr. Montgomery's coming to North Grantham, a couple of business men, manufacturers, residing at Grantham Hollow, a young and thriving village, two miles distant, were on a certain Sabbath among his hearers. They had once been members of a Christian Church, but had fallen out by the way, and at this time were far from God. Several years previously they had, in association with ten other gentlemen, erected a building to which they gave the

name of "The Free Church." But no regular religious services were held, although the prevalent immorality, intemperance and irreligion clearly showed that it was sorely needed. Just then, however, for a few weeks, a young theological student had preached there on Sabbath mornings, and this was the only service of the day; but he was soon to leave and return to the seminary.

Pleased with what they heard and saw, when the service was concluded these two gentlemen introduced themselves to Mr. Montgomery, and invited him to preach in the Free Church on the next Sabbath afternoon at five o'clock. The invitation was readily accepted. They returned home and widely circulated the intelligence, taking particular pains to notify the half hundred men in their own employ.

The announcement of a Methodist service was not received with pleasure by some of the owners of the house, nor by a portion of the morning worshipers; and the young preacher foolishly allowed himself to be made a party to a piece of small bigotry, as well as to perform an ungentlemanly and unchristian act. Before concluding the service on the ensuing Sabbath morning, he appointed a meeting at five o'clock that afternoon to be conducted by himself. The purpose was plain. It was not only a new thing, but was a trick to prevent Mr. Montgomery's preaching. When he arrived at the church he found gathered in front of it a crowd of sixty or seventy persons, mostly

men, intensely excited at the indignity put upon “our minister,” as they termed him, and the trick played by the people inside the church. They were ungodly, many of them were rough, and, in the wrath that filled them, a wrong word could have led them into mischief. They immediately gathered around him and told him their story, but declaring at the same time that they would not go into the house. “O!” he replied, “that is not the best way. Now, let me tell you. Let us all go into the meeting together, and quietly listen to the preaching in a respectful manner, and I think it will come out all right.” They turned and followed, and crowded the house. The preacher invited him to a seat in the pulpit, which pleased the friends of “our minister,” but he assigned him no part in the service. After an exposition of our Lord’s words relating to the vine and the branches, in the fifteenth of St. John, he gave an opportunity for remarks by any one present.

Mr. Montgomery at once arose to his feet, saying, “I always embrace the opportunity of witnessing for my Lord and Saviour;” and, after briefly supplementing the exposition which had been given, he proceeded to tell his own experience. Then, addressing the young preacher, he asked, “Brother, are you going to preach here any longer?” “No, sir,” was the reply. Turning to the people, he then said, “You ought to have preaching here; you must have preaching,” following this remark for ten minutes in

speaking of its importance, and assuring them that, though it might cost something, it would not cost them one fifth so much to go to heaven as it would to go to hell. Stating the sum necessary to support preaching, and bent on prompt action, he asked those who were willing to put their hands in their pockets, and to sustain the meeting by their presence, to rise to their feet, adding that he would, if possible, try to give them preaching half of the time for the remainder of the year. Three fourths of the congregation immediately arose ; and Mr. Montgomery appointed preaching there for the next Sabbath. As the people were leaving the church some of the rough and ungodly portion of them nodded their heads one to another, and in a tone of triumph exclaimed, " Bully ! we've got him, and he's our minister ! " Thus were they prepared beforehand, though they knew it not, for the gospel of salvation from his lips. Before eleven o'clock the next day the requisite amount was pledged. The North Grantham brethren were at first indisposed to yield the services of their pastor for the execution of the proposed arrangement, but they soon accepted the plan, to the greater benefit of all concerned. Several years afterward the two societies were separated and constituted into independent charges.

" I had hardly begun preaching at the Hollow," says Mr. Montgomery, " when I had evidence that God was blessing my labors. My first prayer-meet-

ing was held in a private house, with only five persons present. Among them was Miss Mary Harmon, a girl sixteen years of age, whose parents were infidels. She became very anxious concerning her soul, and made known her desire to find Christ. Before the close of the week she was sweetly converted. With the new song in her mouth and unbounded joy in her heart, she went to her parents and told them the story, concluding with saying, 'Christ is now my Saviour.' Her father, cold and impenitent, looking upon his daughter's change as a delusion, advised her to keep away from the meetings, and to stop talking such foolish nonsense. This only increased her ardor, and her anxiety for the salvation of her parents became so great that she could not keep still. She was cruelly beaten, but she would not surrender her Saviour. The time for her baptism approached. It so happened that in that community immersion was the generally accepted mode of baptism, and Mary was to be immersed. When this came to her father's ears he was wild with rage, and publicly declared, 'I will shoot dead in the act any man who dares to baptize Mary, if I hang for it the next hour.' Mary was alarmed by her father's threats, and coming to me she said, 'Do not go to see my father; I am afraid he will shoot you.' I counseled her to be calm, and assured her that I was in no danger. As soon as she left me I harnessed my horse, and drove directly to Harmon's blacksmith shop. As I entered the place



he addressed me in a rough and profane manner, but that did not disturb me. When he was through I said, 'Mr. Harmon, you must keep quiet. You live in a civilized country, and must submit to Christian practices. Mary is honest in her convictions, and is earnestly striving to do right. The change in her brings her great joy, and she is striving to be a credit to her family, and she shall be protected.' Seeing that his threats availed nothing, he abandoned his abuse of his daughter, and she was permitted to be baptized without further opposition. Her faithfulness and the treatment she had received aroused a deep sympathy for her in the community, and awakened an interest that did not die while I remained with that people. In the first six months more than ninety souls professed conversion, and Sunday after Sunday for nearly four months found me at the water with converts to be immersed. Among the first persons saved were the two men who invited me there.

"At this place I passed through one of the most trying scenes of my ministry. I had made the acquaintance of an unconverted young man named Lucius Buzwell, of pleasing social address and some rare manly qualities. He believed in religion, but could not divorce himself from worldly pleasures. As we approached Thanksgiving I was greatly surprised to learn that a dance under his management was arranged for the evening of that day, to be held

in the lower story of the church. Not long after the house was built this story had been sold to the town for a town hall, and was used, permission being first obtained from the selectmen, for gatherings of various sorts. Two of them had given their consent, although with the knowledge that it was the regular night for prayer-meeting in the room above. The first selectman had already experienced religion. He was powerfully awakened, and in one of our meetings he arose, and with deep feeling expressed his desire and purpose to be a Christian, and requested us to pray for him. As he sat down we sang a verse, but we had hardly finished, when, with a wonderfully changed expression on his face, he arose again, and cried, 'Glory to God! I've got it! Mr. Montgomery, you needn't pray for me now, for the Lord Jesus has spoken peace to my soul, and my sins are forgiven.' Young converts are pretty sure to see the inconsistency of a dance and prayer-meeting in the same house at the same time; and he refused his consent. I was surprised, too, that Buzwell should be a party to such a thing. I went to him and told him that the meeting was to be held on the same evening, and that it was wrong to have a dance there. I felt the sinfulness of the act, and urged him to abandon his purpose, for I was impressed that, should he persist, he would not live to hold another dance. I failed in my efforts, and Buzwell, saying, 'The young people must have a little fun,'

went ahead. That Thanksgiving evening the children of God and the children of the world ran opposing attractions in the same house.

“Some months afterward the young people of the neighborhood made me a donation visit. Among them was Buzwell, who stayed with me all night. After the visitors were gone I had a serious talk with him in my study, concerning religious matters, and urged him to seek the Lord Jesus Christ. He was unmoved by the conversation, but frankly replied, ‘Hugh, I respect you and your religion. I know that I ought to do differently, and I shall by and by. If I should die as I am I know I would go to hell. But I will say now that I like you and your honest way of saying things. If I should die suddenly I want you to attend my funeral, and tell the people what I have said.’ But he did not anticipate sudden death. Nine days later, as he was employed in his hame factory, a heavy piece of wood thrown from a buzz-saw struck him on the forehead with such force that the top of the skull was taken off, killing him instantly. This sudden and untimely death created a deep feeling in the community. It brought back my recent conversation with him, and especially his request that I should attend his funeral. I fell into such a nervous condition that I did not sleep for two nights. It seemed to me that I could not say what he had bade me. I urged the family to ask some one else to preach the funeral

sermon, but they insisted that I must do it. 'If Lucius could speak,' they said, 'you would be his choice. He always spoke of you respectfully, and it will be a comfort to us to have you conduct the services.' There was no release for me from the heavy cross. The funeral was large. Business was suspended. The Superior Court at Newport adjourned to attend the funeral. The Lord helped me preach his truth, and I closed by repeating word for word the conversation in my study. The audience was deeply moved by the recital, and a revival followed in the village of Newport, fourteen miles away, as the result of the circumstances connected with his death."

During this pastorate of two years a strong society of ninety members was formed at the Hollow, and the Free Church became the property of the new Methodist society.

North Wilmot, about seventeen miles from Mr. Montgomery's home, was a wicked place. It had a church edifice, but no minister, and no public worship, though there were a few excellent people whose hearts mourned over the sin by which they were surrounded. Nine years previously a number of praying men, among whom was a pious Congregational deacon by the name of Stearns, had covenanted together to meet once a week at the school-house to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, until a revival of religion should be given. They

thus met faithfully for some months, when one dropped off, and then another, and so on, until the good deacon was left alone. He could not let go his hold upon God. As often as the appointed evening came, he took his way to the school-house, lighted his candle, read a portion of Scripture, and offered his prayer. For more than eight years did this saintly old man thus meet alone with his God, and keep the solemn covenant which he had made. And God, who is ever faithful, heard his servant's cries, and graciously poured out the Holy Spirit upon the community.

In the scenes that followed Mr. Montgomery was called to participate. He says of them: "One cold night, in the middle of winter, I was awakened from sleep by a loud knocking at my door. I arose and opened it, and before me were two men heavily clad, covered with frost, and with icicles hanging from their beards. I bade them come in. I found that they had rode seventeen miles to see me, and after doing their errand they must immediately return, so as to be at their labor the next morning. I made a fire to warm them, and gave them a cup of tea. They told me that at North Wilnot there were indications of a great awakening, and they had come to get me to go there.

"'Brother Montgomery,' they said, 'the Lord is at work among the people; but we have no minister. Wont you come and preach to us next Sabbath evening?'

“‘I don’t see how I can,’ I replied, ‘for I am now in the midst of a revival in this place.’

“Those two strong men burst into tears and pleaded with me to go. They were so urgent that we knelt down and asked the Lord to direct us, and after prayer I decided to go as desired. They were very joyful over my answer, and left, thanking me. The Sabbath came. I preached twice in my own church, and then took my journey through a storm of snow, losing my way, and coming out three miles beyond the church, but finally getting safely to the appointed place. I found the old church filled with people.

“I preached, and the Lord blessed the word. The convicting power of the Holy Ghost came upon the assembled congregation in a wonderful manner. It astonished me. When I gave the invitation more than forty souls presented themselves for prayer. It was a most remarkable scene. The deep solemnity, the cries and groans of sin-burdened souls, and the happy shouts of those just born into the kingdom of God, conspired to make it one of the events of my life which I shall never forget.

“I remained there several days. The work spread, and scores of the old, the middle-aged, and the young, were gathered into the Saviour’s fold. The zeal of the people was unbounded, many coming five and six miles every night on sleds drawn by oxen.”

Mr. Montgomery’s labors on this charge were very severe. He visited from house to house with all

fidelity, to build up believers and save sinners. His Sabbath labors were but a small part of his work. The burden of the Lord was upon him, and he could not rest. He preached in no less than a dozen different neighborhoods, hoping, if possible, to win some souls to Christ. He was a young man, and, comparatively, of little experience. He was poor. His education was limited, and the labor of preparation to preach so much as he did was far from light. He had zeal, and love, and faith, and energy; but he would have been more than human had there been no hours of weariness, of fainting, and of despondency. Let us hear him on one of these occasions:

“One evening,” he says, “after preaching, as I was driving home in my sleigh, I fell into thinking over my past trials, and present uncomfortable surroundings. For a little season I felt that my lot in life was hard. I was exceedingly dejected in spirit, when I suddenly lost sight of my own trials and sorrows, and thought of the Saviour’s lonely life while here among men. I remembered his rejection by those whom he came to save; his bitter persecutions; his temptation in the wilderness; his agony in Gethsemane; and, finally, his awful sufferings and death on the cross. They all passed swiftly before me, with the thought that all this was endured for me. I became ashamed of myself, and, lifting up my heart in gratitude and prayer, asked God to forgive me, and to take away forever the complaining spirit. Blessed

be his name! He did forgive. The cloud of temptation was driven away, and my soul was filled with the glory of God. Whatever trials, shortcomings, failures, and mistakes may have since befallen me, I have never regretted my consecration to the work of the ministry."



## CHAPTER VII.

## WILMOT.

Grafton—Door shut—Wilmot—New ground—Success—Tent-meeting—Kearsage Camp-meeting—"Union Church"—Repairs—Becomes principal owner—Conveyed to the Methodists.

A REQUEST from several gentlemen of the Christian Baptist denomination, residing in Grafton, was presented to the New Hampshire Conference at its session in 1868, for the appointment of a preacher, assuring his support, and proposing the formation of a Methodist Church. The result was the sending of Mr. Montgomery to that place. But, meantime, a sharp disagreement had arisen over the plan, and serious difficulty ensued. The proposition had really been made without sufficient authority, and accepted without suitable inquiry. The train by which Mr. Montgomery went to Grafton arrived there at a late hour, and it was eleven o'clock at night when he reached the house of the gentleman who had negotiated the affair. He stated his name, and added that, having been sent there by the Conference, he had come to find a house for his family, and had called on him for the night, as he was the man who had sent for him. The wife replied that it would be inconvenient to keep him.

“ Well, where can I go ? ” he inquired.

“ I don’t know,” was the man’s reply.

So he went out into the thickly-falling snow, having, like his Master, “ not where to lay his head.” Wandering along the highway, past houses whose inmates had retired to rest, he at length saw a light half a mile distant. Approaching it, he found a saw-mill with several men still at work, one of whom, who proved to be a Methodist, took him to his boarding-place, and gave him his own bed.

The next day, undecided what to do, for his appointment had fallen through, and he was totally adrift, he went on to the neighboring town of Wilmot, to the house of a Methodist brother, Charles Trussell, who was leader of a class in the north part of the town. To him he related what had occurred at Grafton. The recital naturally aroused the listener’s indignation ; it also awakened his zeal, for he saw an opportunity to secure public worship once more in the “ Union Church,” as it was called, an ancient edifice, that had been disused for nearly twenty years, and had become considerably dilapidated. Taking a friend into consultation, it was agreed to propose to Mr. Montgomery that he should remove to Wilmot and become their minister. He readily accepted the proposition. No house could be rented for his residence, but the two gentlemen who had taken the work in hand in the course of their inquiries found one, ready furnished, which could be purchased. For-

tunately, they were men of some wealth, and before night they bought both house and furniture for the use of the minister. The next day a four-horse team brought his household goods from North Grantham, and he was soon settled in his new home.

Thus God faithfully provided for his servant, and set before him an open door. But he was a minister without a church, a shepherd without a flock. Yet were people there perishing for lack of bread—lost souls whom he might seek and save. Over these he rejoiced as the bringer to them of good tidings. He had no lukewarm or backslidden members or worldly stewards to paralyze his hands and weigh like a nightmare upon his soul, and thus hinder the work of God. The field before him was clear, and he opened his message with a brave heart.

At the very outset he received marked proofs of the divine approval and blessing.

“The work of God commenced,” he says, “as soon as I began my labors there. We had no choir to sing for us; and Mrs. Montgomery, taking her organ and placing it in front of the congregation, took charge of the singing. We were in perfect harmony with each other, giving no attention to the discordant sounds that came to our ears. On the first Sabbath evening, as she was singing one of her sweet hymns, I looked around the congregation and saw many in tears; hearts began to melt, and before the close of the meeting a number of sinners fled to the

Lord Jesus Christ and found peace in believing. And from that time the work went on almost uninterruptedly during my stay there. The Lord God was with us, powerfully owning his truth and blessing the efforts of his people. He gave me strength for as severe labor as I ever knew, and I preached or held a prayer-meeting every night somewhere in that or one of the neighboring towns for a circuit of fifteen miles from my home. Vital godliness was nearly dead in that whole section ; and my soul was determined, by the help of God, if the honest preaching of the truth would do it, to awaken a new life in his cause.

“ In pursuance of this purpose I planned a meeting to be held in the autumn for eight days, hoping to draw to it the people of all the country round about. I hired a large tent for the services ; I also secured the town hall and spread upon its floors a couple of tons of straw, for lodging purposes. The meeting was widely advertised, and thousands attended. Ten or more of my brethren in the ministry came to my help and preached. Among them was Bishop Baker, who early saw the value of the movement. Brother Lewis was another : he labored with us the entire eight days, contributing very greatly to our success. He was a noble workman and a sweet singer. I remember his singing the hymn, ‘ O, how I love Jesus.’ It was new to us there, and it seemed as if every body was affected to tears, but

the weeping was soon changed to shouts of praise over redeemed men and women. He has gone to his home in heaven, and some of those saved that day are gone there too, where I hope to meet them by and by. The Lord greatly blessed this meeting, and nearly a hundred souls professed to have been saved by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A large proportion of these converts lived in the towns around us where there were no Methodist Churches, and they sought spiritual homes in other folds. They went to work for the Master, and awakened the power that was asleep in the congregations of that county. These warm-hearted converts greatly disturbed the formalist, the indolent, the lukewarm and the wicked; and God used them to turn that whole section 'upside down.'

"The Kearsage camp-meeting grew out of this meeting which I have described. Bishop Baker, while he was with us, with a wise look ahead, advised the purchase of the ground. It was bought, and the necessary grading, building, and seating were done in sufficient season for the first camp-meeting to be held there the next year. An indebtedness of five hundred dollars remained, and two years afterward, as I had been the means of incurring it, I was sent for to help clear it off. I cheerfully went. It was arranged for me to preach on Thursday afternoon and make the effort to raise the money. After the prayer before the sermon I told the people that the

five hundred dollars must be raised before I could preach. So we went to work, and in fifteen minutes the money was all pledged, and the way was clear for the sermon. By that time all hearts were aglow with the love of Christ. I have always found giving to be a means of grace; and no man can have the mind that was in Christ unless he is willing to give of his earthly substance for his cause. The life of the Lord Jesus from the manger to the cross showed how he felt about it. 'Freely ye have received,' he said, 'freely give;' 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' All who gave at that time, without exception, seemed to be full of glory; and before I was through preaching we all felt much like Bunyan's pilgrim when he had entered the country of Beulah and come near the Holy City. The very air seemed to be fragrant with heavenly odors, and they who had given could almost see the city 'builded of pearl and precious stones, and the streets thereof paved with gold.' The view of heaven became so vivid as I was coming to the end of my sermon, that a man by the name of Guile, who had contributed largely, came from the seat to the platform, and, taking me in his arms, shouted, 'Glory to God! I will meet you in heaven!' O, what an experience that scene was! Hundreds that hour fell at the feet of Jesus, and many precious souls found peace in Christ our Lord.

"I was with this dear people two years. They

were very kind to me. The work of God went on until the end. Wilmot is one of the green spots of my life."

At the commencement of Mr. Montgomery's ministry at Wilmot, the church edifice was, as has been remarked, in a sadly dilapidated condition. Indeed, the bell was the only thing about it that had not suffered from time and neglect. The property was owned by a corporation known as "The United Society," of which every pew-holder was a member. Repairs might be made upon it, and paid for by assessments on the pews; and, still further, the holders of a majority of the pews were empowered by the regulations of the corporation to give a deed of the property to any religious denomination whatsoever, as they might see fit.

Hugh soon made himself familiar with the by-laws governing the society, and saw the way to the needed improvements. Though he had, as we have seen in his Pennsylvania experiences, some prejudices against exceedingly fine churches, he has never taken delight in a neglected church, or in one that was the most uncomfortable and least attractive house in the town. People who take good care of their own homes and make them pleasant and beautiful, must do the same with God's house. The first step in the direction of repairs was very promptly taken. A meeting of the pew-holders was legally called for the purpose of seeing if they would repair the church.

A quorum was present at the time appointed, and it was voted that the repairs should be made. The work was thoroughly done, and the building made attractive without and within, and the cost was taxed on the pews, according to law. But when the time of collecting the tax came, many pew-holders, especially those who had neglected to attend the meeting called to consider the question of repairs, refused payment. One of Hugh's supporters proceeded quietly to buy at low figures their pews and transferred them to him, so that in a short time the majority of the stock was in his hands. The hour had then come for a new step. A meeting of the United Society was called to see if they would give a deed of the property to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The proposition at once produced no little excitement. Many were opposed to it, and went to the meeting determined to defeat it if possible.

The discussion was very spirited, and the speeches were not all notable for Christian moderation or expression. When the storm had risen to its height, and the opposition, judging from the meager replies to them, had become elated in their confidence of coming victory, the young Irishman quietly arose and, in his naive way, first called their attention to the by-laws governing the United Society, and quoted the section empowering a majority of pew-holders to vote the church to any religious denomination they might see fit. He then went on to say: "We do



not propose to do any thing illegal. We do not mean to do any thing wrong. We propose to act within the rules of this society. But in a society like this, where stock is held and can be sold, one cannot at all times tell just who is the society. I wish to inform the gentlemen present opposing our proposition, that a large part of the society now stands before them. I have myself become the purchaser of a majority of the stock, and, under the by-laws, I have requisite legal authority to act alone ; but I like to give all an opportunity to vote who are entitled to, and I want all to vote as they see fit, as I shall most certainly do myself."

It was a critical moment. Infinitely more was depending than the question of ownership of a house, although that was the only one in debate. The measure could be carried and the transfer legally effected, but a barrier might be raised between those men of rough but fiery eloquence and the Gospel, and a prejudice might be excited which would forever keep them from again entering the church. Moreover, Methodism was just obtaining a foothold in the place, and now a hostility to it might be begotten that years could not overcome. Would these opposers be enraged at their defeat and become enemies of the cause, or would they frankly submit and be its friends ? Who could tell ?

At the conclusion of the minister's brief speech, the whole house was convulsed with laughter, as if a

good joke had been perpetrated. They saw themselves fairly and honorably beaten, and could afford to laugh. The question, whether the Society would deed the property to the Methodist Episcopal Church was taken, and, to Mr. Montgomery's great surprise, the opposition had all surrendered, and the vote was unanimous in the affirmative. The people were delighted with the business tact and frank, genial spirit of the minister, and they who but a few minutes before had seemed in a fair way to be his enemies, became his warm and steadfast friends.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SEABROOK.

Seabrook—Adventists—Hamilton Camp-meeting—Scoffer discomfited — Tent-meeting — Tuttle's fountain — Infidel's hay-field — A sad funeral—First sod from a new grave—Fighting rum—Maddened husband—Drunken son—Stricken mother—A lawyer's statement—Grand Jury—Mrs. Fowler—New bell—Charitable bequest.

AT the Conference of 1870 Mr. Montgomery was appointed to Seabrook. Of the field and his work he gives this account:

“In this place the Church had become very small and weak, and did not want a preacher to be sent to them, for they said they could not support one. One of the reasons for this was, the Adventists had built a church here and taken away a large number of Methodists. They had circulated tracts in every house, denying the immortality of the soul, and teaching the annihilation of the wicked. These tracts, filled with isolated texts of Scripture, were read by wicked men with a good degree of interest and relish. So I found that many of God's sheep had been changed into goats by this false doctrine. They had artfully removed the penalty for sin. I looked carefully into their work. Going from house to house I found their tracts on every table. After I had made

a personal visit to all, I went to the Advent Church and heard their minister preach and lecture. I should judge that one half of what he said was against the Church. But as I heard him I said in my heart, 'The Church has stood the shocks of time without being overthrown; upon it the adversary has tried his every art and exhausted his utmost fury. Its walls are not granite, yet it has stood when granite has crumbled. The fagot and rack, exile and death have been used to break it down, and to sever the hearts of God's people from it. But no assault of fire or devils could do it. I love the altar of the Church, which has been moistened with the blood of her martyrs.' I said, 'I am satisfied with the glory of the Church, and believe that it will stand forever.' In a word, I felt the whole thing to be good news; glad tidings of great joy to depraved men.

"It was made to appear in their teachings that death releases from all suffering for sin, and that there is no punishment for sin in this world or that which is to come. I could not come to any other conclusion from the premises furnished by their tracts and preaching. So I made up my mind that the first thing to be done was to show the falsity of this whole doctrine, for the devil has a thousand ways to deceive and beguile men, and at this time he transformed himself into an angel of light for the accomplishment of his hellish purposes. Years before this I had learned in Canada that when a man

wanted to clear land it was necessary to cut away the under-brush in order to fell the big trees and clear the ground. These tracts I found to be the devil's underbrush; they must be cleared away in order to have a revival of God's work in Seabrook.

"It took some time to get ready to meet them and their theory. I made known throughout all that part of the country what I was going to do. I gave a number of lectures against their doctrine, and at the very first lecture I gave, my church was packed full, and the Adventist preacher and people were present. I reviewed a lecture that had been delivered by Simpson, one of their leading ministers, on the 'Unconscious State of the Dead.' He said, 'Why, God bless you, my dear people, Webster's Dictionary teaches us this; look at his definition of death. "To cease to live, or the opposite to life." Hallelujah! truth is on our side.' At this point his people were greatly delighted.

"His next text was Eccles. ix, 5, 'The dead know not any thing.' This was torn from its connection and quoted by him with an air of triumph as teaching the extinction of the soul at death.

"In my first lecture, in my opening remarks, I said that I was an Adventist, and believed in the second coming of Christ, and in the resurrection of the dead. I first showed that materialism was nothing more nor less than French atheism, which declared that 'death is an eternal sleep.' I showed that their doc-

trine gives precisely the same assurance to all ungodly men. I proved the dishonesty of the man in his quotation from Webster, in taking his definition of the death of a plant and applying it to man's immortality. I gave Webster's definition, and showed that the minister lied. I followed on this line for two hours, and from that night God blessed my labors with that people. Souls at once began to seek Christ, and almost every week sinners were gloriously saved."

In the summer of 1870 Mr. Montgomery visited the Hamilton Camp-meeting, near Boston. He was an entire stranger. At an interval between the two services he found a large group of people listening to a discussion between several infidels from Boston, who were full of smart things of the more scurrilous sort, and some young preachers. He stood and heard patiently until one, who seemed to be the champion, with the usual brazen-faced dogmatism of his class, asserted that "Christianity is a curse to the human race;" that "those who profess it are a pack of cowards to undertake to hang their sins on a bleeding Nazarene;" and that "the Roman Catholic religion has done more to elevate the human race than all others combined." He could endure it no longer. Pushing through the throng till he stood face to face with the blasphemer, and raising his voice to its full capacity, that it might be heard by the entire crowd, he challenged him to prove the

truth of his assertions. Somewhat embarrassed by being put so suddenly on the defensive, he began to speak of the hypocrisy of some Church members. This was frankly admitted by saying :

“ There always have been Judases, and probably always will be. But,” said Mr. Montgomery, “ do you not personally know of thousands of people who were once drunken, licentious, profane, and generally depraved, whom Christianity has improved, making them law-abiding citizens, sober, industrious men, good fathers, and useful to the communities in which they live ? And, further, did you ever know a good moral man who became a Christian to sink into the vices and sins of intemperance, licentiousness, and the multitude of other sins enumerated and forbidden in the Christian guide-book, the Bible ? ”

He readily admitted that he knew none.

“ You said, secondly, that Christians are a pack of cowards ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; and I will not retract it.”

“ We’ll see about that,” responded Mr. Montgomery. “ Now, sir, can you point your finger to a single man or woman in the last eighteen hundred years who professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Redeemer and Saviour, that, at death’s door, ever proved to be a coward, or denied the Lord, or made any accusation against him of unfaithfulness to his promises ? ”

He could adduce no instance.

"All history teaches," the argument went on, "that the most learned and pronounced infidels have proved cowards when they have come to meet the stern realities of death."

Here also the scoffer's mouth was shut.

"In the third place, you declared that the Roman Catholic religion had done more than all others to elevate the human race. Prove it to me—an Irishman."

"Well," said he, "I have seen a good deal better looking Irishmen than you are."

"I admit that," was replied, "but is that all the evidence you have? Now, sir, you might be blindfolded and placed in Ireland, and you could distinguish by the atmosphere where the Bible is read and where it is not. Where it is read it teaches the mother to put the baby in the cradle and the pig in the pen; but where there is no Bible the baby and the pig root together. You need, sir, to go only to Boston, where you came from, to find out this fact. Go into the Paddy streets, there or elsewhere, in which the inhabitants are under Romanist influences, and you will quickly be satisfied of the truth of what I say."

Just then the champion found it convenient to leave. The people who had listened rejoiced at his discomfiture, and were hearty in their congratulations to the stranger.

In the first autumn of his residence at Seabrook



Mr. Montgomery procured a large tent and held meetings in a grove for one week, at which nearly one hundred asked for prayers, many of whom found peace in believing.

"I was assisted," he says, "in this protracted meeting by brother ministers from Boston and other places. But on the Sabbath the help from abroad, on which I was depending for the preaching, failed me. With the growing interest my congregation had now increased to some fifteen hundred people. We had been holding four public services each day, in all of which I personally conducted the altar service, the visiting brethren doing the preaching. The Sabbath morning found me much fatigued in body and without help, except from above. The services began with an eight o'clock love-feast of great power and blessing. I was expecting a brother from Newburyport to preach, as was arranged, and waited till almost the last moment, but he came not. With but fifteen minutes for preparation, I besought help from God, the source that never fails; and he gave me a message for the people. Seabrook being a sea-port town, the congregation that morning was composed largely of fishermen, and so I took for my subject, 'Fishing from a muddy pond.' My text was, 'From henceforth thou shalt catch men.' Luke v, 10.

"My main thought was this: The gospel of Christ reaching down with golden hook and lifting fallen man up out of the pit of sin and wretchedness. I

spoke for over an hour, and at the close fifty men arose and desired prayers for themselves. As many of them had come from a distance and returned home at the close of the service, I cannot state the number of conversions as the result. The judgment-day will reveal it. But, to God's glory be it said, the net was cast on the right side of the ship, and many precious souls were brought to the Lord.

"The good work continued throughout the day, which closed a meeting resulting in great blessing, not only to my Church, but to the community for ten or fifteen miles around.

"A little incident that occurred during this meeting was not soon forgotten. There was in the town a well-known rum-seller by the name of Tuttle, and also a man, a prominent member of another denomination, equally well known for his hypocritical pretensions. This man was a sweet singer, but he had a thirst for liquor, which he did not try to restrain. He attended the meetings in the tent, and made himself conspicuous in the singing. I did not care, however, to be assisted in my work by such unsanctified help, and it was a question with me how to get rid of him in a quiet way. Several of us made it a subject of prayer that this stumbling-block might be removed; and so it was. At one of the evening meetings this sweet singer struck up, 'I'm at the fountain drinking;' but hardly had he begun when some rude boys on the outside of the tent,

feeling secure from detection in the darkness, cried out, 'At Tuttle's fountain!' 'At Tuttle's fountain!' A hearty response of 'Amen!' rang through the tent, showing that some in the congregation saw the application. The abashed singer soon took his departure and troubled us no more.

"Some interesting conversions took place during this year. One of them was in this way. There was living in the town a farmer who was a decided infidel. He had familiarized himself with the Bible, and had at his tongue's end all the texts that infidels are accustomed to array against the truth and consistency of the Scriptures. He was a man fifty-two years of age, with a wife who was a Christian. My first visit to him was apparently fruitless. But as I was driving along near his house one afternoon, the sky suddenly became overcast, and the clouds threatened a speedy and heavy thunder-storm. The farmer was in his meadow, and was about to send his boy for the horse in order to get in his hay before the rain. I stepped from my carriage and said, 'Never mind; I have a good horse here;' and, taking him from the carriage, I put on him the farmer's harness and hitched him to the farm wagon. I then took off my coat and went to work helping in with the hay. We got the second and last load into the barn just as the rain poured down. He drew out his wallet to pay me for my services. I, of course, refused his money, but said I had a favor to ask him. He replied that

he would grant any thing within reason. I asked, 'Did you ever hear an Irishman preach?' 'I never did,' he answered. 'All right,' I said. 'We will call this little matter square if you will come and hear me preach next Sunday.' He gave me his promise, and when Sunday came he was on hand. It was a surprise to every body that Robert Wilson should be found at church. He attended for five or six consecutive Sundays, and was soon under conviction. So great was his distress that he actually took to his bed, and sent for me to come and pray with him. A little company of us went to his house, gathered at his bedside, and poured out our hearts to God in his behalf. While we were praying he raised himself on his elbow, and said, 'I think I feel better.' In a few moments he exclaimed, 'Glory!' and after a short interval, 'I think Jesus saves me!' and finally, 'I know he saves me now!' He then arose from his bed and dressed himself. The burden was gone from his soul, and peace filled his heart. Unbelief and doubt had given place to faith and trust. He became a strong and useful Christian, and from his standing and influence in the community he greatly aided me in my work.

"My second and third years in Seabrook were marked by a steady growth in the Church. Many of the conversions were among the people of large means, which added some wealthy members to our Church in that place. During the autumn of each

of these years I held a grove-meeting of a week's continuance, where we had signal displays of the power of God in the salvation of men. The influence was felt far beyond the charge, and from the sparks carried home to neighboring Churches fires were kindled in other places which resulted in large accessions to the Church of God.

"It is safe to say that during these three years at least one third of my time was given to evangelical work with other brethren and to temperance lectures, these tours covering a large territory and embracing many Churches. In a number of places we had glorious outpourings of the Spirit and gracious manifestations of the divine favor, notably at Provincetown and Wellfleet, on Cape Cod.

"While my pastorate here witnessed the birth of so many souls, it also was marked by the death of many bodies. During those three years I attended no less than seventy funerals. Many of those death-bed scenes were remarkable, some for the triumph of the Christian as he entered the valley of shadows lighted up with the presence of Him who has robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory; and others for the fearful looking forward to of judgment, and the shrinking back of those who came down to the river's brink, with no light in the darkness, and no hope in Jesus. One of the latter class is indelibly stamped upon my memory and heart.

"I was called one day to attend the funeral of a

man, living in the outskirts of the town, who, so far as we could tell, had died without preparation for the great change. He had lived without God, and to all appearance he died without God. The funeral took place at his residence, where, according to the custom there, I preached a sermon. After the services and before the lid of the coffin was closed forever on the lifeless form, the broken-hearted wife, a Christian woman, and keenly alive to the absence of all hope of a reunion hereafter, as she hung over the lifeless form, cried out in her deep anguish, 'O John! O John! How can I give you up! How can I give you up forever!' Among the friends in attendance was a poor woman of rather weak intellect, who went by the name of Simple Nancy. While the heart-broken wife was pouring out her grief over the open coffin, she approached me, and, pointing her finger directly at me, exclaimed, 'If you had done your duty that man might have been saved, and this woman might have been saved from her sorrow.' How those words pierced my soul, as before all those people this half-witted creature laid this charge at my feet, and told me my skirts were not clean! Had I done my duty? God knows. The past could not be recalled, but the lesson of that hour has left its impress upon my ministry to this day.

"Another sad funeral was that of Miss Addie Eaton, a young lady between eighteen and nineteen years of age, of very attractive appearance, a sweet

singer and an earnest worker in the Sabbath-school, whose father and mother had both died while she was quite young. She had received the attentions of a young man who afterward forsook her for another, which so affected her that she left the place. Some-time after her departure she wrote to her sister at Seabrook saying that she was coming home to be married to a young man she had become acquainted with, and desired that I should perform the ceremony. The next news we received was by a telegram, informing us that she had committed suicide by drowning. The body was brought home for burial, and, according to the usual practice, I preached the funeral sermon at the church. The occasion was one of great excitement, and the congregation was very large, many being present who never attended church. Among the mourners was the intended bridegroom. I observed him during the prayer looking through his fingers. After reading my text I paused, bending over the casket, almost buried from sight among the flowers brought by loving hands, and, looking down upon it, I said, 'Addie, you never did this without a cause. Some young man has taken the first sod out of your new-made grave; and who he is will only be revealed in the great day when the books shall be opened. I have been informed that this young man who is here as a mourner, under oath at the coroner's inquest made this statement: "On the night of the suicide I was with Addie until eleven o'clock, and

never found her in better spirits, or more cheerful and lively." The watchman who heard the plunge testified that it took place at twelve o'clock that night. You may believe that young man's statement ; *I don't !*' I then stated that to my mind the greatest crime under heaven was for a young man to trifle with the affections of a young woman, and spoke for some thirty minutes on that subject. God overruled this sad event to his glory, and at the close of the solemn service many of the ungodly men present flocked around me and thanked me for my bold and fearless address."

The labors already described were, it would seem, enough to tax the energies of any one man ; yet besides them he was called to a heavy conflict with rumselling. Both men and women spontaneously turned to him for leadership, and, with the genuine delight of a true Irishman in hitting a head wherever he can see it, he was ready for the fray.

"A lady," he says, in narrating a few incidents, "had married a young man of wealth, but soon after her marriage he began to drink, and in ten years of dissipation had squandered all his property. One evening he came home intoxicated, and before morning was attacked with delirium tremens. In his madness he seized an ax and attempted to kill his wife and his three little children. But the wife tossed the children out of a window into a snow-bank, and then leaped out after them. The poor woman took her



shivering little ones into the barn, and there stayed through the rest of the night. She came to me after this experience, and having told me her sad tale, she pleaded with me to do something to stop the sale of liquor in Seabrook. I promised her I would. New Hampshire had at that time a prohibitory law. How I kept my promise will appear further on.

“Another case was that of a leading citizen of the place who had not believed in temperance, and much less in prohibition, nor did he have any particular regard for me. One evening his son, a boy of about fifteen, went to a singing school, and at a late hour returned home intoxicated. His parents, who had retired to rest, were aroused by the explosion of the lamp which the drunken boy had overturned. The burning oil was thrown on his clothing, and had it not been for the vigorous efforts of his father and mother he would, in all probability, have been burned to death. The change suddenly wrought in the temperance sentiments of that father was astonishing. He became a prohibitionist on the spot. The next morning found him at my door, and about the first words that greeted me were these :

“ ‘Mr. Montgomery, I am a man of some property, and a Democrat; but I am willing to sacrifice, if need be, my property and my politics in order to have these infernal rum-shops shut up.’

“There is nothing in the world that will so quickly

bring a man to act with us as having the curse enter his own home.

"One day a mother came to me, and, falling on her knees at my feet, weeping as though her heart would break, exclaimed: 'O my God! my God! What have I done that this awful punishment should come upon me?' It was some time before she could control her feelings sufficiently to state to me her troubles. She said: 'My daughter was at a dance last night at the hotel, and has been brought home intoxicated, and is now lying at home in a drunken stupor. Mr. Montgomery, wont you do something to close up that hotel?' I promised her I would; and, by the help of God, the saloons were closed and the prohibitory law strictly enforced."

How Mr. Montgomery fulfilled his promise several times repeated, may be learned from the following statement from the pen of an able lawyer of the place, which was prepared for and given to the public press at the time.

"While Mr. Montgomery was laboring at Seabrook, N. H., as pastor, he did much to break up and put to fright and flight the rumsellers of that vicinity; and in effecting this he exhibited high legal skill, sharp, keen perception, and excellent management.

"Soon after arriving at this place, he found that the community for a long time had suffered deeply from the hellish traffic of some five grog-shops.

Much misery and suffering had been caused, and no one seemed to have the moral courage to step into the arena and cope with the scourge of the town. Mr. Montgomery took in the situation at once, and quietly and firmly resolved to break up the iniquitous business. His active labor has largely been among the wretched and fallen, whom he has in hundreds of instances succeeded in lifting up and restoring to manhood and womanhood. Thus mingling with this class in his efforts for their reform, he has been able to obtain from those coming out from the ranks of sin and vice valuable and competent evidence with which to bring to justice the parties engaged in the detestable business of rumselling. In one particular case he hit upon two reformed men from whom he obtained the names of many who had visited the saloons in company with themselves before they reformed, together with the names of others suspected. He made his first stroke by swearing out complaints and summoning a full carload of witnesses to appear before the grand jury. The whole community was thrown into a state of intense excitement. Many laughed and made derision of the movement. Others said to Mr. Montgomery that he could do nothing; that the men whom he had summoned as witnesses would not tell the truth; that they were many of them bad and unscrupulous, and would certainly screen themselves and the rumsellers. One witness in particular had given out that nothing could be gotten

out of him. Mr. Montgomery paid no attention to the various comments made, but boldly went ahead in the godly enterprise of breaking up the infamous dens. He got his witnesses aboard the train and steamed away for the place where the grand jury was to hold its session. While on the way he addressed the men, and among other things said: 'Gentlemen, I have been informed that you all intend not to tell the truth in this matter, and have agreed among yourselves to protect these rumsellers; but let me give you to understand if you do not tell the truth and what you know in these cases I will prosecute every one of you for perjury. I have sufficient evidence to convict and punish each man of you.' Thus he gave them to understand that he would not be trifled with; that they had a master-spirit to deal with.

"Arriving at the place of destination, he took them all into the grand jury room. The court of inquiry being organized, and examination about to commence, Mr. Montgomery was quickly led to see that it would be bad policy to have the witnesses all in the room at the same time. They would hear one another's story and all swear alike. He arose at once and stated to the court that he thought the witnesses should be separated, and one brought in at a time. His motion was granted, and the men were brought in one at a time and sworn. In his turn came one who was termed a 'Seabrook bully,' who had blustered and

declared that Montgomery wouldn't make any thing out of him. But Mr. Montgomery, who, by the way, is an expert reader of human nature, saw at a glance that the only way to make the witness 'weaken' was to go at him in hammer-and-tongs style. In a loud, sonorous, and commanding tone of voice the attorney asked:

"'What is your name?'

"The answer was given in a surprised manner, the witness being taken aback by the combative way in which he was interrogated. In a still louder, stentorian tone came the next question:

"'Where do you live?'

The witness was evidently weakening. Finally the question came:

"'Do you know these rumsellers? and have you ever bought or drank intoxicating liquors in their saloons?'

"Wriggling, twisting, and turning himself in a variety of shapes, he at last gave way, and came out with a plump 'Yes!'

"The result was most satisfactory. The rumsellers were all indicted, convicted, and driven out of their nefarious business. The sober and law-abiding citizens of Seabrook rejoiced over the victory won, and Mr. Montgomery received their heartfelt thanks.

"We may learn from this incident that a man on the side of the right, full of Christian zeal and courage, with no fear of man before his eyes, may be worth

his weight in gold in any community where evil seeks to predominate."

Among the members of the Seabrook Church was Mrs. Sally Fowler, a widow, and a lady of marked penurious habits. The gossip of the neighborhood spoke of her as "stingy;" and those who knew her best did not recognize in her character such a trait as generosity. She gave money, indeed, and gave systematically, to such objects as she approved, but her gifts were small and usually conditional. For instance, her annual payment toward the support of the minister was one dollar and fifty cents in cash, and a shoulder of pork in the autumn when her hogs were killed, provided he visited her four times a year. If he failed to meet these conditions, she paid nothing, and took her preaching and her share in his other labors without aiding in his support. By her economy she had accumulated over eight thousand dollars, which in the simple habits of that community made her regarded as one of the wealthy women of the town. All attempts hitherto made to find a liberal side to her nature had failed. Her money was her idol. Mr. Montgomery felt that her soul was in peril, and he resolved, if possible, to lead her into a better life. With much labor and many conversations he won her agreement to purchase a bell for the church, in memory of her husband, provided the brethren would build a chapel for the Sunday-school and social meetings. The chapel was

built, and then the bell was to be procured. She must have a bell of equal weight with a certain other one of which she had knowledge, and she appropriated a sum equal to what she had learned its cost to have been. But when the time came for its purchase she found, to her dismay, that she had overlooked the advance in the cost of bells beyond what it was before the war, and that such a bell as she would have, if she had any, would cost about twice as much as she had supposed. When Mr. Montgomery showed her the facts of the case she positively averred that she would "never give another cent!" Argument and persuasion were powerless. As he was leaving, however, he requested her to shut herself in her closet and spend half an hour in prayer over the matter before making her decision, and then to inform him of her conclusion. Early the next morning she sent for him, and in relating the history of the intervening hours she said, "I couldn't pray. All I could say was, 'Lord, I can't pray; you know I have got the money.'" And there, in communion with God, she had decided to give all the money that the bell would cost. It was procured and hung in the church belfry. This was the smallest part of the result. In her closet she had come to know more of herself and God than she had ever known before; and thenceforth she was a changed woman. Her heart was opened, and the Holy Spirit led her to see that her wealth was given her as a sacred trust to be

held for her Lord. She sought an interview with her pastor that he might advise her on a question that in her soul's new life had arisen in her mind. It was this: "Where can I put my money so that it will do most for the glory of God when I am gone?" He advised her, first, to keep it for her own use as long as she should need it, and for such charities as might from time to time be presented to her; and then, remembering his own hard experience and the difficulties he knew to be encountered by others like himself, he advised her, secondly, to make her will and bequeath what she might possess at her death to the New Hampshire Conference Seminary in trust, that indigent young men, members of that institution and called of God to preach the Gospel, might be aided in their expenses to the extent of a dollar per week until they should graduate. It was excellent advice; and she heartily followed it. She afterward more than once said to him that never before in all her life had she possessed such comfort and rest of soul as she found subsequently to this arrangement. She lived nine years after this settlement of affairs, in the full enjoyment of the presence of her Lord, and then passed to the heavens in the triumph of faith. It is pleasant to add that the seminary received the bequest.



## CHAPTER IX.

## GREENLAND.

Greenland—Debt paid—Pastoral labor—Failure—Plain talk—Depot meetings—Child's prayer—Drunken father saved—Good for evil—Malicious gossip—God defied—Serious accident.

IN the spring of 1873 Mr. Montgomery closed his labors at Seabrook, and at the session of his Conference was appointed to Greenland. In many important respects the charge was a good and desirable one. The people were attached to their Church. They intelligently believed in the Christian system, and liked good preaching in their pulpit. They were faithful in attendance on the Church service, and were never willingly absent from the Lord's Supper. They were liberal in their gifts for religious and charitable purposes, and were strong financially. They were excellent people and kind to their pastor, staid in their habits and not easily moved. With all their excellence, however, they had a serious defect, which their pastor was not long in discovering, though it took some time to remedy it.

"I found," he says, "that the Church had the form of godliness without its power. To my mind, as I became acquainted with them, they did not have the saving grace of Christ, in which the Gospel becomes

the power of God unto salvation. There was an indebtedness on the church of a thousand dollars. I went to work and soon raised the money to pay it; but while that was a good thing it was not enough to move them from their composure. In a few weeks the congregation began to increase, and the Sunday-school became nearly twice as large as previously. I rejoiced in this, but I felt in my inmost soul that the Church needed more of the power of the Holy Ghost, and a spirit more like that of Christ. As I looked at their spiritual barrenness, I deeply realized that they must have a more active piety in order to live. I went personally from house to house to wake them up and to urge them to attend prayer and class-meetings, for I had found that the most effectual way to make a working Church is to go into the homes of my people, and there give them solid Gospel food, striving to fire their souls with love for Jesus, and to get them to seek the power from on high. I preached plain, practical discourses; but all this preaching and visiting seemed to fail of results. Some four or five months passed without any very marked movement in the Church. My soul being very much burdened by the inactivity of the people, I took for my text on Sunday, the first verse of the ninth chapter of Jeremiah: 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.' My preaching on that occasion seemed accompanied

with divine power, and the people were moved to tears. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the effect upon them when I plainly told them that should any of these easy-living professors of religion die while I was stationed there, I should, if there was any truth in the Bible, or in the theology or Discipline of the Methodist Church, have to say that they had gone to their appointed place, and that would not be heaven, for they had not religion enough to get there. This statement created much commotion in the congregation and excited much comment in the community, as, indeed, might have been expected. At this stage in our affairs I resolved to hold a meeting in every house in my charge where the people were willing. I commenced in an isolated neighborhood, near a railroad station, about a mile and a quarter from the church. At the second meeting held the house would not accommodate all who came. I went to the station agent of the Concord and Portsmouth Railroad, and asked for the use of the large reception room of the depot, which was closed to the public at six o'clock, as there were no trains after that hour. I readily obtained the room for evening services, and held meeting there every night for several weeks, reaching a large class of people who had before been beyond the influence of the Churches. Ninety persons experienced religion during their continuance. This was the beginning of the revival that spread through the Church, and con-

tinued until my removal. I experienced no more trouble from the inactivity of that people."

Walking along the street one afternoon Mr. Montgomery met a bright-eyed little girl who attracted his attention. Always fond of little folks, he stopped to speak with her, which was not an infrequent thing with him. Having learned her name, he asked if she attended Sunday-school. "No," she replied, "I do not go to Sunday-school." He then told her of his Sunday-school, of the books in its library, and of the interested children who attended, and invited her to come. Having some candy in his pocket he shared it with her and bade her good-bye. It was missionary work on a small scale, but, unlike some more pretentious, it bore its desired fruit. The child was surprised at the interest he had shown in her. Attracted by his description of the school, she earnestly desired to go, and, at length, after much coaxing, having obtained her mother's consent, she went. She was a bright, punctual pupil, and very regular in attendance. She listened with interest to the teaching of the pastor on the evils of intemperance, for, being the child of a drunken father, they came home to her own daily life and made a deep impression on her mind. She became a praying little girl, and carried with her to her home the lessons she learned at church.

One night, at her bed-time, she knelt by the knee of her father, who was at the time noticeably under

the influence of liquor. After saying her usual evening prayer, as taught her by her mother, she added : "O Lord, bless papa, and take this nasty stuff out of him, and make him a good papa. Amen." He put the child in bed, and sat down to think. The closing words of the prayer began to stir his soul, and moved him as he had never been moved before. So deep was the impression that he was unable to sleep, and passed the night in anguish and shame. Soon afterward the girl asked him to go with her to the meeting at the depot, and after long persuasion he yielded to her earnest desire and went. Warm hearts met him and tender sympathy welcomed him. He gave himself to the service of God in true penitence for sin, and he soon became an earnest Christian. Some ascribed his conversion to Mr. Montgomery's influence ; but he one night, with flowing tears, told the story of his daughter's prayer, and then, taking her in his arms, said : "It was by the instrumentality of this little girl, through the teachings of her pastor, that I was led to the feet of Jesus." As he made this statement and tenderly kissed the little one who had so lovingly "done what she could," it is not strange that eyes in all parts of the house were filled with tears. So is the Scripture fulfilled which saith, "And a little child shall lead them ;" and such was the result of a faithful minister's winning a little child to his Sunday-school.

It would hardly seem possible for even the bitter-

est malice to so distort an act of kindness as to make it the ground of calumnious report and give it circulation far and near to the injury of the man and his work, yet it was done. Residing at Greenland was a poor man, a habitual drunkard, who manifestly took great delight in saying all manner of hard things of Mr. Montgomery, and in seizing every opportunity of ridiculing both him and his religion.

Mr. Montgomery was not the man to miss his first opportunity of showing this besotted reviler for whom Christ died, what his ridiculed religion could do. Hearing one day that he was in distress, he went to his home, and found him destitute of the necessities of life, with a family of eight children, all of tender age, and the youngest not yet twenty-four hours old. It was plainly a case for bread first and preaching afterward. Hastening from the house, he quickly gathered from generous friends a few dollars, with which he purchased a half barrel of flour, with other articles needed, and also a pair of boots for the poor man himself. This act from the minister whom he had so abusively reviled, touched the drunkard's heart. He saw the Gospel as he had not before known it, and he shrunk at his view of his own debasement. He repented of his sins, and soon became a happy follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This conversion of so vile a character created a universal excitement among the enemies of religion, and something must be done to stop that sort of

work. They put in circulation the story that Mr. Montgomery had publicly said, "There is half a barrel of flour and a pair of boots on my altar for the first man that comes forward for prayers;" and it went from mouth to mouth for miles around, and there were idiots enough in the community where he had lived and labored for ten months to believe it. It reached a newspaper editor, who seized it as a rich morsel and published it as truth, recklessly striking at the influence of a servant of Jesus Christ, besides sacrificing his own reputation for common sense, in printing so silly a scandal on a well-known minister of the Gospel. On learning the facts, however, which he should have inquired into before printing the gossip, he published a full contradiction of the story, with a statement in detail of the kind and charitable deed which had been the innocent basis of so foul a calumny.

A work like this at Greenland, which to such an extent took hold of a class of people who might have said that no man had cared for their souls, naturally brought to the surface depths of wickedness and depravity previously unseen. Among those converted was a woman whose ungodly husband was bitterly incensed at her becoming a Christian. He base-ly opposed her service of God, and forbade her taking any part whatever in a religious meeting. Besides this, he was abusive and blasphemous in his expressions respecting religion itself. On a certain Sabbath

evening he went to the prayer-meeting for the purpose of intimidating his wife by his presence, and preventing her from giving utterance to any testimony for Christ. He appeared like one who had sold himself to do all possible evil. In his prayer at the opening of the service, Mr. Montgomery was moved to mention the opposing husband, and to beseech the Lord to convert his soul if it were possible, and, if it were not, to remove him, as he was a stumbling block in the way of the work of God. At the close of the meeting, this man met him in the vestibule and, in the presence and hearing of many standing by, with hate and rage, cried out: "You may pray to your God as much as you please. Your prayers don't go higher than your head. I defy both you and your God!"

On Wednesday afternoon of the same week this man was suddenly taken ill as he was lying on a lounge in his own house. Presently calling his wife he said to her: "I am afraid I am going to die. I want to see Mr. Montgomery." A messenger went for him, but he was not at home. The physician was summoned, but his skill was unavailing; he could neither discover the cause of the illness, nor could he render any relief. In two hours the man was dead. These are simple facts within the knowledge of many now living, given precisely as they occurred.

On the following Sabbath Mr. Montgomery was called to preach the funeral sermon of the wretched



blasphemer who had been so suddenly called to stand in the presence of the God whom and whose minister he had insolently defied. It was a sad duty, indeed. He selected for a text the words, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." Psa. cv, 15.

The subject of the discourse was, "The folly of wicked men in placing themselves defiantly in the way of God." The sermon is said to have been a powerful one, and the awful event with this plain interpretation of it compelled the conviction that God does care for the treatment of himself and his ministers, and put an end in that community to the wicked efforts of bad men to break down the influence of this his servant.

While at Greenland Mr. Montgomery met with an accident connected with which was an experience of great joy.

"While on this charge," he says, "I met with a serious accident which came very near bringing me to the grave. I had been visiting my parishioners, and had just left the presence of a young man who was a confirmed drunkard. After praying with him and prevailing on him to sign the pledge, I bade him good-bye, and went to my carriage to drive away. My horse started quickly, and before I could check him the carriage struck a tree, and I was thrown nearly twenty feet. I was badly hurt, and remained in a helpless and speechless condition, bordering on catalepsy, for eight or ten minutes. I

was conscious of all that was said and done around me. Every act of my Christian life seemed to pass before me in the order of its occurrence. Heaven, too, seemed to be within my vision, and the sight filled me with unspeakable delight. While lying, as it were, between the life which is and the life which is to be, I heard those around me say, 'He is dead.' I tried to answer, but I could not. I knew I was not dead, and in the light of the blessedness I was experiencing I wanted to say, 'I shall never die.' In the midst of excruciating pain I felt that God was with me and that I had nothing to fear. I was disabled by this accident for a number of weeks, but the Lord so filled me with his Spirit that I was anxious to address my people who were so solicitous concerning me. I was taken to the church and carried to the pulpit in a chair, and there, supporting myself upon crutches, I preached from the words, 'Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice!' I spoke extemporaneously, and the effect of my words upon the people showed evidence of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

During Mr. Montgomery's location at Greenland he lectured throughout the State on temperance, and did all he could to aid in bringing illegal liquor sellers to justice.

Two very pleasant years were spent among these spiritually awakened people.

## CHAPTER X.

## G R E A T   F A L L S .

Great Falls—Forlorn hope—Street meetings—Mill regulations—Rumsellers' devices—The cat's bed—Revival—Portland Street—The general judgment—Infidel saved—First year's work—New church at Berwick—"A pint of Sam Grant's rum"—Grant's daughter—Reformed man's prayer—"A better Catholic than the praste"—Peter M'Gerry—Irish wedding.

AT the Conference of 1875 Mr. Montgomery was sent to Great Falls, that being the place where his services seemed to be the most needed. The society at Greenland desired him to remain with them a third year, and it was known that a Church at Manchester was anxious to secure his services, as was also a Church at Haverhill, Massachusetts. His own preference would, perhaps, have led him to continue with his former flock; but Bishop Haven, who presided at the Conference, felt that he could restore the Main Street Church at Great Falls to its former strength. The war had taken away a large number of its members, and, as is the case in most manufacturing towns in New England, their places had been filled by foreigners, most of whom were Catholics. The Church at this time numbered but forty-nine members and two probationers. Knowing that an appointment to Great Falls was not dreamed of by

Mr. Montgomery, Bishop Haven sought an interview with him, in which he said :

“Are you willing to go to Main Street, in Great Falls, to save the church? You are the only man wanted there, and the only man adapted to the place. If you do not go the church will have to be given up.”

He replied: “If you think it is for the glory of God and the benefit of the Church, I am willing to go there, or anywhere else.”

This has always been his principle, and the reply settled the question.

Mr. Montgomery says of the Church and the work:

“On my arrival there I found a large meeting-house, but a small congregation. The temperance reform had agitated the place, and a Reform Club had been organized. In addition to my regular labors I began to preach Christ in the Reform Club rooms, and to talk in the streets. This street work was owned and blessed of God in a wonderful manner. It was carried on in this way: the reformed men and converts would march in procession through the streets, the advance carrying a strong door and a pair of carpenter’s horses for erecting a temporary platform. The line halted in front of the liquor saloons, and the men sang three or four stirring hymns, which were followed by prayer. Several of the men then related their experience, telling briefly how by the mighty power of the Lord Jesus Christ they were redeemed from intemperance and from their other sins.

I then followed with a short sermon or exhortation. Crowds of the non-church-going class were reached in this way, and much good was done in the name of Jesus. Many persons who could not have been otherwise influenced were led to attendance upon our Church services.

"The work, of course, met the disapproval of the liquor dealers, and I became, perhaps, the most cordially hated man in Great Falls. The poor men who had been patronizing the rumsellers for years, squandering their earnings and destroying themselves, to say nothing of the wretchedness they had brought upon their families, were by the influence of these open-air gospel temperance meetings led to abandon their old habits and haunts, and became sober men and respectable citizens. The receipts of the liquor dealers, consequently, decreased, and the reformed men's money bought bread for their children, clothing for their wives, and comforts for their homes.

"The assistant superintendent of the cotton-mill there was not a professor of religion. I seriously appealed to him to become a confessed child of God, and was met with this reply :

"'Mr. Montgomery, my soul is not worth any more now that I receive a salary of four thousand dollars a year, than it was when I got one dollar a day as a picker-tender in the mill. Then I used to be religiously inclined, and went with my wife to church. We saw hard times and needed sympathy ;

but we did not get it. We were looked upon as poor, and were shown little or no attention. Since I have been here every minister has called to see me. You are the last to call. Now I cannot tell which they are most interested in, my soul or my money.'

"All personal labor in that direction in a religious way failed, but he appreciated my temperance work, and was willing to aid me in it.

"The superintendent heartily espoused the temperance cause, and did much to help me enforce the law and reform the drunkard. He adopted, at my suggestion, a few rules for the *employés* in the mill, which proved of great benefit. By these regulations every one who neglected or slighted work through drink was dismissed from the mill, and could not return without telling who sold him the liquor and also signing the pledge. This plan worked well, and so increased the risk attendant upon illegal sales that the dealers almost abandoned the business. As a result, the expenses for the poor of the town were reduced from eight thousand dollars a year to less than one thousand, showing the efficiency of the work in a positive economical result to the tax-payers.

"Prohibition worked so well there that the liquor sellers were driven to some ingenious methods in order to sell with even a tolerable degree of safety.

"The following incident illustrates their schemes:

"A man came to me one day to sign the pledge. He said he got his liquor of a dealer who kept his

stock in a wood-shed, hid away in an old hogshead of straw, on the top of which a cat with a litter of kittens had made her bed, believing that the officers of the law, in searching, would not expect to find liquor stowed away under the bed of a cat. A warrant was issued for the search, which proved successful. Tabby and her family were removed from the straw, when the liquors were found as stated, and confiscated. The owner was prosecuted, found guilty, and heavily fined. But rumsellers die hard. This one soon resorted to a new trick. He got a tin-smith to make a can so shaped that it fitted his body, which he carried concealed beneath his vest. He kept a barrel sunk in his back yard, from which he replenished this new-fashioned demijohn, and thus easily supplied his patrons. The secret was soon revealed to me, and one Sunday morning an officer arrested the fellow and seized the oddly-shaped flask. He was locked up, and on Monday morning was prosecuted in the court, convicted, and more heavily fined than before.

“He violated the law several times afterward, but was as often arrested and fined. When the contest became so fierce that the profits would not meet the expenses he quit the traffic.

“The religious and temperance work were both very fruitful. During the first four months abstracts of my sermons were published in the ‘Great Falls Journal’ every week. We had for the first eight

months a constant revival, which afterward spread to all the Churches.

“This general revival began during the week of prayer. It was the usage to hold the meetings of the week by turns in the several Churches; and it was decided by the pastors to hold the first one of the series in the Main Street Church, as we were then in the enjoyment of a revival. After the opening services of this first meeting, my brethren, entirely forgetting the topic suggested by the Evangelical Alliance, took up the work in their usual way, with brief, fervent prayers, short, earnest testimonies and exhortations, and lively, energetic singing, until near nine o'clock, when I stopped them that the pastors present might have an opportunity to speak. They were greatly delighted and affected by the work of these brethren, and especially by their testimonies. The same spirit was carried into the other meetings of the week in the different Churches, and so deep was the interest awakened that they were followed by special services in all the Churches, in which several hundreds professed conversion.

“During my labors there I was called upon to preach a funeral sermon for a boy who had died in Portland Street. The discourse awakened great interest in the neighborhood, and by request I preached the same evening in the same house. As a result of the labor there forty persons were brought to the Saviour, among whom were twelve men who



had led intemperate lives. A class known as the Portland Street class was formed, and became one of the reformatory powers of the place."

On a certain Sabbath Mr. Montgomery's sermon was on the general judgment. It was entirely orthodox in its doctrines, and dealt frankly but tenderly with the great truths involved. A writer on "The Great Falls Journal" who was present, made a full report of the discourse, which was published in that paper. One of its readers was a Mr. Smith. As to religion he was an unbeliever, bitterly opposed to the Gospel, and for years had been in no church. His eye fell upon this report, and his curiosity led him to read it. He restrained his disgust and wrath until he had finished it, and then, with an oath, he threw the paper across the room, exclaiming, "That would do for the Dark Ages. It is too mean to allow a man to preach such a doctrine as that in the middle of the nineteenth century!" Yet, mean as it is, he presently took up the paper and read the report a second time. His interest became so awakened that he read it a third time, and then, disgust and wrath gone, he resolved to "go and hear that Montgomery preach." He went, and God so applied the truth to his heart and conscience that, when the invitation was given, he bowed at the altar for prayer, a weeping penitent. He made public confession of his infidelity and wickedness, and cried aloud to God for mercy. God heard him, and answered his prayer. He was

soundly converted, and became a living witness for the Christ whom he had hated and persecuted.

At the close of the year it was found that the little band of fifty-one with which Mr. Montgomery began his labors, had increased to one hundred and eleven members and fifty-two probationers, making a total of one hundred and sixty-three, a net gain of two hundred and twenty per cent. A pipe organ had been bought, the church painted and newly shingled, a barn built for the parsonage, current expenses met by the weekly offerings, and all bills for the year had been paid. He had encountered obloquy, hate, and threats of personal violence; he had gone into garrets and cellars after the fallen and degraded to lift them up and bring them to Christ; he had struggled with little aid, except from those whom he had rescued. But God had blessed his labors, and that was his sufficient reward and joy.

Besides the work already mentioned, Mr. Montgomery had early instituted a weekly preaching service in a hall in Berwick, on the opposite side of the Merrimac River from Great Falls. The class formed there had reached at the close of the year a membership of nearly fifty. It was then deemed expedient to organize a separate Church and to apply to the Maine Conference, within the territory of which it fell, as the river was the dividing line of the two Conferences, for the appointment of a minister. This was doubtless a wise movement, as a church was

needed there. A church edifice was built and paid for. From the first, the new society received the blessing of God, and is a good, self-sustaining, and useful Church. This enterprise, however, took from Main Street nearly a third of its members and congregation, leaving it with a greatly weakened force to carry on its work. Faithful labor filled up the depleted ranks, so that by the close of the year the Church had fully regained its strength.

An Irishman who had kept his pledge for five months, violated it on one Saturday evening, and, going home intoxicated, began to abuse his wife. While he was threatening her his little daughter begged him not to kill mamma. Annoyed by the child's interference, he struck her a blow with his hand which threw her against the stove, crushing her teeth and severely cutting her head. He then went to bed. On waking up on Sunday morning he found his child lying in bed with the clothes saturated with blood. When he learned what he had done in his fury, he was frightened by the serious aspect of the case, and, running to Mr. Montgomery's study, threw himself on his face upon the floor, exclaiming, "O my God! my God!" Raising himself to his knees and stretching out his bare arm, he cried, "If you will open a vein here, sir, I will sign the pledge in my own blood."

Mr. Montgomery inquired, "What have you been doing, Jimmy?"

"I bought a pint of rum last night," he answered, and then told the story of his violence at home.

Mr. Montgomery asked him, "Where did you get the liquor?"

Jimmy would not tell at first, but, on being directed to leave the house if he would not tell, he begged to be allowed to stay, saying, "If I go I am afraid I shall be hanged. I bought the liquor of Sam Grant."

This Sam Grant was a man who had made himself wealthy by rumselling, and his name had become a terror in that vicinity. From the frequent drunken brawls about his place, the locality had become well-known by the name of "Blood Corner." Mr. Montgomery took the man to his church just as he had come to him, filthy, bloody, and distressed, and kept him there during the services. At the close, he announced that he would speak in the Town Hall in the evening, taking for his theme, "A pint of Sam Grant's rum." He kept "Jimmy" to illustrate the lecture, and gave him a seat on the platform. The hall was crowded, and the address created great excitement, raising intense public indignation against the seller.

The next day Mr. Montgomery was met by Grant and roundly lectured for making use of his name in a public address. "I intend," said he, "to put a stop to such personal allusions. The man lied to you." Mr. Montgomery responded, "The child's head don't

lie. That tells the truth." Grant dropped his reins, in his usual insolent manner, and threatened violence. Fully his equal in physical strength, Mr. Montgomery showed him his well-formed fist, quietly remarking, "When God Almighty converted me, he left me these knuckles and my manhood." This unexpected exhibition of muscular piety took Grant by surprise, and gathering up his reins he drove on, amid the derisive shouts of the bystanders. He never recovered from the effects of that public demonstration, and "Have you seen Montgomery to-day?" became a question frequently asked him.

This same Grant had an only daughter of whom he was very proud. She was a bright, intelligent girl, and early in life she showed a marked independence of character. She became thoroughly imbued with temperance principles, and was greatly opposed to her father's business. Although not obliged to labor for a living, she went into the mills from time to time at intervals and worked for her own support. While she was in her course of education her father bought her a piano, but she refused to use it, because, as she said, "Every time I touch a key I should expect to hear a sound like the cries of the children who suffer from their parents' drunkenness." She had such an aversion to the liquor business that she disliked any thing purchased with money from that source. On the occasion of her graduation from the High School she refused an elegant silk dress presented by her

father, and wore instead a calico bought with money of her own earning. In the year 1876, Mr. and Mrs. Grant visited the Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, leaving the house in charge of their daughter. During their absence she went into the cellar and destroyed all the liquors stored there by her father, much of which was choice not only by manufacture, but from age. On their return they discovered what she had done. Her father was so enraged that he declared her insane, and readily secured evidence for her committal to an asylum. As she was leaving her home in the custody of an officer she said, addressing her parents: "Mr. and Mrs. Grant, the Lord will settle this matter with you at the day of judgment." She went to the asylum, where she remained until taken out by an aunt, some nine months afterward. Her friends always regarded her entirely sane, and her parents gave as the only evidence of her insanity her radical opposition to her father's business.

One of the reformed men who had been a periodical drunkard, while passing a store where he heard the flowing of beer, was suddenly seized by an almost irresistible desire for drink. He found himself going in the direction of the beer, against his pledge and his convictions, and, discovering his weakness, he fell suddenly upon his knees and cried mightily to God for deliverance. The Lord heard and strengthened him, and never again did he become a victim of his old appetite.

During his two years' residence at Great Falls, Mr. Montgomery greatly aided the authorities weekly in prosecuting violators of the liquor law. His own people were in entire harmony with him in all his religious and reformatory work, and gave him their generous and hearty support. It was feared by many that, after his departure, there would be great danger of the falling away of many of the reformed men who had come into the Church, but three years afterward, visiting them by invitation to give a lecture in aid of the Church, at a reception after its close, he was met by all those who had been won during his pastorate, with a single exception. Surely it is no harder for God's grace to keep men saved from intemperance than those saved from other sins.

Among the serious things that occurred at Great Falls were some incidents of the humorous kind.

At the time of Mr. Montgomery's going to that place there was an Irish Roman Catholic of more than ordinary intelligence, who had in his youth studied for the priesthood, but was then foreman of a machine-shop. Learning that the new Methodist minister was also an Irishman, Dan openly pronounced him to be "nothing but a miserable, bloody turn-coat," and became noted for the bitterness of his language respecting him. He one day saw in the Sunday announcements in the "Great Falls Journal" that Mr. Montgomery's subject of discourse was to be "The White Horse." The theme so

awakened his curiosity that he went to the church to hear, standing outside, what he could of the sermon. The doctrine taught was that Christ, the conqueror, would finally be gloriously victorious in all the earth. The next day, as he was in his garden, Dan approached him, most humbly uncovering his head.

"Yer riverince," said he, "I have a bit of a confession to make to ye. I heard ye were to prache upon 'The Vite Harse,' an' I cud not deny mesilf; so I hurd ye, sur. That was a fine harse that ye prached aboot, an' the troot ye tould wuz gud enuff fur any body. I hev sed many mane things aboot ye. Since I hurd ye spake so I am willin' to take it all back. Now, I wud to God, sur, ye were a gud Catholic."

"I am a Catholic," the minister replied.

"An', sure, yer riverince, ye know betther thin to toul me that."

"Any time," responded Mr. Montgomery, "when you can spare me a few minutes I can prove to your satisfaction that I am a good Catholic."

The hour of six that evening, in the study, was agreed on; and Dan was there. After a few pleasant words, the minister asked:

"Are you not taught in your Church that Peter was the first Pope?"

"Yes."

"Will you describe the character of Peter?"

"St. Peter," said Dan, "wuz pure, holy, benevo-



lint, and wint from house to house to raise fallin humanity to a betther life, sure."

On this description there was entire agreement.

"Then you believe that in order to be a good Catholic one must be an exact copy of St. Peter?" was the next question.

"Yer riverince," Dan answered, "that is so, sure!"

"Well, we will make you the judge; and you shall compare the two and decide which most resembles St. Peter—your Catholic priest, with his wealth, his servants, and his lack of charity and benevolence, or the minister of God, who sympathizes with the poor, feeds the hungry, finds work for men out of employment, and gives his time for the benefit of mankind, regardless of their faith or condition. Now, which, according to your definition, most resembles St. Peter?"

"Be jabers," Dan replied, after a moment's thought, "ye hev got me. I will not be lying, sur. Yerself is a betther Catholic than the praste."

The interview was closed with prayer, and another evening agreed on for further conversation. But Dan did not return. After several months Mr. Montgomery met him, and asked:

"Why did you not come back, Dan, and keep your appointment?"

"Indade, yer riverince," he answered, "I come near digging me own grave in doing what I did,

sur. If I shud return, it wud be the death uv me!"

"Peter M'Gerry," says Mr. Montgomery, "was a quick, brilliant Irishman, and unusually intelligent, but the victim of thirty years of drunkenness. His wife, Katy, clung to him with all the faithfulness and fervor of a true woman's heart, even when he stood apparently at the very gate of perdition. But I got hold of him, believing that the power of the Lord is sufficient to save even there; and Peter was rescued and saved. He afterward became quite a favorite as a temperance orator. At a Fourth-of-July celebration he was one of the speakers, and began his address in this wise:

"'Ladies and Gentlemen—You, perhaps, wonder that Katy there,' pointing to his wife sitting in front of him, 'could live with an old baste of a drunkard so long. Well may you wonder! Robby Burns, whom you all love, magnified and extolled his beloved Jennie by many words from his fluent pen; and so great was the interest awakened concerning her that at one time two gentlemen from a far country journeyed over the sea to see her. When they had reached Robby's Castle they were met by a very ordinarily appearing woman, of whom they inquired if Mrs. Burns was in. She replied that it was herself who stood before them. Their surprise was great, and they asked wonderingly, "Is this the woman we have read so much about?" "Ah!" she replied, "if

you could see me through Robby's eyes, you would know it all." And so to you, my friends, let me say, if you could see me through Katy's eyes, you would know why she lived with the old baste so long. God bless her dear soul, me darlint!

"I was niver sick in me life since I gave me heart to Katy, except what drink made me, and it's many a headache and heartache I've had through the divilish stuff. And one time I caught a cold that laid me by for months with rheumatic pains. During all that time poor Katy had to work in the mill to earn the bread and potatoes that meself and the childher would ate, and thin come home and take care of us all night, and she'd away again at day-break. One night she brought with her a bottle of camphor to rub me shoulder with; and while she was in the mill the next day I got the bottle from the shelf, and before she came home I had drained it to the bottom. When Katy returned at noon she observed the drunken look of me, and exclaimed,

" "Why, Peter, hev ye been out and got drunk?"

" "No, Katy," said I with a drunken leer, "I've not."

" "She looked at the camphor bottle and saw what I'd done, and then cried :

" "Why, you've been drinking the camphor! Well, Peter, the good Lord may have the power to convert yer soul, but the divil himself couldn't turn yer stomach." "

One day a burly, red-haired, half-intoxicated Irishman called at the study, and said, "Halloo! Is this Father Montgomery?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he went on:

"Could ye be afther marryin' a fellow to-day?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but where is your lady?"

The Irishman went into the street, and beckoning to a large, well-dressed woman, of rather prepossessing appearance, shouted, "Halloo! halloo! He is here; come on!"

The woman obeyed the call, and the two were presently made one. After the ceremony the bridegroom, addressing Mr. Montgomery, said:

"See here, yer riverince, I am ez poor ez a church mouse. I will give ye a dollar to-day, an' I'm comin' to hear ye prache ivery Sunday, an' I will be puttin' the rest in the contribution box. Yes, an' more'n that, sur; see here, ye'll hev the first christenin', an' we always pay for that."

The triple promise was pleasantly accepted, though not much relied on.

As they were about leaving Mr. Montgomery said to him: "You had better sign the temperance pledge before you go. You have a good-looking wife, and it is your business to save your money and provide a comfortable home for her."

Such a proposition to the Irishman on his wedding-day was astounding. "Couldn't I be takin' a dhrap at all, at all, to-day, sur, widout yer bein' twittin' me

uv it? It is an aisy matther for ye to talk, sur. Here ye are wid a carpit undher yer feet, a gown upon yer back, an' ye kin rock whin ye plaze. I earns me bread by the sweat uv me brow, and must hev a little to stimulate me. No more talk to me about total abstainance, ef ye plaze, sur. Good-day, yer riverince."

The twain departed, full of bliss; but Mr. Montgomery acknowledges that he saw nothing of the promised offerings to the contribution box, -neither did he have the first christening.

## CHAPTER XI.

## NORWICH.

Central Church, Norwich—Providence Conference—Saloons *vs.* Churches—First Sabbath—Citizen's statement—Breed Hall meetings—Worst drunkard—Stephen Hunter—Thanksgiving letter—Missionary work—"Go after them"—West Side—Tabernacle—Father Bentley—The organ—Sunday and other work—The Reformer—Callers—Mrs. Montgomery's coolness—Coddling the drunkard.

IN accordance with the regulation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, limiting the pastoral term to three years, a new minister must be found for the Central Church, in Norwich, Connecticut, at the Conference to be held in April, 1877. For reasons not necessary here to state, it was not an appointment easy to fill, nor was it, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, at that time a desirable one; yet, as a field for a self-sacrificing minister, with the brain, experience, and nerve demanded by the work to be done, no better one could readily be found. The Church register showed a membership of one hundred and seventy-five, with seven probationers; and the Sunday-school numbered a hundred and fifty-two. The church, with sittings for nine hundred persons, is centrally located and easy of access from all parts of the city; yet such was the spiritual inertia that the

average Sabbath congregation did not exceed one hundred. By its side stood a liquor saloon, and directly across the street was a building in which were two saloons and one of the largest billiard-rooms in the city; and the Church had not moral power sufficient to suppress the scandal. Plainly a pastor of the stalwart order was demanded.

The name of Mr. Montgomery, with excellent reports of himself and his success in previous fields, had come to both the brethren of the Church and the presiding elder, and, after suitable consultation, correspondence was opened with him to ascertain his willingness to go to them and what salary he would expect. His reply showed his readiness if the Bishops deemed it advisable, but on the salary question it simply said, "If the Lord wants me in Norwich he will take care of me." The information previously possessed, and especially, as one of them has said, "his curt answer about salary, showing that money was not his *primum mobile* of service," led the officers of the Church to request his appointment as their pastor. In accordance with this request, and with his own concurrence, he was transferred from the New Hampshire to the Providence Conference, or the New England Southern, as it is now called, and stationed at the Central Church. "The Church," he remarks, "gave me a warm reception, and upheld me by their prayers and money from the first until the last."

Mr. Montgomery entered his new charge with no

very definite knowledge of what he would find or what he must do, except that there was plenty of lost souls whom he must try to save. He had come to Norwich on the principle that had governed his life—going where in the judgment of the authorities he was wanted most. But the experience which he had been gathering through all his previous ministry had been a preparation for the work now before him. It had given him knowledge; it had sharpened his vision; it had made him acquainted with obstacles and familiar with difficulties; it had shown him how best to strike; it had taught him the truth and power of the Almighty.

It was on the evening of Thursday, April 19th, that Mr. Montgomery arrived at Norwich. He might, with perfect propriety, have employed the two days remaining before the Sabbath in rest and forming the acquaintance of his people, but realizing that "the King's business required haste," he began his work on Friday morning, surveying the field and carefully inquiring into the spiritual condition of the city. Before retiring to rest that night he had decided where he must strike, and on his own responsibility engaged Breed Hall for a Sunday service. The morning paper of Saturday contained his announcement of a Gospel Temperance sermon in the hall at nine o'clock, preaching in the church at half-past ten and three, and a prayer-meeting in the evening. "I very soon found," he says, "that the greatest foe to



God and humanity was intrenched in the rum shops. By actual count I found open over two hundred legal and illegal liquor saloons, performing their vile and impious work, at a cost of two thousand dollars for the smallest of them. The rent of the one next door to my church was a thousand dollars a year. This shows that a full half million of dollars was spent for liquor, to say nothing of the cost of the consequences in pauperism and crime. Such was the devil's strength for ruining souls. Inquiring for the strength of the Churches, I found six strong Congregational Churches and one chapel; five weak Methodist Churches, one strong and two weak Baptist Churches, two Episcopal, one Universalist, one German, one Roman Catholic—twenty in all. The entire cost of running these places of worship was about one tenth of the bill for rum. It was manifest that there must be a terrible struggle against this foe of God and his Gospel. After earnest prayer to the Lord for his guidance, I went and engaged Breed Hall, the largest public hall in the city, and preached there at nine o'clock on the morning of my first Sunday in Norwich. My text was from Isaiah xxii, 23: 'I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place.' In this discourse I gave the above-mentioned facts, which were reproduced on Monday in the daily newspaper of the city, enabling the public to know and think them over."

This was certainly a bold beginning of his ministry

in that place, and a novel one as well, and not a few thought it rash and foolhardy. The editor of a local paper, himself a stanch friend of temperance, referring to it, said: "The new minister of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church of this city has the temerity to announce that 'Norwich must be reformed before there can be an outpouring of God's Spirit.' The task may prove more difficult than he anticipates. He evidently does not know this town yet."

The beginning was as unpromising as it was bold. The cost of Breed Hall was ten dollars for the service of an hour's duration, and Mr. Montgomery's first audience numbered not more than thirty persons. Some who were present felt that the meeting was a failure; but, undismayed, he predicted that before long the hall would not be large enough to hold the crowd; and he was right. Though only two days in the city, he had learned enough to be sure of his ground, and besides he had unlimited faith in God. Men who judged from appearances simply, and laughed at what they inferred to be a costly seeking for a cheap notoriety, had not fathomed the deep earnestness of this man's soul, nor did they know of the long hours spent on his knees in solemn pleading with God for his direction, or of his confidence, as he arose, that the Presence which went forth with Moses would assuredly go with him.

A gentleman residing in that city, and familiar with the facts, writes as follows: "Mr. Montgomery

announced himself at the start as a total abstinence advocate, and exhibited such energy in the work that he attracted immediate attention, and became the subject of both private and public remark. While Norwich had always had fearless temperance advocates, she never before had such a warrior as he. His promptness in getting at work and his absolute faith in results, were new to the people, who had repeatedly witnessed fine beginnings and total failures in the same field. Among the faithless lookers-on and criticisers of his announcement were some of the staunchest temperance people of the place. The prevailing conviction was that Norwich could not be reformed; and the belief carried with it an inertness not easy to overcome. But he proved to be a man whom opposition and discouragements only stirred to increased energy, and who never let his faith in the higher Power weaken because of human inconstancy or inconsistency.

“He found a weak and faithless temperance element and a feeble society upon his advent in Norwich, but he had an influential friend in the Rev. William S. Palmer, of the Second Congregational Church, who a few years before had been called to the city from Vermont, where he had become acquainted with Mr. Montgomery’s character and success as a temperance reformer. He mentioned him promptly and kindly to his congregation, and publicly invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the earnest

man and his work. Temperance is to him the handmaid of the Church; recovery of fallen men to soberness and health prepares the way for the improvement of their spiritual condition. These two classes of work he zealously forwarded side by side, and the one never failed to strengthen the other."

The second Sunday morning he held another nine o'clock service at Breed Hall, with a much larger audience. This morning meeting became permanent, and was attended by crowds. The expense was met by collections made at the meetings. A large chorus choir, composed of members of the different Churches, was soon organized, under the direction of Professor George Martin, of the Park Congregational Church, which rendered him most efficient aid.

These Sabbath morning discourses, while abounding in temperance facts and arguments, were thoroughly pervaded by gospel truth. They showed not only a solemn earnestness, but a deep and tender sympathy for the fallen and the suffering by intoxicating drinks. They proclaimed the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ to be the one and only sufficient help to the drunkard in overcoming the power of appetite; and that grace was freely offered to all. The people who listened to him, many of whom were unfamiliar guests in the Lord's house, began to follow him, and soon filled the empty pews and galleries of the Central Church. Victims of intemperance, either in their own persons or in their relatives,

were sure of one sympathetic heart into which they might pour their tale of woe; and they began to seek him, some for advice, some for his influence in striving to save a husband or a son, and some for bread. Almost before he was aware of it his heart and hands were full. He was in tenements and garrets never before visited by a minister of God, regardless of nationality or condition: it was enough that he was wanted. Hard, rough men, who had been counted as beyond hope, bowed as penitents at the altar and were saved.

Mr. Montgomery believed that no case was too hard for an almighty Saviour; and so he preached. As if to put this belief to a practical test, he inquired for the wickedest man and most degraded drunkard in the city. All agreed in referring him to one Stephen Hunter, as the one whom he sought. He was a man over fifty years of age; he had had delirium tremens several times; he spent a large part of his time in jail, and had repeatedly been near death from drunkenness. It was a decidedly unpromising case, except to faith in God. Mr. Montgomery took his carriage and found him at his home in a low, dark basement.

His knock brought to the door a man with a dirty face, uncombed, shaggy hair, a ragged pair of pantaloons and an apology for a shirt, with a leathern belt to hold the two garments together, and a pair of old brogans on his feet.

Hunter looked at his visitor with astonishment.

"Good-evening," said Mr. Montgomery.

"Good-evening," answered Stephen, in a gruff tone.

"I believe your name is Hunter?" blandly inquired the visitor.

"Yes."

"I am the Methodist minister. My name is Montgomery. I have just come to labor in Norwich;" said Mr. Montgomery, as without invitation he entered the room, talking as he advanced. The room was bare of furniture, except a small stove, two or three boxes in lieu of chairs, some straw, and a quilt tossed in a corner.

A couple of children, without a mother, poorly clad, and hard in appearance, stood staring at the strange visitor.

"I believe you are an Irishman?" immediately continued Mr. Montgomery, and without giving Hunter a chance for reply, he went on, "I am an Irishman myself, from the north of Ireland. What part of Ireland are you from?"

"County Antrim," was the response.

After a few other inquiries, the answers to which were given with increasing readiness, it was plain to Mr. Montgomery that he had won Hunter's confidence. He then said to him.

"Come, wont you take a ride with me? I have a carriage at the door, and would like to have you take a drive down street with me."

Hunter looked down at his clothes and then at the minister in perfect bewilderment, wondering what in the world could be the motive for so strange a proposition. No opportunity, however, was given him either to frame an excuse or to refuse.

"Come right along," he persisted, "and take a ride with me. I want to talk with you."

Hunter obeyed, and they entered the carriage and drove off. On their way Mr. Montgomery promptly pursued the conversation, and soon drew from him some facts in his history. He learned that he was the son of Scotch Presbyterian parents who had trained him in their own faith; that he had not been in a church for nearly forty years; and that in recent years he had passed a large part of his time in jail as a common drunkard. He stopped at a clothing store, and selected for him a cheap suit of clothes, paying for it between six and seven dollars. Taking him to the conveniences for the purpose in the back part of the store, and turning the faucet, he bade him wash himself, "for," he added, "I never want to present a dirty offering to the Lord." When this was done he desired him to pass into a room adjoining and put on the garments that had been purchased. A different looking man came forth from that room. Before parting with him at the door of the store he courteously invited him to attend the prayer-meeting that evening, and pointed out to him his church. Stephen promised to be there. A brother, learn-

ing what he had done, said to him, "That will be the last you will see of Stephen Hunter. You don't know him as well as we do. The clothes will be in the grog-shop before night."

"You'll see," was the only reply.

This was a new experience to Stephen Hunter, who had for years been full of rum and tobacco, profane and ungodly almost without an equal, familiar with oaths, kicks, the low groggery, the police and the jail, pronounced hopeless by his acquaintances, and himself despairing of any other outcome than a drunkard's grave. But one had come to him treating him as a man, and, without a word of preaching, had proved himself a friend. He kept his promise and was at the meeting.

The joyful singing of the evening, the fervent prayers, the warm exhortations, and the earnest words of the pastor, telling of a Saviour who is so mighty to deliver from the bondage of sin, deeply stirred his soul. The invitation was given for any who felt their need of Christ to come to the altar, and Stephen Hunter came, a broken penitent, bowed down by his fearful burden of sin. He was just the one for whom the Lord Jesus had especially died; he threw himself at the foot of the cross, and was gloriously saved. His very face shone as if with the light of heaven. The blood of Christ washed him from sin; power was given him over his appetite for strong drink; the Bible lessons of his youth revived in his memory;



and for five years this once wickedest man in the city has been a living proof and illustration of the saving power of the Gospel. The forty years of dissipation had not obliterated the knowledge of the Apostle's Creed, the Catechism, and the Psalms of David, which had been taught him by his mother in his childhood.

Some six months afterward Stephen arose in a meeting and said: "My head is clear, my hand is steady, and my soul is washed in the blood of the Lamb. The Lord found me with my face in the mud, and the devil had picked out every feather; but now my feet are on the Rock, and the feathers are all grown out again, and I have wings with which I am flying toward the Eternal City. Praise God, I am also the son of a King!"

Hunter is a superior stone mason. He soon had full employment, and by his industry and frugal habits he has acquired a comfortable home, with quite a respectable little bank account. Three years and a half after his conversion he gratefully sent his friend the following note, accompanying a Thanksgiving gift of a pair of fowls raised by himself. One may, perhaps, imagine how delicious was their taste to the recipient:

NORWICH, CONN., *Nov. 24, 1880.*

HUGH MONTGOMERY:

REVEREND SIR—Please accept this small token of respect from Stephen Hunter, whom you rescued from a drunkard's grave and a life of sin and shame, and who now is, thank God! a

Christian and an honorable citizen; who, but for your influence and the grace of God, might be to-day a worthless drunken sot lying in the gutters of Norwich on Thanksgiving day.

St. James, in his Gospel, assures us that the prayer of a righteous man availeth much, and the saying of the holy apostle has been fully made manifest in your prayers to the throne of grace for me. Your prayers, I am fully convinced, ascended to the throne of grace in my behalf.

Reverend Sir, may the blessing of God be with you in the future as it has been in the past; and may it be also with you while you remain in this world to minister to the wants of fallen humanity; and when your ministry in this world is ended you shall receive a crown of glory which shall never fade.

I remain, dear sir, your affectionate friend,

STEPHEN HUNTER.

The work of Mr. Montgomery in Norwich took on from its beginning much of a missionary character. It is related of Mr. Moody that being once asked the best method of reaching the masses, he quickly replied, "Go after them." Mr. Montgomery learned the same lesson before Mr. Moody did, and found it equally effective. It is the real underlying secret of his success in Norwich. For, be it remembered, though many knew him chiefly as an advocate of temperance, first and foremost he is a Methodist minister. He himself says: "My regular Church-work was never neglected through attending other meetings. I never allowed my temperance work to supersede the Church-work." On the other hand, he was drawn into that work in his efforts to bring men to Christ. It was in this way that his attention be-

came particularly turned toward that part of the city called the "West Side," where there seemed to him a field wide and urgent. Whether to occupy it, and if so, how, became to him anxious questions. He dealt with them as he always does with a difficult problem: he carried them to the Lord in prayer. He first sought to rent a room in which to hold religious meetings; but it was refused. He next proposed to purchase a lot on which to erect a small chapel; and in this, too, he failed. Meanwhile he continued in prayer, and passed a large part of many nights in earnest supplication that, if it were his will, God would give him the means for the purchase of a suitable lot and the erection of a tabernacle free from debt. At length one morning a messenger called on him with a request from the Rev. D. N. Bentley that he would visit him at his house.

Father Bentley, as he is commonly called, is a Methodist local preacher and ordained elder, residing in the city, and was then nearly ninety-two years of age. He was converted when but fifteen years of age, and was the first Methodist in Norwich, and the father of Methodism there. The aged veteran still lingers with his brethren and children in the Gospel. He has been an ordained local minister for seventy years. He has preached from more than two thousand texts, and has never received a dollar for any ministerial service except for marriages. Though

never possessed of any considerable wealth, he has given away to religious and charitable purposes more than sixty-nine thousand dollars. Three times has he mortgaged his property to save different churches from sale at the hand of the auctioneer.

Mr. Montgomery made the desired call at an early hour, and was warmly welcomed by Father Bentley.

"Brother Montgomery," said he, "I understand you would like to build a chapel on the West Side, if you can find a lot that is suitable?"

"Yes; I think it sadly needed."

"Well, you go ahead and buy a lot, and I'll pay for it."

The answer to prayer had begun to come, and Mr. Montgomery was confident in the coming of the rest. A lot was found in an excellent locality, purchased, and properly deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"At this time," says Mr. Montgomery, "I had not a dollar with which to build the tabernacle. I then went to several prominent business men, strong friends of temperance and religion, who appreciated at once the importance of the work and gave me liberal subscriptions. With them and strong faith in God that he would bring me safely through, I began the work."

Securing the services of as many carpenters and masons as could conveniently work together, and putting on himself a pair of overalls, he proceeded with

the building. It was speedily finished, and before the month of June was passed, in about two months after his coming to the city, it was solemnly dedicated to the service of almighty God.

In a report of the services of the occasion the "Norwich Bulletin" has this pleasant notice :

"It is a pretty structure, capable of seating comfortably two hundred and fifty persons. Completed, the building cost nine hundred dollars. It was contracted for and finished in ten days, and the funds to meet the expense were largely contributed at the dedicatory meeting. Mr. Montgomery was liberally aided by the wealthy in carrying out his project, and several masons and carpenters gave their labor—good, honest, driving days of work, their best efforts—to render free from debt an edifice much needed in that vicinity for holding public services. Elder D. N. Bentley was the pillar the edifice leaned upon, and Messrs. Ripley, Mitchell, and Bill were donors of one hundred dollars each; while others followed, giving from fifty dollars down to fifty cents. Two hundred and fifty chairs provide sittings. Three fine chandeliers will light the building, and a fine clock will mark the time. Mr. Montgomery spoke of a poor woman who had come to him leading a little child by the hand, and said they wanted to give something, but had not much, and they asked if ten cents from each of them would be acceptable. It was all they had, and they 'wanted to give it to God.' Liberal contri-

butions enabled him to dedicate the house to the service of God free of debt."

The "Tabernacle," as the new edifice was named, added to Mr. Montgomery's labors a sermon every Sabbath afternoon. It was usually crowded, many coming there who had attended no church, and hearing the Gospel from his lips. He here became acquainted, as he could not have otherwise done, with many in the lower walks of life, not a few of whom had been plunged in poverty and distress through intoxicating drinks. It was an outpost in the work of evangelization—pre-eminently a "poor people's church," though rich and poor freely mingled together there.

We have seen the benevolence of Father Bentley, but, like many other good men, he has his marked peculiarities, among which is a strong prejudice against innovation upon ancient customs, and especially in the mode of public worship. He dearly loves the Church in whose service he has passed his life, and he has been fearful, unnecessarily and unwisely so, of any departure from primitive Methodism. The good man forgot that, while times and circumstances change, it has been one of the peculiar claims of its friends that Methodism has elasticity enough to adapt itself to all changes and conditions of society. So it was really the same spirit that led him to mortgage his property for the sake of the Church, that stood behind his prejudice against the introduction

of an organ into the house of God. Many persons in both the Church and congregation had long been desirous of such an instrument to accompany the singing in public worship, and repeatedly in previous years had the matter been discussed; but so intense were the old soldier's prejudices that the church was yet without it. Mr. Montgomery ardently believes in the old-fashioned usage of singing by the whole congregation, but, with equal good sense, he would have a trained choir to lead it, and an organ to aid the choir. At a convenient time he suggested to his brethren that an organ be procured, and quickly learned that good Father Bentley was the chief obstacle, and they had too great a regard for the old pilgrim to displease him. So he set himself at work to get his friend's approval of his project. Now, next to his faith in God and Methodism did he believe in Hugh Montgomery; but on this point he was firm. "I would," said he, "as soon have a bellying bull in the church as a pipe organ." Months passed and no progress was made. One day a brother said to him, "I don't know as we shall be able to keep Brother Montgomery with us another year."

"Why, why," he asked in some alarm, "what is the matter?"

"O, you know he wants us to have an organ. He thinks it would very much help our singing, and he wants us to be respectable and like other people. I don't know as he will stay if we don't have one."

"Well," he answered, after a minute's reflection, "if he wants an organ, let him have it." No surrender could be more handsome or complete.

And the organ, a superior instrument, was bought and placed in the church at the left of the preacher's platform. A cornet accompaniment was soon added, putting the church in the front rank for instrumental music; and Father Bentley sat peacefully in the congregation as they poured forth their strains, never exhibiting any of his old dislike to an organ. Mr. Montgomery was not long afterward telling the story to Bishop Gilbert Haven, who was his warm friend, when the Bishop laughingly replied, "So he had the bull and the organ too!" Father Bentley was one of his warmest admirers, and often alluded to him as "God's own anointed." He seemed to enter into the full spirit of the progressing work, and in moments of joy would declare that he was experiencing what Simeon felt when he took the Saviour in his arms and exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people."

The amount of labor performed by Mr. Montgomery after he became fairly harnessed to his work was possible only to one of a vigorous physical constitution. His regular Sabbath duty was then, at nine o'clock, a "Gospel Temperance" sermon at the Hall; at half past ten, preaching at the Central



Church, followed by the Sunday-school, in which he had charge of a large class ranging from seventy-five to one hundred, to which the newly reformed were invited; at three he preached at the Tabernacle; at six he was often present at the prayer-meeting; and at half past seven he preached again at the church. He awakened a new life in his membership, and set them at work. Nobody about him was allowed to be idle or fall asleep. He had a meeting somewhere every night in the week, except Monday, and that was soon taken by calls for lectures on temperance in different parts of the State, to which the tidings of what was occurring in Norwich had gone, for the public press had been profuse in current items of himself and his doings. He issued a weekly paper, called *The Reformer*, and continued it for several months preceding the fall elections. He was thus enabled, as he says, "to preach the Gospel of Temperance to the masses and keep the liquor dealers informed of the havoc they were making of their victims; for the dealers were among the most eager readers of the little sheet, as it was carried by the newsboys through the city. It contained also experiences of converted inebriates, many of them touching in their narrative of their deliverance through the grace of God from the bondage of intemperance." The circulation of the paper was free, those who paid for it doing so voluntarily. It kept important truths before the people. It did not revolutionize

the public sentiment of the town, but it published facts which gave many of its readers new views upon the old subject, and laid a healthy groundwork for the campaign of the next year.

Besides all this and the pastoral care of his Church, together with visiting the jail and preaching monthly to its inmates, large numbers came to him with their tales of suffering, seeking counsel and help. Said he one day, when mentioning the fact, "My mother-in-law told me yesterday, 'You've got to change your work or kill your wife. There is a continual stream calling at the house for aid and advice, and she can't stand it to attend to them when you are out as she has to—wives, mothers, daughters, asking, "What shall I do? What can be done to save my poor husband from this curse?"' These rumsellers will take the last shirt off a poor man's back. While we are lifting one from the gutter they are dragging down ten."

One of these visitors at the parsonage called on a different errand. Ringing the bell, he was met by Mrs. Montgomery at the door.

"Is Mr. Montgomery in?" he anxiously inquired.

"He is not."

"I have come to whip him," was savagely snapped out.

"Well," the lady replied with the greatest suavity, as if desirous to oblige her visitor, "had you not better come in and wait until he returns?"

Many of those who thus sought him were persons who had lost their situations through strong drink, and desired his influence in procuring employment. He had for them an open ear and, when possible, a helping hand. He was once accused of coddling and petting the drunkard. His reply was to the point, and in this wise :

“Young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, come to me, whose homes are dark and degraded by drunkenness and tell me their sad tale of woe. I then go after those lost men, and if they are willing to confess how deeply they have sinned against God and their homes, if they are willing to take the pledge and go down on their knees and ask God for help, if they will go home, give up drinking, go to work and take care of their families, then, and not till then, do I help them. If it is coddling the drunkard to have him take the pledge in the fear of God, thus delivering him from a curse which is numbering its victims by millions, then I plead guilty.”

There is the soundest common sense, as well as Christianity, in Mr. Montgomery's method with the intemperate who have come to him or to whom he has gone. His sympathy is not a blind one. His first step is to learn the history of a person, by kind inquiries and gentle words. Nineteen out of every twenty of them, he says, began their downward career by the neglect of the Sabbath. If possible, he will

ascertain from them where they procured their liquor ; if they fail to tell him, he has but little hope of their reformation, and expends but little time on them, for they prove that they care more to shield the seller than to save themselves.

## CHAPTER XII.

## TEMPERANCE WORK.

Temperance platform—Druggists detected—Exposed—Gospel Temperance meetings—Circulars—Anti-circular—Election—License victory—Revival—Talk with rumseller—Appeal cases—Threatening letters—Attempted assassination—"A credit to yer country"—"Only temporary"—Salary—The rabble—Aid to officers—A seller disgorges—Sunday selling—Shay—High praise—Hypocrite detected—Tramp peddler—Close of year.

**M**R. MONTGOMERY'S temperance platform is brief and sensible. He states it thus:

"First, I believe in and practice total abstinence. Second, I believe in and have labored for the last twenty-five years for the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic. And, third, if we cannot prohibit it, I believe in restriction. Keep changing the imperfect until we have found the perfect. Fourth, the officers of the law should enforce its penalties upon all illegal selling."

When Mr. Montgomery went to Norwich he found a hundred and thirty-five licensed saloons, most of them violating the law in some way, and so rendering their licenses liable to forfeiture, and seventy-five unlicensed, with very little pretense on the part of anybody of punishing the law-breakers. It very soon

began to be said to him by various persons that the drug stores of the city, of which there were eight, were selling liquor on the Lord's day, which the law forbade. It was said to him so frequently that he finally resolved to satisfy himself of the truth of the reports. Being in Willimantic, and conversing on the subject with a friend, a man of reliability and good report with his neighbors was found who volunteered his service as a detective. He remained at the camp-meeting over the Sabbath, and Smith started at once, and the next day, the 26th of August, performed the duty he had undertaken. Without difficulty he procured liquors at all of the drug stores, with a single exception.

"Seven flasks of whisky thus procured," says Mr. Montgomery, "each properly labeled with the place and date of its purchase, were handed to me, as the evidence of the truth of the reports. I at once resolved on my course. I announced from the Breed Hall platform on the ensuing Sabbath, and also in the "Norwich Bulletin," that on the next Sabbath I should publicly expose every druggist in the city who was doing an illegal business on the Lord's day. As might have been expected, this announcement created a great sensation. Persons came to me from all quarters urging me to refrain from making the *exposé*; 'as all of these druggists occupied prominent positions in society.' I was also informed that during the week more than five thousand dollars was raised

to prosecute me for obtaining goods under false pretenses. All this did not move me from my purpose. The thing that troubled me most was the alarm of my good wife, who, in her apprehension of evil results, begged me to abandon my proposed plan. She is so usually right that this, I confess, unsettled me for a little season; but I engaged in prayer day and night for that week, and every time I rose from my knees more determined than before to carry out my advertised purpose, and to do what I had believed to be my duty.

“The Sabbath was rainy and gloomy, but, in spite of the storm, at nine o'clock Breed Hall was full. After the preliminary exercises I solemnly arranged the seven bottles in a row on the front of the stand, so that they would be in plain sight of the congregation. I prefaced my remarks by saying that I had heard that legal talent had been secured, and that I was to be arrested at the close of my address for obtaining goods under false pretenses. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘as I have given twenty years or more to hard work in behalf of God’s suffering poor, all I ask is that, while I am in prison, you will not see my wife and children suffer for the necessities of life.’ The allusion to my family created considerable emotion in the audience. Many were melted to tears, and cries came up from different parts of the hall: ‘If you go, I’ll go too!’

“Then taking up one of the bottles on the stand,

and exhibiting it to the audience, I related the following incident :

“ A man came to me some months ago and told me a story that stirred my heart to its depths. His face was bathed in tears, and he sobbed like a little child, as he described to me how his wife had been made a drunkard some sixteen years previous by the use of liquor under prescription of her physician. Her appetite had become so strong that she would take every thing she could lay her hands on with which to buy liquor. At times, when the thirst would come upon her, she would even tear up the children's clothes and sell them for rags in order to get ten cents with which to buy a drink ; and, what was more sad than all else, four dear little children had actually perished from neglect. When not under the influence of strong drink she was a kind mother. Besides this, the poor man informed me that the most of the liquor was obtained at the various drug stores in this city. But, thanks be to God ! his grace has reached both wife and husband, and she who was so near the gates of death, through the power of the fatal cup, is now sitting in this hall, ‘ clothed and in her right mind,’ saved through the blood of the Lamb.”

He then went on with the discourse.

The “ Norwich Aurora ” gave the following report :

Rev. Mr. Montgomery read the eighth commandment, and alluded briefly to the little regard that was paid to it, and



emphasized the importance of the Sabbath being kept holy, in accordance with the early revelation and commands of God, who created the world in six days and rested on the seventh. He then explained to the people that he was a law-abiding citizen, and did not mean to interfere with the law or any man who was following a business protected by the law; but he did mean, God giving him strength, to do all in his power to keep men from buying rum, and to starve them out by personal effort if he could, while they were protected by the law, and to take from them the legal right to sell, if in him lay the power, to show the people the great wrong, and by the sight influence them to refuse it their indorsement at the polls. His duty was to denounce the breaking of the Sunday law, for among the statutes of the State is an enactment that forbids the sale of any thing from sunrise until sunset on the Sabbath; and these druggists had not only broken God's law, but the law of the State. He could see no difference between Main Street and Water Street; and if the law compels the saloons on Water Street to be closed on Sunday, and, if they sell, obliges them to do so behind a screen, he did not see why the saloons on Main Street, with the glittering decanters, should be allowed to sell with wide open doors on the Sabbath. He had no feeling of hatred toward the rum-seller, only against his business; and if any one of them would abandon the traffic, no man would go farther than he to aid him in getting an honorable support. He would divide with him one half of all God had given him, even to the last loaf in the house. He believed in fair-play, which gives to poor Pat Finegan the same rights and protection on Water Street that it does the wealthy and independent liquor seller on Main Street. If he had sympathy with either, it was with poor Pat, who, out of work in these deplorably hard times, casts his eyes about him to see where to get bread and butter for his family, and seeing men who stand well in society and drive their span, making money from the appetites of others, he too takes out a license and goes into the

business. His liquor will not do worse work than the druggist's. A man once came to my house in the morning and in tears told the story of his fall. He had long kept temperate, but on the night before had purchased a pint of liquor, and under its influence he had beaten his wife; and when his little daughter interfered, exclaiming: "O, papa! don't kill mamma!" he struck her a blow knocking her teeth down her throat, threw her upon the hot stove, and inflicted a terrible wound in her head, leaving her weltering in her own blood. He loved that child; and in his agony he implored me: "Mr. Montgomery, cut a vein in my arm and I will sign the pledge in my own blood!" and, as an imprecation for his own acts, cried in his grief and tears: "I ought to be killed!" This was the work of one pint of liquor; and I say this liquor here will produce the same result as Pat Finegan's. But Pat Finegan's saloon is closed, while the saloons of these men, who can live without following this business, are open in violation of law.

At my house one morning I found a man weeping who had a woeful tale to tell of his wife, who was a victim to liquor, and, pointing me to a drug store, he told me he had settled there two liquor bills, and assured me he would never pay another. And two thirds of those who complain to me trace the cause of all their trouble to the apothecary shop. The truth of these complaints I do not know, only that in agony and tears the seekers after sympathy charged these things upon them. It was only the day before yesterday that a man told me that while he was in a druggist's purchasing a cigar, a ragged little girl, bare-headed, and with her toes sticking out through her shoes, came in, and, putting her quarter on the counter, called for liquor and had her bottle filled, and no questions were asked.

There has been great commotion because of the methods we have employed to discover the truth of the complaints that have come to us, and I understand that there are present here legal authorities to see if upon our statements they

cannot find sufficient ground for indicting us for employing a detective on the Sabbath. But the complaint is not greater on account of the day chosen than it is of the means. We are told that we do not strike right—that it is mean to employ a man for such a purpose. If a man's house is burglarized, he is warranted in employing a detective; if one of these rum-sellers has a clerk that is suspected of robbing the till, a detective is the means by which he tests the truth or falsity of his suspicions. Why is it less honorable to find out by the same means that rum is sold here on Sunday and who sells it? I did not hire the detective, for he voluntarily gave his services. I carried the burden of the complaints of the poor people against the druggists of this city upon my soul, and felt that I must find out. I took counsel with a friend in Willimantic who does not reside within fifty miles of this place, (so it was not Stephen Hunter, as was reported, that did the job,) and we went to prayer over it, and after taking counsel together and with God, the brother volunteered to come here, and he came. I gave him money to meet his expenses, and he went to all the druggists of the city, and here is the result, (pointing to the seven full bottles on the stand,) with every bottle labeled for any body to inspect, should he wish, at the close of the services. At only two places was he questioned. At Brewer's he was asked if it was for medicine; both parties smiled and the bottle was filled. At Lee and Osgood's he was turned out without it; this was his only failure, and it assures me that the mayor is a respecter of the law, and is the only druggist in the city who is. If I had a prescription I would go there to have it compounded. This man, Mr. Smith, who is nearly sixty years of age, is the proof of these Sunday transactions. Now I don't want these men prosecuted. I don't want to hurt them. The personal appearance of this man who visited me was hard, and if they would sell to him they would to any one. His face and eyes were disfigured. I didn't want a well-dressed man or one of respectable appearance; hence the

reason he was selected. Some said that Mr. Osgood was notified previously. This is false, because I knew nothing about it myself until two hours before he came.

There is a terrible feeling because I advertised to expose this. If it is legitimate business, I should think the seven druggists would like to have it mentioned. When you go to a joiner for a door, he does not tell you to say nothing about it, but wants it told, because if it is a good door he may sell one to your neighbor. It is so with the tailor who makes a coat, and so in every branch of business. Why is it not so in this? Because it is the brewer of mischief. The druggist's liquor is not better than Pat Finegan's. There are men who get their liquor at these stores and lie drunk all day Sunday. Their wives are troubled, and their children tremble in fear the whole day through. Now, if we could shut up the drug stores, we could soon starve out Water Street. But their doors are open wide on Sunday for the sale of cigars, soda water and liquor. Every body knows it; it is no secret. We wanted the proof and have it. Mr. Smith, whose veracity none can dispute, would appear and swear to it in any court if called upon. I do not know but this liquor is adulterated—is poison; it is only the lack of funds that has prevented its analyzation; but I very much doubt its being pure. Any one who chooses can have it analyzed. There is little use in closing the low grogeries if these seven drug stores are to be left open, for they would furnish liquor for the whole town.

The work of God in the Central Church moved on with power through the summer. Hardly a prayer-meeting was held at which penitents did not bow at the altar, and many a soul, destroyed by strong drink, found saving help in God. In September, under Mr. Montgomery's direction, a special series of Gospel Temperance meetings was held in Breed Hall, in which the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and

Universalist ministers of the city rendered all the aid in their power. He deeply felt their sympathy, and heartily acknowledged the aid received from their labors and their prayers. Indeed, so true was their unity that in their Sabbath worship with their respective congregations they were wont to make him and his work a special subject of supplication. During the three weeks of these services two thousand persons signed the pledge, and souls were daily converted.

A secondary end sought in this series of meetings was an awakened public sentiment that would express itself in the coming October election. The Local Option law of Connecticut empowered the several towns of the State to say at the polls, each for itself, whether it would authorize or forbid the granting of licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and it was hoped to turn the tide of public feeling in favor of "no license." While the meetings were still in progress a vigorous, manly circular, addressed to the voters of the town, entitled, "Words for Thoughtful Men," and bearing the signatures of ten clergymen and four professional and business men, was prepared and scattered broadcast. This circular was met by another that, for some reason, bore no signature, but its origin was easily apparent. It was as widely circulated as the other. It contained the following contemptible paragraph :

For the past twenty years many of the clergymen who have signed the appeal which appears in the "Bulletin," have

quietly performed their ministerial duties without making any special effort in this direction, until now, a reverend gentleman, who has no vote or property interest in this town, appears upon the scene, who, by his own admission, has resorted to the most vile duplicity to serve his purposes, and who by his audacity has induced them to take this step against their own better opinion.

This was obviously intended to sting Mr. Montgomery under the thin disguise of a compliment to his brethren in the ministry; but the insult was too broad not to be perceived and resented by those gentlemen. At a union meeting, at which they all were present, he used the document, pronouncing the ascription to him of such wonderful influence as could lead them against their own judgments to be the highest compliment he had ever received, while the imputation of being thus led was as deep an insult upon them. This latter circular recoiled upon its friends, and greatly increased the vote against license.

The license party felt that it was a life-and-death struggle, and put forth the most extraordinary efforts, expending, it was said, not less than fifty thousand dollars to secure the victory. On the day of election every available conveyance was employed to carry its voters to the polls. On counting the ballots it was found that it had succeeded by a majority of forty-five, though at the loss of about seven hundred, as compared with the poll of the preceding year. This was truly a splendid gain, and had it not been that so many friends of temperance felt persuaded that

prohibition could not be enforced, the no-license ticket would have been triumphant. That law can be enforced was a lesson that Norwich had yet to learn.

This politico-moral contest, in which God's people had been led to so earnest prayer, was immediately followed by a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the several evangelical Churches of the city. Many souls were converted and added to them, some of whom had led notoriously intemperate lives. Thus does God bless and honor the efforts put forth out of love for himself in behalf of suffering humanity.

An incident occurred in connection with the series of meetings mentioned above which shows how a man may sometimes be led to look at his business in a light in which he has not wished to see it. A speaker one evening used the epithets "thief, swindler, and robber," as applied to the rumseller, and, naturally, a rumseller present was sorely offended. As Mr. Montgomery was passing his saloon on his way homeward he was courteously accosted and invited by the proprietor to step in, as he would like to speak with him. A dozen or more young men were present, who stood a fair chance of hearing something new.

"I heard the speaker this evening," the proprietor began, "call rumsellers thieves, swindlers and robbers. Now, sir, I am an honest man; I owe no man

a dollar; and it is a burning shame to be abused so!"

As he went on talking he became greatly excited. But the only reply elicited was:

"Mr. Walls, if you will be judge, and will ask your friends here assembled to act as a jury, I will convince you in about five minutes that all that the speaker said is true."

"You can't prove it!" was the reply. "But you can go ahead, if you want to."

With this permission Mr. Montgomery began.

"Suppose, then, you had a boy who had gone away from his home and earned by hard labor thirty or forty dollars. You know how good a boy feels over the first money he has earned with his own hands. You would say to him, 'Now, my son, I want you to go and buy yourself a good suit of clothes.' Suppose that on his way to the store I should meet him, and, knocking him down, take all his money, wouldn't I be a thief and a robber?"

Judge and jury nodded their heads in assent.

"Now, then, would not the boy, under such circumstances, still retain his good character, though he had been robbed?"

Another nod of assent was given.

"But, now," continued the speaker, "supposing a young man, who had earned his thirty or forty dollars by honest labor, should be passing your saloon with his money in his pocket, and you should go out



on the street and, inviting him into your saloon, should first ask him to take a cigar, then a glass of beer, and then something stronger, until he finally becomes drunk. While he is thus intoxicated, should you invite him to sit down at your card-table there and win from him the remainder of his money, besides having him while under the influence of this same drink commit some criminal offense that would send him to jail for six months or a year, would not that be robbery? You, sir, admitted that it would be robbery in the first case I supposed; don't you see it would be worse than robbery in the latter? One has been robbed of his money, but his good character remains, while the other has not only had his money worse than stolen, but he has been robbed of that which is of infinitely greater value than all the gold of this world—his character?"

The rumseller and his jury were compelled to admit the force of the argument.

"But, Mr. Montgomery," said the saloon-keeper, "you will certainly admit there is a difference in rumsellers, will you not?"

"O, yes;" was the reply, "but there is no difference in the rum they sell. Devil is devil, and rum is rum; and a pint of rum, if I sold it, would make a man kick his wife just as bad as if you sold it."

"Well, I don't know but that you are correct, Mr. Montgomery," was his unwilling confession. The minister then shook hands with him and left him

to his reflections. Always since that conversation this saloon-keeper has manifested a very friendly spirit, but he is no longer sinning in ignorance.

In the prosecutions for the illegal selling of liquor, a large number of cases were appealed to the Superior Court, the trial of which occurred in November. On the very first case the jury disagreed, although the evidence was most positive. The State's attorney was discouraged as well as disgusted. "You see, Mr. Montgomery," said he, "the jury will not convict these men. We put on our strongest case first, where the evidence was positive, and they disagreed. In these other cases the evidence is not so strong, and it seems to me like a waste of time to try them, for the jury wont convict."

"Mr. Waller," was the reply, "you can compel the jury to convict."

"How?"

"There is a law behind the law that will compel a jury to convict on positive testimony." Mr. Montgomery's reference was to the statute against perjury, and, in his opinion, perjured jurors should be made acquainted with the penalty to which they rendered themselves liable. They returned into court, and the jury was called again. The attorney requested that the statute referred to might be read, after which, in an address of twenty or thirty minutes, he pun-  
gently explained to them their functions and their guilt of perjury in failing to convict where the evi-

dence was clear and positive, closing by assuring them that he should take care in future cases to see the penalty enforced. The next case was then called, and though the evidence was less strong, the same jury that had disagreed in the previous case very quickly brought in a verdict of guilty. Before that time juries seldom convicted in liquor cases; since then the county has been practically free from jurors perjuring their own souls to shield illegal rumsellers.

If Mr. Montgomery was in danger of elation because of his growing influence, there were agencies at work that would have driven him from the field had there been a cowardly hair in his head. He became the recipient of abusive and threatening letters, some of them vile with profanity and filth. A cause that requires such support must be in close alliance with the lowest depths of the lower regions; and Christian men who uphold the practice of license may know the licentiousness of their brother partisans from the following mild specimen of the baser sort of these epistles.

"My wife was taken sick last Sunday morning, and I went to the medicine stores after brandy, but I could not get one drop. My poor wife had to suffer all day Sunday, and is very sick still. They all tell me that you are the cause of this, and if my wife dies, — — — miserable — — — —, I will shoot you and also club your — head off of you. I always keep my word."

As Mr. Montgomery's head is still in his own possession, it may be fairly presumed that the poor woman recovered.

Another note attempted to terrify him by a pictured caricature of himself, cross bones, a pistol with its discharged ball on its flight to his head, and a threat of "death" in that way on "the first chance." Perhaps the writer tried to keep his word; at any rate, it is certain that he was several times shot at. On one of those occasions the ball passed so near that he distinctly heard its whistle. Many believed the wretch who fired the pistol to have been the emissary of the rumsellers; but the God whom he serves preserved him from the dastardly attempt at his assassination. Yet not a few of his friends are fully expecting that he will some day be killed. Still, not all in the lower classes were his enemies, for among them were to be found some of his warmest friends. Even bigoted Roman Catholics had the highest respect for the Irish preacher. Walking down the street one day, he was accosted by one of them, an Irishman, with this hearty praise:

"I say, Misther Montgomery, ye are a credit to yer country, so ye are; and if ye'd a bin here tin years ago, ivery Irishman in the city wud av bin a landlord instid of a tinant!"

Previous to the election the advocates of license argued that the temperance folks had a good license law, and, if it were enforced, they failed to see what

more the reformers could ask for. Failing in the popular vote, the reformers fell back upon the law and resolved on its rigid enforcement. It need not be said that Mr. Montgomery was one of the foremost in urging this course, for, as we have seen, it is a part of his own platform. He girded himself for the fight on this advanced line. It did not, of course, win the approval of the rumsellers. Not long afterward, as he was passing one of the saloons, the proprietor was heard to say: "There he goes now. I would rather see the small-pox stalking through our streets than that preacher. It has come to such a pass that a man cannot enter a saloon without first looking over his right shoulder, and then over his left shoulder, to see if any body is watching him. A pretty state of affairs!" Yet while such men fought him they respected him.

A meeting of rumsellers was held about this time in behalf of their common interest, at which one of them sought to encourage the spirits of his brethren by the remark, "We shall soon be rid of him; he is only temporary," referring to the three-years' rule of his Church. "Yes," said another, "but he's waking up these other fellows, and they'll be eternal."

Threats did not frighten him, bullets did not alarm him; perhaps obloquy could moderate him. Innuendoes were put afloat about his pecuniary gains; and it was busily whispered in other parts of the Conference to which he had newly come, that he was filling

his church with "scum." On the eve of Christmas, a newspaper correspondent undertook to put some of these matters right.

"There seems," he wrote, "to be some misunderstanding in regard to the salary paid to the pastor of Central Methodist Episcopal Church for his temperance work. Gentlemen, you are shooting wide of the mark; it is merely a labor of love on his part. As pastor of his Church he receives a moderate salary, and of it he has already given away over one hundred dollars in assisting the poor and needy. Previous to the election he received an anonymous letter containing five dollars, the person making the present claiming that he was in sympathy with him, but also stating that he does not believe in prohibition. He has received one other present from an unknown source—that of a thanksgiving turkey. Aside from these two gifts, Mr. Montgomery has received no compensation for his work in the cause of temperance, nor does he expect any. The collections taken are used in the work, and do not go to him.

"It has been found necessary to squeeze into the Central Church one hundred chairs, but even this will fall short of supplying the demand for seats. Down with the rear wall and set it up on Water Street, will be the next order, if the people are to be accommodated.

"There is a little story current in some of the

neighboring cities to the effect that Mr. Montgomery's Church is made up from the 'rabble,' from the 'scum of the city,' as it is termed. That Mr. Montgomery has labored with the 'man on the dock,' and given him words of good advice, no one acquainted with him will deny. Neither will it be denied that he has assisted the fallen man to his feet whenever the opportunity presented itself. That he has followed up his work by deeds of charity, by acts of kindness, and by words of sympathy and cheer, even his enemies will admit. But then it must be borne in mind that he professes to be the servant of the Most High, and considers it just as much his duty to preach and talk to the sons of toil and to the poor outcasts, as to those in the more favored walks of life. His heart is bound up in the reform movement, and if he can assist the fallen man by giving him a seat in his church, the man is perfectly welcome to it, and the members of his Church will do what they can to assist him in leading a sober, industrious, and Christian life. Still, for all this, the Church is not composed of 'a rabble'—not by any means. Perhaps the author of the story is in a position to inform the 'low assemblage,' over which Mr. Montgomery presides, who it was Jesus Christ came into the world to save? It is but a few months since Mr. Montgomery came to this city. On his arrival he found a large church, but a small congregation of worshippers—a mere handful. Since that time he has preached

the Gospel as he understands it, perhaps not as eloquently or in such a scholarly manner as some of his predecessors, yet he has thundered out the *truth*—and that is just what the people want to hear—regardless of threats or intimidation; and, as a result, the liquor dealers, while opposing him in every possible manner, admire his pluck and consistency, and the church to-day is not large enough to contain the people who go to hear him preach; indeed, it has been suggested that the rumshops in the rear of the building be bought out and the church extended through to Water Street. Were his example more closely followed, the question of rumselling and rum drinking would soon become a thing of the past.”

When it was resolved by the friends of temperance to enforce the law against all illegal liquor selling, that is, selling on the Sabbath, or to minors, women, or habitual drunkards, and all selling without license, no man in Norwich was in a better situation to aid the officers of the law than was Mr. Montgomery. The work in his hand had brought him in contact with scores of persons from whom he had received the knowledge requisite to a successful prosecution. Experience had taught him the uselessness of giving much time to one who was determined to screen the seller, and he had learned to make his first question to those who desired his help, this, “Where did you get your liquor?” He pressed this point for two reasons: first, it puts a



barrier between the drinker and the seller, for the latter will not be likely to sell again to one who has exposed him; and, second, it furnishes the means for the punishment of the violator of the law. With the information thus acquired, he would go to the prosecuting agent, the legal officer in charge of this class of offenses, and cause the issue of a warrant for the arrest of the offender. He would himself be present at the trial to support the witness whose weak courage might need the presence of a friend, and also to render such other aid as might be in his power. In this way it was brought to pass that he became a frequent visitor at the police court.

On a cold morning in January a poor woman came to the parsonage, with eyes red with weeping and evidently in great affliction. Besides, she was soon to become a mother.

"Mr. Montgomery," said she, "I would never have come across Thames River this morning, for I would have leaped in and quenched my grief in the bottom of the river, had it not been that I left two little children in bed, and no food or fuel in the house!"

Putting her hand in her pocket she drew forth about ninety cents, and continued:

"This is all that George brought home out of forty-five dollars just paid him for a month's work; and he lies at home now drunk. Besides that, the bills of the past month are all unpaid. What shall I do?"

"Do you know where your husband got his liquor?"

"Yes," she replied, "I know where he got it. I was to the place last week and begged the rumseller not to give him any more drink, and told him my condition."

Mr. Montgomery went immediately with her to the prosecuting attorney, and had a warrant issued, and in a brief space of time the miscreant of a rumseller was brought to the city attorney's office. The woman sat facing the prisoner, and, turning to him, Mr. Montgomery said:

"Did not that poor woman relate to you last week her sad condition?"

He looked confounded and grew red in the face and was silent.

"Do you think God ever made a pit hot enough in hell to roast such a wretch as you?"

He made no answer; but when he was arraigned before the court he pleaded guilty, and was fined fifty dollars and costs.

At Mr. Montgomery's request he presented the woman with ten dollars.

"That evening," says Mr. Montgomery, "I went to see her husband. At first he was cross and sulky, and inclined to be ugly toward me. But I told him the old blue laws of Connecticut ought to be restored to the statute book, and he ought to be taken and tied to a cart wheel and flogged. After talking with

him about a half hour in that strain he became penitent. Before I left I read the promises of God to him and prayed with him. He signed the pledge. He was afterward converted, and became a good father and faithful husband."

It was not sufficient to get inebriates converted; they must be kept so, and no mother was ever more watchful over her children than is Mr. Montgomery over these men, lest in an hour of temptation they are swept away. He visited the saloons and forbade selling to persons under his care. "We do not mean," he said in a public address, "that our reformed boys who have signed the pledge and are trying to live better and holier lives, shall have liquor sold to them, and we mean to enforce the law in such cases to the utmost extent." Nor should it be a matter of surprise that, notwithstanding the efforts to keep them, there should be an occasional fall, and it is not to those who know the terrible power of the liquor appetite.

A young man of this class, who had stood well for three months after nine years of habitual drunkenness, with twenty dollars in his pocket, fell in with a couple of his friends, to whose solicitations he yielded. When Mr. Montgomery got hold of him he was still partially intoxicated, and his money was entirely gone. He made to his pastor a full statement of the facts, and three Sunday rumsellers were discovered. On Monday a West-Side druggist, a professedly

Christian man, who had once before been arrested for a like offense, was fined fifty dollars and costs; and in his meeting on Monday evening Mr. Montgomery did not forget to pray for the "pious liquor dealer who sold liquor to drunken persons on Sunday." A second was fined twenty dollars and costs. On Tuesday, the third offender, one Shay, was invited before the city court. Unable to obtain a license, he had professed to have closed out his stock of liquors, and claimed that none were sold in his saloon. There were reasons, however, for suspicion, though the proof was wanting until these young men procured liquor. The contrivance for secrecy was worthy of the cause. In the third story of the house lived a widow with her daughter, but she kept no liquor. The young men called on this family, got their whisky, and drank it in her room, repeating the call with like success in the afternoon. The link connecting her room with the basement was missing, until the daughter, a girl of fifteen, confessed that she went down to the saloon and carried the bottles up the two flights of stairs; this she declared to be a frequent thing. Mr. Shay was duly fined one hundred and sixty dollars and costs, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, for the three offenses of selling without a license, keeping a place where liquors were reputed to be sold, and selling on the Lord's day.

A few prosecutions like these hurled dismay into the opposing camp, and equally strengthened the

hearts of the friends of the cause. The question of the hour was *the enforcement of the law*; and it was not allowed to become old or stale. In the work done Mr. Montgomery was the acknowledged leader, with the full confidence of all true temperance men. At a Monday evening meeting in Breed Hall, on the 21st of January, 1878, the Rev. Dr. L. T. Chamberlain, pastor of the Broadway Congregational Church, and one of the most eminent ministers of the State, delivered a lecture on "The Enforcement of the License Law," in which he took occasion to express his estimate of him in the most glowing terms.

"Thank God," said the doctor, "there is at least one man in Norwich who, whatever may be said of the felicity of all his methods, honors law and the community that passed the law by acting on the supposition that statutes are to be executed; one man who laughs at threats, and fears God rather than God's enemies. What shall be done unto him? Let a civic crown be placed on his head, let robes of honor be cast about his shoulders, and let him be borne through the midst of the city with the proclamation: 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.' Nor should I be sorry though I myself were commissioned to be the king's herald therein."

Round after round of applause throughout the large and crowded hall attested the sympathy of the entire audience with the sentiment of the orator.

While Mr. Montgomery was vigilant for the protection of the reformed men, on the one hand, on the other he was watchful against mere hypocritical pretensions, though naturally one of the most trustful of men. Among the professed converts was John W. Sorrell, a French Canadian, and a notorious Water Street rumseller. He had been arrested a number of times for violations of the law; he had several appeal cases standing on the docket of the court at the time; and to procure bail he had been obliged to pawn his violin, his watch, and his wife's jewelry. He wandered into one of the Gospel Temperance meetings, and when the opportunity was given he signed the pledge, and then rose and denounced the business in which he had been engaged. There was then, very naturally, great joy in the camp. He voluntarily furnished evidence which secured the conviction of two dealers doing an illegal business. For several weeks he frequently visited the pastor at the parsonage and in his study, and thus kept him interested in himself. Meanwhile his wife was busy in disposing of his stock of liquors, and thus gathered money enough to settle the cases pending in court. It was from time to time said to Mr. Montgomery that the reformation of Sorrell was a mere pretense, and he was told that his wife was still carrying on the business and selling on Sunday. He spoke to him concerning the rumors, and also visited his place and talked with Mrs. Sorrell. She assured him that she

sold no liquors; she invited him to call whenever he might please, and gave him permission to search her premises at any time without a warrant. But they did not produce the desired effect on the man whom they sought to dupe. "Honest people cannot suffer from being watched" is an established article of his creed. So he sent men to watch the house on Sunday. Sorrell was promptly in his seat at church, and not only was he one of the most attentive listeners to the sermon, but he seemed to be the most affected by it of any one in the house. He leaned his head on his hand, keeping his eyes on the preacher, and now and then with his handkerchief brushing away a tear. Yet, at the close of the service, it was reported by the detectives that they had seen eighteen persons enter his house during the hour and a half that he was in church. The next day Mr. Montgomery, taking with him an officer, went to Sorrell's to search for liquors, acting upon the invitation so frankly extended to him a short time previously. Both himself and the officer were cordially received and given the freedom of the house. Mrs. Sorrell entertained him in what was formerly a bar-room, while the officer proceeded to search the chamber. As they sat there in pleasant conversation a dry Irish patron entered and, not noticing the visitor, went as straight for the coveted drink as a bee goes for its hive to the rear of that dismantled and apparently abandoned bar. What it meant was plain enough.

Mrs. Sorrell, agitated with fear, exclaimed, "What are you doing there, sir?" in a tone which reprimanded as well as interrogated the visitor.

The thirsty Irishman looked up in surprise, and, as he recognized Mr. Montgomery, he replied in the bland and familiar way of his class, "It is Mr. Montgomery, mum, is it? Well, sor, yer wud not be afther getting a single drop of the crathur here, sure."

The dry patron passed out with a smile upon his face, and presently the officer returned and seriously reported, "I cannot find a drop of liquor anywhere."

"I'm not so abandoned yet that I can't tell the truth, sir," said the woman.

"Well, go behind the old bar there and turn up the boxes, Mr. Officer, and if no liquor is found under them I shall leave this place with full confidence in Mrs. Sorrell's statement," said Mr. Montgomery.

The officer obeyed, and in a minute more the liquor was unearthed. They had found the prize, but were without authority to seize it, a fact which the woman did not know. Mr. Montgomery kept her engaged in conversation while the officer went to the office of a justice for the proper papers for making the seizure. When he returned the evidence of the woman's guilt was secured, and she was taken to the station house and locked up.

Sorrell, the husband, was out of town, Mr. Montgomery knew not where; but he had gone to Web-



ster, in Massachusetts, sixty miles away, to open an illegal saloon which he had leased and fitted up during the week preceding the Sunday on which he wept so profusely in the Central Church over the sins of the wicked.

That same Monday evening Mr. Montgomery went to Webster to deliver a temperance lecture. He was met at the depot by a delegation of temperance men, who, after an exchange of greetings, said :

“Mr. Montgomery, we have a new rumseller here, who has just come from Norwich, and we were wondering if you knew him ?”

In the personal description which followed he recognized his recent convert. He frankly gave them a history of the fellow and his attempt to continue in business under the mask of reformation. They at once took proceedings against him, and that night John Sorrell was in the custody of a Webster officer.

The husband and wife were both in the hands of the authorities in different States, awaiting trial for violating the liquor law. Both were afterward convicted, and Mrs. Sorrell served her sentence in Connecticut, while her husband was serving his in Massachusetts.

This unmasking of hypocrisy, however, did not send dismay to the hearts of all pretenders, for they, like men of more honesty, have absolute faith in their ability to do whatever they undertake. But a short time afterward, among the scores of poor persons

who sought the Central Church parsonage, was a ragged and lame fellow who made this man of God his father confessor, with all the apparent sincerity of the deepest penitence.

"I have just got out of jail," he said, "and am without a friend in this part of the country. I want to get to my friends in New Haven. I am willing to walk there if I can only get something to eat while on the way. I am willing to do any thing to earn a livelihood, and I am determined in future to lead an upright life." His frank acknowledgment of his unworthiness, and his earnest expression of desire to do something for his own maintenance, led Mr. Montgomery to advance him money with which he might buy a few Yankee notions, to peddle along the road as he walked to New Haven; and then, after a few words of good advice and encouragement, they parted.

Nothing more was thought of the matter until the next day, when Mr. Montgomery was called to the City Court on business. There, in the prisoner's dock, he saw, as he entered, a man who bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. It was his peddler, held to answer on a charge of drunkenness, which he had enjoyed at the parson's expense. He thought the fellow had the appearance of the man whom he had assisted, and requested that the prisoner in the dock might be asked to look up. The judge ordered him to hold up his head, and to uncover his face. He was compelled to obey, and as he did so he

was at once identified as the impostor of the previous day. The charge against him was changed from "drunkenness" to "procuring money under false pretense," and he was convicted on Mr. Montgomery's testimony and sent to jail for four months. These cases of exposed imposture proved a great protection to him from the hordes of knavish hypocrites who so frequently impose upon the good-heartedness and generosity of philanthropists, and seem to think ministers in particular their lawful prey.

The first year of Mr. Montgomery's pastorate of the Central Church was drawing to its close. It is proper to ask, What were the results?

The register showed at its commencement a membership of one hundred and seventy-five, with seven probationers; it showed at its close a membership of two hundred and fifty-five, with fifty-seven probationers, making a total of three hundred and twelve, with a net increase for the year of one hundred and thirty. The Sunday-school had grown from one hundred and fifty-two scholars to three hundred and eighty-five. These statistics present only what is shown by the records; from the nature of the case they can supply only a fraction of what the great day will reveal.

The Church was poor, and a large part of its accessions were poor; yet the church edifice had been painted and somewhat improved, an organ had been procured, and the tabernacle erected at an expense

of over three thousand dollars, which, with the current expenses of the year, had all been paid.

Had this been all, it is ample for a song of devout thanksgiving to Almighty God. Of work outside of and beyond it, the benefits of which other Churches, the city, and towns round about were sharing, our narrative has given a sufficient view.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## TEMPERANCE WORK—CONTINUED.

"The Vim"—Murder of Kennedy—Breed Hall—Wharf meetings—Threats of violence—"What he means"—No license—Two months' result—Overthrow—"The Advocate"—Prosecuting agent—First case—What becomes of the fees—Priestly extortion—Catholic pauper—Discourses on Romanism—Father Quinn—Reasons why.

WHILE vigorously enforcing the existing law, the friends of temperance felt the importance of so directing their efforts as to secure a popular no-license vote at the autumn election. Mr. Montgomery again for six months issued a campaign newspaper, following "The Reformer" of the previous year by a new one called "The Vim." It was characterized by brief, pointed temperance articles and incidents with the energy and spirit implied in its name. It waged no war with political parties, but aimed at such a revolution in public sentiment as would bring the temperance men of both parties into united opposition to the liquor traffic. Many of its facts and incidents were gathered in Mr. Montgomery's current work, and its columns contained sketches of the experience of men reformed and saved by the grace of Christ. Temperance men sought it for its just and fearless utterances, while liquor dealers were known

to intercept the carriers and capture packages by strategy or bribery, and then destroy them. It did good work and greatly aided the cause.

On a Saturday afternoon in midsummer, one Michael Kennedy, a common drunkard, went to a saloon kept by a man named Maloney, where he asked for liquor and was refused. High words were followed by a quarrel, which ended in the dealer's kicking Kennedy so severely that on Sunday evening he died at the police station, where he had been carried. "The Vim" took the matter up, and, by words and pictorial illustrations that spoke more loudly than words, did its full part in keeping the transaction before the public eye.

After the arrest and committal of Maloney, Mr. Montgomery sought out the widow of the murdered man. She was a Roman Catholic. He found her, with her little child only fifteen months old, utterly destitute and with no means of support. It was a case demanding both sympathy and relief. It was, moreover, a state of things legitimately brought about through a business which the public had made legal, and the public should know the result. Securing Breed Hall for a public meeting in her behalf, he issued handbills, telling the story and advertising the meeting, taking care to add that the widow and child would be upon the platform. The hall was crowded. After several addresses he took the stand and poured out his overflowing soul.

"It has been talked on the street," he said, "that Montgomery is going to make capital out of this. This is all wrong. I have not come here to extol the character of the dead man, or of the widow, or the innocent child, but to try and help them and save them from pauperism. We see a scene here such as I have been trying to picture to my hearers for months, and yet it is only one out of three millions of widows in the last fifty years made so by rum in this land of freedom. Her condition is actually not as bad as is that of hundreds in this city to-night. How much of this blood is on our skirts? We, as citizens, make the laws for them, and for their faithful execution we should be held responsible, each according to the part he has acted. When the books are opened at the final judgment more souls than William Maloney's will be found stained with blood. He has been fifteen years in this traffic in sending men to ruin. His name is now placarded all over the land; but other men in this community have souls as dark and black as his. It is our duty as citizens to look at these facts. . . .

"We appeal to you to-night, not only to aid this widow, but to put a stop to the fearful increase of crime. Four murders in five years in a city of twenty thousand, and I think rum was at the bottom of the whole of them. Is it not time that hearts were moved? . . . This widow is not of my Church, but she is a human being, born in the image of God.

Kennedy was a good husband when sober, and when drunk he was what rum will make any body. We are not made to be selfish. The Lord stooped from heaven to put us poor sinners in his bosom; and I like a religion that goes down into our pockets."

He concluded by an appeal for a liberal contribution, and quite a sum was raised for the poor woman's benefit. The scene was not soon forgotten, and the affair had great influence on the popular decision in October against the granting of license for the sale of intoxicating drinks. "The Vim" had as a standing illustration "the 'License' Boa-constrictor," a serpent enfolding a prostrate man in its coils; its next issue after the election had the same, with the serpent's head cut off, an embellishment so expressive that the rumsellers are said to have taken stronger exception to it than they did to it with the head on.

On pleasant Sunday afternoons during the summer and autumn Mr. Montgomery held interesting meetings on the Thames River wharf, which were largely attended. Not only was the location picturesque, but it was the coolest resort of the town on the warmest days. The strollers through the close, sultry streets of the city found there a refreshing breeze, and he seized the opportunity of giving them profitable truths, earnestly and pointedly spoken. Many Roman Catholics were always included in these motley assemblies. The talks were timely and original.



Mr. Montgomery would frequently select his topics from street comments upon himself and the work in which he was engaged. His words were direct and sharp, and they created much remark and excitement among the liquor dealers. He drew vivid pictures of the wretchedness and sorrow which result from their business, and made the traffic appear so loathsome, and those who followed it so debased, that in the haunts of vice threats were made that the meetings would be broken up. This was, perhaps, to be expected; but they were not regarded as dangerous, and no heed was paid to them.

Following one of these Sunday evening talks there was a perfect storm of abusive comments and epithets on the street corners, and muttered threats were heard throughout the whole week from the lips of notorious characters of the city. The outlook was so serious that Mr. Montgomery's personal friends became alarmed lest he might be assaulted, and the captain of the police felt constrained to advise him to suspend his work at the wharf until the excitement had subsided, as he himself feared a disturbance. Mr. Montgomery, with the courage of a man of honest convictions, replied: "I shall not fail to speak. By the grace of God, I believe I shall not be molested in the line of my duty." The next Sunday evening found him in his place, surrounded by an assembly of people, among whom were scattered the roughs of the city, the very presence of whom was suggestive of any thing but

peace and order. His bearing was that of a man without guile or fear. After offering an earnest prayer and reading an appropriate Scripture lesson, he asked the audience to sing "Hold the Fort." It was sung with a will. At the conclusion of the hymn he commenced his discourse, with a word to the Irish present, among whom were many of the men suspected of riotous intent. Said he: "It is seldom that I meet so many of my countrymen in one congregation. I am glad to see you here. I know an Irishman's respect for holy truths, and it gratifies me to know that even the impious reverence the name of Jesus. I never knew an Irishman who would not raise his hat when he heard the name of Jesus, or of Mary, the holy Virgin-mother." Every Irishman's head was instantly uncovered. "Now," he continued, "look around, and see the irreverent Yankees, every one of them with his hat on." This remark led several Irishmen to exclaim, "Be gorra, dount he guv it to 'em!" And they were won. This adroit preface disarmed their prejudice, and he went on unmolested in his straightforward and usual style of speech. At its close many Irishmen who were opposed to him in faith grasped his hand, and, with moistened eyes, thanked him for the truths he had spoken.

Perhaps no better idea of these concise and comprehensive talks on the wharf can be given than by the following, upon the topic, "What he means," in

answer to a query that, with much adverse comment, had obtained currency :

“The question is often asked, ‘What does Montgomery mean?’ He means to have law and order prevail in Norwich. He means clothing and shoes for hundreds of ragged, bare-footed children. He means homes of comfort instead of places of wretchedness. He means education for many children now growing up in ignorance and crime. He means happiness and good cheer to many crushed and broken-hearted women and wretched men. He means low taxes, a more active trade, and better times. He means to save half a million of dollars per annum of wasted wealth, and to put it into the pockets of honest laborers and men of legitimate business. He means to have pure officials in every department of the city and town governments. He means to break up a destructive liquor traffic, the scramble for the spoils of office, and the prostitution of politics which is ruinous to the country. These are the ends at which he aims, and with God’s help he means to bring them about.

“Then I plead with you for the sake of the reformed men of this city ; for the sake of thousands of young men just starting on the road to drunkenness ; for the sake of the families that are suffering for the money spent in liquor saloons ; for the sake of broken-hearted wives and destitute children ; for the sake of fathers and mothers going to the grave in

sorrow for sons ruined by intoxicating drinks ; for the sake of the cause of Christ which the liquor saloons obstruct and dishonor ; for the sake of this Christian commonwealth, the good name of which is more to me than all the adverse criticisms of men.

“God grant that the day may soon come when the world will be redeemed from this curse !”

It was such appeals as this that made him popular with the people of all denominations and all classes.

The temperance campaign in September grew very warm. Breed Hall was open every evening. The clergy of the city rendered all possible aid, unitedly recognizing Mr. Montgomery as leader in the struggle, although he himself assigns that crown to the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain. The work of the year had shown temperance men that the law could be enforced, and when the polls closed on election evening the people had, by forty-five majority, decided that license for the sale of strong drink should not be granted.

What were the results ? They may be briefly stated :

1. Two hundred liquor saloons were either closed or compelled to do business secretly.

2. The arrests in November and December, under no-license, were thirty-three against seventy-seven in September and October under license.

3. The commitments to jail were one third less in the former months than in the latter.

4. The books of the wholesale dealers show a falling off of two thirds of their previous trade.

5. The outside poor account of the town was in 1878 more than nine thousand dollars less than it was in 1877.

It is easy to infer what results a longer period would show. The comparison cannot properly extend beyond those months, as, notwithstanding the continuance of the same co-operation and vigorous effort of the previous year, the decision at the polls was made inoperative, and at the election of 1879 was reversed by six hundred majority. That these things were disastrous locally and injurious wherever the intelligence was carried are well-known facts. The inquiry arose on every side, How did it happen? The answer is easy.

1. The "Schenck-beer" invention was designed to rob the friends of temperance of the fruits of victory. Its free sale was held to be legal, and under its cover all kinds of intoxicants were sold, so that many declared that as much liquor was sold as previously, while the city treasury lost twelve thousand dollars in license fees.

2. The city attorney, the only prosecuting officer in the town during that year, was a friend of license. He, indeed, instituted nearly a hundred prosecutions at one dash, but, being defeated on his test cases, the rest were dropped. The Schenck-beer fraud was triumphant. Prosecutions could be sustained only in

cases of detected sale of the stronger liquors. Thus the law had no fair trial, and the votes of unthinking men were changed.

3. The decision of the city judge refusing to convict on the testimony of a reliable detective, whom, as well as his employer, he pronounced a partaker of the crime, increased the difficulty of convictions, and emboldened dealers.

4. The Roman Catholic priest in 1877 and 1878 brought to the no-license cause an estimated vote of about three hundred. In 1879 he had died, and his flock followed the leadership of his successor to the side of license. This is of itself nearly sufficient to account for the revolution at the polls, by which the great reform went backward.

If Mr. Montgomery rejoiced in the victory won, he no less mourned over the loss of its fruits. "Cast down," he was "not destroyed," and he sought to infuse fresh faith and vigor into his coadjutors. He preached, he lectured, he published for six months a weekly sheet, called "The Advocate;" he visited the poor and suffering, he lifted up the fallen, he aided the authorities, even apparently against their will, in prosecutions; he lobbied at Hartford, and to him it is in no little degree owing that Connecticut now has, probably, the most complete law of its kind in existence, and all this in addition to the work of his Church.

Referring, in a sermon preached at Central Church,

to the labors of the two years then closing, Mr. Montgomery said :

“I have aided in the prosecution of upward of one hundred rumsellers. Of this number, twenty-five pleaded guilty and paid their fines; seventy-four appealed to the higher courts, fifty-five of whom were convicted; fifteen were without sufficient evidence against them to proceed; two were acquitted; and in two cases the jury disagreed. This was up to the March term. At that term twenty additional appealed cases were tried. In seventeen of these the accused pleaded guilty; two were lost by disagreement of the jury, and in the remaining one there was an acquittal. These results demonstrate that law is not altogether a farce. It is a truth that a wonderful change has been wrought.”

Hitherto Mr. Montgomery's efforts in the prosecution of illegal liquor selling had been put forth as a philanthropist and a citizen. He had openly proclaimed, and practically shown, the possibility of enforcing the law, if its officers would do their duty. He had assisted them so far as he could, and sometimes shown them the way when they were, perhaps, not unduly anxious to discover it. Possibly there was a sarcasm in the first suggestion of appointing him prosecuting agent, but the Commissioners, who knew the aid he had rendered the officers in furnishing information and in the prosecution of offenders, believed the measure to be a wise one. It

was, therefore, resolved to clothe him with legal powers, and accordingly, in October, 1879, about the middle of his third year in Norwich, he received his commission as Prosecuting Agent for New London County. He was re-appointed in 1881 for the term of two years.

The duties of this officer are set forth in the following extract from the General Statutes of Connecticut :

“The County Commissioners of each county shall appoint one or more persons residing therein, to be Prosecuting Agents, who shall diligently inquire into, and prosecute, all violations of the law relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors; and shall have, and exercise, in any town or city in said county, the powers of grand jurors of said town, or prosecuting officers of such city, in prosecuting of such violations.” This statute makes it the duty of this officer, through himself and others, to attend to the whole business of searching for as well as prosecuting this class of crimes.

Whether he should accept this office was to Mr. Montgomery a matter of much concern. His hands and heart were already full. Besides the claims of a large congregation, the wretched and forlorn thronged to him for counsel and help; and, more than all, he was a minister, and he must take no step and perform no act that would interfere with his true and legitimate work. It was not until after long



reflection, consultation with his brethren, and much and earnest prayer that he reached the decision to accept the appointment. Not one minister in a thousand could have arrived at the same conclusion without imperiling his usefulness, nor is one in a thousand called to a career like his, or endowed with those gifts which may make him at once a successful pastor of a Church and a prosecutor in criminal courts.

The first case brought by Mr. Montgomery was soon tried before the City Court. When he accepted the office he expected to be allowed the services of a lawyer in the trials of causes, and at this time he had counsel present. To his astonishment, the defense objected to the employment of counsel by the Prosecuting Agent, and Judge Kellogg sustained the objection, holding that he must himself personally conduct the case. To the lay mind, this was, to say the least, a singular ruling; but there was no help for it. If it was intended to break him down in his efforts to overthrow this monstrous traffic, they showed that they did not know the earnestness of his purpose. They exhibited no little surprise when he presently arose and said, "Your honor, we will proceed with the case."

It was a case under the clause of the statute which holds amenable "every person who shall keep a place in which it is *reputed* that intoxicating liquors are kept for sale." The witnesses for the State were soon ex-

amined. On the defense, a witness testified that the accused had not the reputation of selling liquor; that he was a near neighbor and frequently visited his place, and had never seen any liquor or any thing to show that it was kept there. On the cross-examination Mr. Montgomery asked him:

"You stated under oath that you sent a friend there a few weeks ago to get a drink?"

"Yes; but he didn't get it," was the reply.

"You didn't mean to play fool with him, did you?"

"No, sir; I meant just what I said."

"Have you not positively sworn, sir," continued the questioner, rising to his feet and pointing his finger toward him, "that he did not have the reputation of selling liquor?"

"I did, sir," he answered.

"If he did not have that reputation, how came you to send your friend there? Is that the way you treat your friends?"

Here the witness became confused, and a few more rapidly put questions broke down his testimony completely.

The trial occupied the entire day, resulting in the conviction of the accused. As it was Mr. Montgomery's first case, it drew quite a crowd of his own friends as well as those of the dealer, and this, with the unexpected refusal of counsel, made it one of no little interest, and his success was to them truly grat-

ifying. The ruling out of counsel has since been revoked by the same judge, yet he usually personally conducts his own cases. In this first trial he found in his plea, what he had never before had, an opportunity to reach the very lowest class of people, and he never fails to use it. After one of these pleas a wicked man was heard to say, "Montgomery uses every opportunity to preach his Christ."

In the following incident he tells us what sometimes becomes of his fees:

"A young married man returned home late one Saturday night under the influence of liquor. He struck his wife with a chair, knocking her down and driving two of her front teeth through her lip. She took her only child in her arms and fled to the house of a neighbor. His debauch continued through Sunday. The facts coming to my knowledge, on Monday I called at the house and saw the woman and heard her sad tale. I then went to the husband, and, after reprimanding him for his disgraceful conduct, I demanded of him that he tell me where he obtained his liquor, threatening to prosecute him for abusing his family if he would not. After some time he consented. My next step was to bring the rumseller to justice. The case was so clear that he was compelled to plead guilty and pay his fine. I then took my fee, and saw that the woman was fitted out with clothes suitable to attend church. So God helped me to put the blood money where it belonged."

In the autumn of 1879 quite an anti-Romanist excitement arose in Norwich. It was in this way: among those who were often at Mr. Montgomery's door and in his study were many Roman Catholics. At that time the Catholics in Norwich had just completed a church which in capacity, grandeur and elegance surpasses many cathedrals. The estimated cost was nearly half a million of dollars, and the people were heavily and persistently taxed with assessments that were extortionate, and many Catholics asserted them to be compulsory, which was confirmed by incidents connected with Mr. Montgomery's missionary work. In one instance a Catholic husband came to him for food for his sick wife, and received it, and the next day had his child baptized, for which service he paid the priest three dollars.

At the almshouse was a demented Roman Catholic whose mind dwelt constantly upon religious topics. He could be seen saying his prayers and crossing himself as he wandered about the place, and he was often heard reproving inmates for their profanity. Like all true Catholics, he greatly dreaded a burial in unconsecrated ground, and in his prayers was this frequent petition: "May I yet be buried with my people." When he died the priest was notified, but he refused him burial because he could not pay for it. Mr. Montgomery was called, and in the potter's field he offered a prayer over that unwept Christian pauper's grave.

On another occasion an Irish Catholic, just released from jail, came to him for aid. It was Saturday night, and his family was destitute. He had not a cent in his pocket, and was without credit; and Mr. Montgomery gave him five dollars to tide the family along until he could find work. On Monday he procured employment, and proved to be a faithful workman. The next week the Catholic priest called upon him, and requested him to take two dollars' worth of tickets to support a fair then in progress, and he was compelled to comply.

These and similar incidents led Mr. Montgomery to deliver a series of Sabbath-evening discourses on "Romanism," contrasting the Roman Catholic religion with the Protestant. Among the listeners was a large number of the more intelligent and liberal-minded Catholics of the city. In one address he illustrated the moral effects of Romanism by calling attention to the crowds of small children to be seen congregated late in the evening about lamp-posts in Catholic portions of the town, making night hideous with their vulgarity and profanity. The effect of this sharp and pointed reference was immediately evident, for the very next evening the priest appeared on the streets, driving the children to their homes, saying to them, "You are a disgrace to the Church and to the city."

These sermons were followed by an invitation to Father Quinn, a participator in the M'Namara

Reform Catholic movement in New York city, to visit Norwich and lecture in the Central Church, which was accepted. The announcement that a genuine priest of the Church was to appear and lecture against its impositions created considerable excitement, and many of the Romanists were very angry. Threats were occasionally heard, but no violence was feared. During one lecture, however, a stone was thrown through a window into a crowded congregation, happily doing no harm except slightly injuring a lady and badly frightening the audience. A panic was avoided only by the coolness of Father Quinn, who, by a happy reference to the opposition, excited the humor of his listeners.

The discourses on Romanism were published in pamphlet form and widely distributed. A Connecticut Bible agent, then exploring and supplying the town, had a large sale of the Douay Bible among the Catholics. "We are determined," they said, "to find out for ourselves whether Montgomery has told the truth or not." This was compensation, even if there had been nothing more, for his constant demand is, "an open Bible" for priest-ridden Irishmen. He was by a few bitterly denounced as a "defamer" and "a disturber of the public peace." In reply he issued an "address to the people of Norwich," in which, among the reasons for his course, was this pithy paragraph:

"The fact that a great multitude of Catholics have

come to my door, with tears streaming down their faces, begging for a crust of bread—some so hungry that they have actually several times picked bits of food out of the swill; the fact that their Pope had at least \$23,000,000 in the hands of a single banker in Europe, and the fact that their clergy in this country live in such wealth and luxury, stirred me to work in this movement for the benefit of these poor Romanists.”

This needs no comment.

The spirit of this servant of God and toiler for man, as discerned by those who best knew his work, is thus described by a gentleman residing in Norwich, not a Methodist, and not a Christian :

“Mr. Montgomery’s sympathy for the poor and unfortunate is not bounded by their faith, politics, or birthplace. He holds the grand New-Testament idea that all men are children of one Father, and he remembers the new commandment of Christ, ‘That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.’ Experiencing the power of that sacrificing love of the Master, he obeys the command with such unselfish zeal that the poorer classes regard him with an almost childlike trust. Broad shouldered, good natured, and vigorous, he is a great bearer of burdens. People come to him with their trials and sorrows as to one who can aid them; and few leave him without more than words. The spirit actuating him may be well expressed in his own

comment upon the distress he found in a drunkard's home, where starvation, leech-like, was sapping the lives of an abused woman and her innocent children. Said he, 'Some ministers might have stopped to pray; but with these poor, emaciated faces before me, I knew that groceries were more needed just then than prayers. I ran to the store and procured them food. In such a case supplies are needed first, and prayers afterward.' "



## CHAPTER XIV.

## TESTIMONIES OF REFORMED MEN.

Experiences—Moses Lewis—Joseph Mitchell—Nathan L. Pendleton—Stephen Hunter—Testimony of E. H. Beckwith—Postscript.

THE present chapter contains the experiences, as briefly related by themselves, of several men who a few years since were abandoned, and apparently hopeless, inebrates, but who are now recovered and saved through the power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Moses Lewis, now an active member in the Central Church, thus relates the story of his redemption :

I am sixty-two years of age. I was born of Christian parents, and converted when nine years of age. I was, however, left outside the Church-fold for fourteen years. In 1843, in the great Millerite excitement, I was reclaimed from a backslidden condition, and taken into the Baptist Church of Plainfield, Conn. For some years I enjoyed the favor of God. In 1854 I removed to Greenville, where I still reside, and united by letter with the Baptist Church. Things went well for a few years, when the Church began to lose its spiritual power, and fell into a cold and lifeless condition. This had its influence upon me, and I again wandered from the fold of the Good Shepherd. Like all backsliders, I commenced to criticise Christians, Churches, and ministers in general, and before long I became possessed of seven more devils than I had before. In 1868, having lost

my employment, I bought out a rum-shop, and went at work dealing out the liquid damnation, quoting the usual argument of rumsellers, "If I don't sell, others will." In six months I had become a desperate drinker. I was so bad that even old drunkards would say: "Lewis, you'll go to hell if you don't let up." I am ashamed to say I did not draw a sober breath for three years. At the end of the three years I partially reformed, but did not get straightened out. I sold my rum shop; but things went on in the same old way until 1877. About that time Brother Montgomery made his appearance in Norwich and created great excitement because of his red-hot style of wading in on the rum traffic and rumsellers. Of course I came to hear of him and attended some of his meetings. The Spirit of God strove mightily with me, so much so that I could not rest. One Sunday evening I listened to his burning words. They pierced me to the depths of my heart. The next Monday morning I got on my knees and asked God to give me one more chance. Shortly after this I signed the pledge in Breed Hall, and followed this up by going to the prayer-meetings at the old Central, where the brethren rallied around me and helped me much with their prayers. Yet for one year the light did not break in on my poor soul; but it came, and my soul was satisfied. Finally, Brother Montgomery requested me to speak in Breed Hall. I told him I could not. He said to me, "You must!" Consequently I did, and had great liberty in telling the people how Jesus saved me.

After my first prayer, singular to state, I was never bothered with the appetite for liquor, neither did I swear any more. I had been a dreadful swearer. For a long while I clung to tobacco. I used it to so great an excess that eight plugs a week would hardly satisfy the demands of my appetite. But now the tobacco money pays all my church expenses. God has taken away all desire for tobacco. I have proved, too, the blessed truth of the Scripture, that if we humble ourselves before God he will exalt us in due time. The people thought so much more of me than I did of myself,

that they made me president of the Norwich Reform Club for two consecutive years. All glory be to God! I am shouting happy, and am working my way heavenward with a heart filled with joy unspeakable. HALLELUJAH!

Joseph Mitchell, in his testimony, says :

Before giving a sketch of my four and a half years of sobriety, I must speak of my previous life. I used to say that I could let whisky alone if I wanted to. But, somehow or other, I couldn't. The appetite seemed to be fixed upon me. I was bound hand and foot, and led captive by the devil at his will. For years I spent the money that belonged to my family for that which was not bread. I was a perfect slave to the drink that curses body and soul. I was continually getting in debt, not for liquor, but for family supplies and horse-feed. My rum bills had to be paid, while my debts for honest merchandise remained unpaid.

The first step I took toward heaven was on Sept. 16th, 1878, in Breed Hall, at the close of one of those grand temperance meetings conducted by Mr. Montgomery. I signed the pledge, and left the ranks of the sixty thousand that go down to a drunkard's grave every year. About a week after I signed my name to the temperance pledge I became deeply convinced that I was a lost sinner, and that I had need of something stronger than a pledge to keep me from falling. I went to God and asked him, for Christ's sake, to forgive my sins and take away my awful appetite for rum. He heard my cry, and took my feet out of the horrible pit and set them upon a rock, and has put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto God. Glory be to his dear name! He has kept me all the way so far, and if it had not been for his wonderful power to keep me, I should have gone back to the drink curse again. But, thanks be to God, he is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto him. No matter how low in the gutter, Jesus Christ will stoop down and lift the poor drunkard up, if he will only cry unto him.

Mr. Mitchell's testimony to the saving power of the blood of Christ has been owned and blessed of God to the help of others who were enslaved by the cup. The first year of his experience in total abstinence he paid over three hundred dollars of honest debts, created by his previous intemperance.

Nathan L. Pendleton's testimony is as follows :

I am about sixty years of age. Some four years ago, at the time of the revival in Norwich, I was a very intemperate man. I had lived in the town for twelve years, and in all that time no Christian ever spoke to me about my soul. I suppose they thought I was a gone case. My daughter and her husband were converted during the revival, and one day Brother Montgomery called at my house, and as quick as he could get a chance spoke to me about Christ. Then he knelt down and prayed for me, and while he was praying God converted my soul. The burden of my guilt was taken away. I became a new creature in Christ Jesus. The appetite for strong drink was so strong upon me before my conversion that I could not stop drinking longer than a week. I used to make a chalk mark right over my lathe in the machine shop, and would say to myself, "As long as I can see that chalk mark I will not drink." But when Saturday evening came the thirst for the drink would come upon me in such power that I would wet my thumb with spittle, and out would go the chalk mark, and Nat would be off on another big drunk. Now, thanks be to God ! I haven't a particle of appetite for the drink.

About a year after my conversion I was taken very sick, and a great abscess formed on my neck. Every body gave me up to die. I suffered more than I can tell. But Brother Montgomery came in one day to see me. Before he left he prayed for me as I never heard him pray before. He asked God to relieve my pain and raise me up for his glory. God answered that prayer. I felt relieved of the pain that mo-

ment, and in a few days I was out of bed and about. Praise God for what he has done for my poor soul!

The conversion of Stephen Hunter has been mentioned in a previous chapter. His history is so remarkable that his own narrative is given, with the testimony following of one who knows him well. He says:

I was born in the County of Antrim, in Ireland, and am now fifty-eight years old. My father was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and I was brought up under Christian instruction, but when I came to this country I ran off on the wrong track. I became a very wicked man, and was drunk most of the time. I at last got so bad that I thought there was no redemption for me. I had about given up all hope of ever being saved, when the good God sent Mr. Montgomery to me. I felt suspicious of him at first, and thought may be he was going to get me into more difficulty. But when he showed himself such a friend to me, procuring me decent clothes, and inviting me to his church, I began to think I had a friend yet. I went to the Central Church because I was invited there. Every thing seemed so strange and solemn. I cannot describe how I felt when I heard them sing and pray and speak. But the Spirit of the Almighty came upon me in convicting power. I went to the altar, and the change came over me—I cannot tell you how—O, it was so wonderful! The people of the town, however, said, "Montgomery's got hold of something he can't do much with this time!" But thank God, I have not lost the evidence since then; and that was in the year 1877. From that time to this I have had no taste for liquor, although I was the worst drunkard in Norwich, as the people said. After I joined the Church every body but the rum-sellers and their friends did all they could to help me. And I have always had good luck since. God has prospered me. I owe no man any thing but love, but I

can never, never repay the Lord for what he has done for my poor soul. The last time I left Norwich jail all I had between me and the heavens was a twenty-cent piece. But now, thanks be to God ! I've got a neat little home and plenty to eat, with money in the bank, and the blessing of God besides.

There was a time when I couldn't go through Water Street with ten cents in my pocket but it would be burning a hole before I got out of the street, and away it would go for rum. Now I can go through the same street time and time again, and haven't a thought for the liquor.

Mr. E. H. Beckwith, who is a member of the Central Baptist Church, in Norwich, and keeper of the jail, gives the following testimony :

I have known Mr. Montgomery since he first came to Norwich, and his prison work has been of the most effective character. Quite a number of prisoners have signed the pledge and many have kept it. Some have been converted. Among them is Stephen Hunter. He was in the jail for drunkenness when I first came here, in 1863. He was committed afterward a great many times for the same offense. I think he was the most degraded being I ever met. He had the delirium tremens a number of times, and came very near dying more than once. His wife visited him several times while he was in jail. She was a bright, intellectual woman, and of fine appearance. At length I discovered that she had taken to drinking. I asked her one day what had led her to take such a sad step. She replied she had it so often before her that she soon fell a prey to the temptation. She once said to me : "He's made a drunkard of me, too ; I expect he will of the children." Stephen was discharged from jail, but was soon re-committed for drunkenness. While he was in jail his wife, probably in a fit of delirium tremens, threw herself from a window into the river and was drowned. I carried the sad news

to the poor man in his cell. He was terribly agitated, and cried out, in the deepest agony of mind, "O ! I'll never drink another drop !" But he was hardly out of prison when he became beastly drunk, and, as a consequence, was recommitted. It seemed as though the appetite was fully and permanently fixed upon him, unless God should interpose and save him.

Finally Mr. Montgomery got hold of him, and he was converted, and became a standing miracle of grace. After his conversion several gentlemen stated to me that they had witnessed a scene which made them believe that his conversion was genuine. He was on his way from his work on the wharf, when he was accosted by a party of drunken roughs who were determined to compel him to drink. They first coaxed him to go into the saloon, but he kindly, yet firmly refused. They then took hold of him in order to force him in, but he broke away from them and cried out: "Boys, take my life, but don't pour the liquor down me !" They let him go when they found him so determined.

One day I was out riding in my carriage, when I saw Stephen coming along the street, neatly dressed, and looking every inch of him a man. I drew up by the curb-stone, and hailed him.

"Well, Stephen," said I, "how do you do? You seem to be looking bright and happy!"

"Well, I am, Mr. Beckwith," he replied. "I've just come from the camp-meeting; and I was a thinkin' that old Stephen Hunter, that you carried through the delirium tremens so many times, who would steal old iron to buy rum with when he got on one of hissprees, Stephen Hunter, who had gotten down in the ditch so low—that *he* should be washed and purified in the blood of Christ! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, Stephen," I replied, with my heart full, as I listened to his homely but eloquent words.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Beckwith, whosoever will may come! I laid hold on that promise and was saved. I expect to dwell with the angels by and by. Isn't it wonderful, Mr. Beckwith?"

And then meditatively :

"And that reverend gentleman, Montgomery—may the Lord bless him, for it was he who led me to the Lord Jesus Christ!"

In the Reform Club rooms I have found quite a number of men who used to be inmates of the jail. I remember one Saturday evening hearing seven reformed men who had been in jail testifying that they were led to Christ through Mr. Montgomery's influence.

There are men here in this city, whom I frequently meet on the street, who were some six years ago unwilling visitors to the city prison, but are now sober, industrious men, providing well for their families. And one of the peculiarly happy features about it is, they are men who keep out of debt; whereas before their reclamation they could not be trusted with a dollar.

Mr. Montgomery has made frequent visits to the jail and conversed with the prisoners. Besides this, he has preached many times to them; and there is no man who can so move them as he does with his earnest and tender appeals. It makes no difference what the Church or nationality may be, he will get them up for prayers, and down on their knees. And the secret of his success in making his labors effectual in the permanent reformation of the prisoners is in his holding on to them after they are liberated from jail. At the door of the prison he meets them, and uses his influence to find them employment; and not only this, they are brought at once under religious influence, and every endeavor is put forth to lead them to Christ.

His work and influence at the jail and throughout the city have been good and effectual, and we would be loth to part with him.

POSTSCRIPT.—An addition to the above has become a sad necessity. Many who know Stephen Hunter regarded him as did Mr. Beckwith, as "a standing miracle of grace." But to-day he is a fallen, ruined man. It would be easy to



omit from these pages all reference to him, but it is better to retain the account of him as prepared some months before his fall, and to show the reader the terrible contrast.

"Numerous bar-room wagers of smaller and larger sums," says Mr. Montgomery, "inspired a foul, diabolical plot, which was carried into effect by those who are themselves in the coils of the serpent. It is said upon good authority that certain venders of intoxicating drinks had offered a price upon his fall, and that it was accomplished when he was powerless to resist. If this is true, what should be meted out to them ?

"On Sunday, the 27th of August, 1882, while under an aberration of intellect produced, as I have every reason to believe, by some potent drug other than alcohol, he fell into the toils of the destroyer. I've called upon him at different times since his fall, and no mortal pen or tongue can tell the agonies he has endured. He seemed to be a freezing, burning wreck, alternately shivering with chills and consumed by fever; his brain on fire; his trembling form almost separating at its joints; his eyes rolling and at times almost starting from their sockets; his tongue as a red-hot coal, swollen to uselessness; his blood as a continuous flash of lightning, and every nerve and sinew a writhing serpent, hissing, as with a thousand tongues, *drink! drink! drink!*

" 'O, Mr. Montgomery,' he cried, 'could you only get into my old clothes and feel how I suffer, you *would* give me a drink. O, please give me but just a thimble full, or I die.'

"It is, indeed, a pitiful sight to see one who has been so devout and so useful in the Church and among his fellow-men, so utterly wretched and hopeless. Since his fall every effort has been put forth to lift him up, and place him once more upon his feet, but without avail. Sometimes, while closely watched, he will stand for a day or two, but as soon as our eyes are removed from him he is down. And he lies now caught in the devil's trap with very little hope of escape."

Many a hot tear has fallen over this sad calamity to the man who for more than five years so bravely and joyfully

stood, with appetite overcome, as he expressed it, "through the blood of the Lamb." The reader will feel for Hunter only pity and sorrow, but he will learn a new lesson of the terrible fierceness of the appetite for strong drink when roused like a hungry lion by the smell of blood. O, pity, pity, for the fallen! Let him who stands be firm! And let the young man dare not tamper with the cup! But hate, unyielding hate, for the accursed traffic which can so wantonly kill both body and soul, so fiendishly pluck a jewel from the Saviour's crown and cast it into the flames of hell!

Three pictures are before the reader: Hunter as Mr. Montgomery found him, the worst drunkard in the city; Hunter redeemed and rejoicing in Christ's love; Hunter in the madness of delirium tremens, the victim of a plot, the legitimate outflow of the traffic in rum!

## CHAPTER XV.

## PROHIBITION ENFORCED.

Can prohibition be enforced—Old Lyme—Salem—Bozrah—Sprague—Voluntown—North Stonington—Stonington—Five raids before breakfast—"Mane business"—The patriot—Mystic—Bridget sick—East Lyme—Montville—The twins' milk—Demoralizing effect of the traffic—A lying dealer—Perjured witness—Thomas White—Brutal dealer.

**C**AN the no-license system be enforced? The conclusive answer to this question is found in the facts contained in this chapter, as furnished by Mr. Montgomery. The record is by towns.

**OLD LYME:** Within the past two years and a half six rumsellers have gone out of the business entirely. The principal one was prosecuted so frequently that he finally left the town. There is now but a single place that has the reputation of selling even secretly.

**SALEM:** There were three rumsellers in this town. They have been prosecuted, and two of them several times. They have now abandoned the business.

**BOZRAH:** This town had but one rumseller, a physician, but, being prosecuted lately, he pleaded guilty, and was fined. He promised not to repeat the offense, and, in all probability, will not.

**SPRAGUE:** In Baltic, a large manufacturing village, the greater portion of the population of which con-

sists of French and Irish, it is found more difficult to enforce the law, because the ruling majority are foreigners. Nevertheless, all who have been arrested for its violation have been convicted. Prohibition would be a complete success in this place were it not that the village is so near the license city of Norwich.

**VOLUNTOWN:** This town voted no license a year ago, and liquor selling has been effectually stopped. The citizens declare that Voluntown is now a paradise as compared with its former condition. There have been a number of successful prosecutions, and those who would be inclined to sell liquor are restrained by a healthy public sentiment that will not hereafter, God helping, permit any more drunkards to be manufactured in that beautiful village.

**NORTH STONINGTON:** In this town a number have been prosecuted. The parties have gone out of the traffic and are now engaged in more honest and legitimate business. One of them lately showed his disgust by asking, "What is the use of attempting to sell whisky as long as Montgomery is in the county?" Previous to prosecutions in North Stonington Mr. Montgomery received numerous letters from heart-broken mothers and wives urging him to "come and, for God's sake, do something to shut up the rum-shops." He was also requested by several manufacturers to visit the place, and, if possible, get sufficient evidence to warrant prosecution. So, equipped with

a good team, and with a converted Norwich rumseller for a detective, he set out for North Stonington. After a ride of twenty miles over muddy roads, they arrived there a little before dark. Driving up to the first saloon, the detective entered to buy a pint of whisky, when the following conversation occurred :

"Have you any good rum here?"

"No, I haven't," was the reply; "but I have some good whisky."

Taking the detective's bottle, the dealer went to the barn, and, lifting one of the planks of the floor, filled it from a demijohn which was kept in that hiding place. Mr. Montgomery sat, a silent witness, in his carriage. On leaving the barn the rumseller said to the detective :

"I have to be pretty careful now, as I understand Montgomery, of Norwich, is going to visit North Stonington soon."

After securing this evidence at this place they proceeded to another, and found no difficulty in obtaining the liquor. Just before they took their departure, however, the rumseller said to the detective :

"I'm on the lookout for that tyrant, Montgomery."

The next morning Mr. Montgomery, accompanied by a justice, sheriff, and eight or nine witnesses, stopped at the door of the first rumseller's residence. He was surprised beyond expression to find himself caught. He pleaded guilty, paid his fine and the

costs of prosecution, and promised, under oath, that he would never sell another drop in the State of Connecticut. They then proceeded to the house of the other. He also pleaded guilty, paid his fine, and promised to sell no more. But he did not keep his promise. Three times after this he was prosecuted and heavily fined. The last time was too much for him. He rode to Norwich, twenty miles, in the night, to beg Mr. Montgomery to have mercy upon him. He took the most solemn vows that he would not again violate the law, and, so far as is known, he has been faithful to his word. Prohibition prohibits in North Stonington.

STONINGTON: In this town Mr. Montgomery had twenty-six cases, and secured conviction in all but one.

One evening, as he was returning from a lecture, in company with Dr. Palmer, pastor of the Baptist Church, he was assailed with what he supposed were rotten eggs; but, upon reaching the minister's residence, he found them to be rotten tomatoes. This was the rumsellers' reply to the lecture—a foul one, to be sure, but not so foul as their business.

At his first official visit to the borough, Mr. Montgomery, with nine others, in squads of two each, made a simultaneous raid on five saloons at five o'clock in the morning, and had the proprietors in the courthouse for trial before the hour for breakfast. They all pleaded guilty, and paid their fines with the costs of prosecution. One of them, a countryman of Mr.

Montgomery, then beckoned to him, and, as he approached him, said :

“Yer riverence, I’d like to be spakin’ to yeez. I confess before God it’s a mane business to be sellin’ rum, ye see, sir ; but it isn’t as mane as it is fur a minister of the Lord Jasus Christ to dhrag a poor man out uv his bid from the ould woman and the childer, and then tak ivery cint out o’ his pocket. An shure, if that be the Mathodist gospel, God save me from iny more uv it !”

At another time, and in another village in the same town, five raids were made on whisky shops, and abundant evidence was secured against their proprietors. Every one was compelled to plead guilty and pay his fine. One of the places, known as the “Helpin Hotel,” was kept by a robust and combative Irishman. As the officers entered the bar-room at the front door, the proprietor came in at the back door with a pitchfork in his hand, and attempted to thrust the prosecuting agent through. The officer interfered, and was about to knock the ruffian down, when Mr. Montgomery said to him :

“Let him alone ; he don’t know whom he is assaulting.”

“Who are you ?” inquired the enraged rumseller.

“I’m Hugh Montgomery, of Norwich.”

At once the fork dropped, and, changing the tone of his voice and language to the finest kind of Irish blarney, he exclaimed :

"Ah, yer riverence, be as easy wid me as ye kin, for I've five childer, and have given me counthry three years of hard service in the army."

He then assisted Mr. Montgomery and the officer in loading the wagon with the confiscated barrels of various kinds of liquors found on his premises. But his patriotism and blarney did not save him. He had to pay his fine, like the rest of his profession.

In Mystic, a village in Stonington, a number of cases were prosecuted successfully. Among them was one of a Dutchman who had an Irish wife. She had the brains of the family, and was as keen as a brier. Whenever her husband was arrested, as frequently happened, she would appear in court as his counsel, furnishing no little merriment for the spectators and usually dignified court.

At the prosecuting agent's last raid on the Dutchman's saloon Bridget managed to secrete a bottle of whisky under her apron. It was baking day, and, taking up the dough already molded, she placed it upon the flask which was concealed by her apron, and started for the oven. But the officer's eye was too keen for her. As she stooped to put it in the oven he caught sight of the flask, and took possession of it. As he seized it, she cried out in piteous tones: "Shure, an' the docther ordered that for me medicine!"

When her husband was brought before the court she demanded an immediate trial. Her request was



granted, and she called as her first witness a young and modest physician of the place. Questioning him in the coolest possible manner, she asked :

"Sir, didn't I send for ye last Monday?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't I a very sick woman?"

"You said so."

"Didn't ye prescribe three kinds o' medicine, sir?"

"I have forgotten, madam."

"Didn't ye prescribe?"

"I think I did, but not three kinds."

At this juncture she passed her witness over for cross-examination.

Mr. Montgomery called the physician's attention to three bottles that had been seized at the old Dutchman's saloon, containing respectively, whisky, gin, and brandy. He asked :

"Doctor, did you prescribe either of these?"

"No, sir," in an emphatic tone. But the reply was so damaging that Bridget could not restrain herself.

"Am I a fool, sir?" she cried. "If ye told me I was sick, sir, didn't I know that is what would cure me?"

The trial lasted about five hours, Bridget concluding her plea in these words :

"Yer honor, there is no ividence agin me at all, at all, sir. I know yer honor will acquit me husband,

and send me home to put my childer in bid, where I ought to be; and may God's blessin' rest upon ye!"

But it was of no use. Her husband was found guilty, and compelled to contribute a prescribed sum toward replenishing the town treasury.

EAST LYME: A letter from a prominent citizen of this place says: "The active measures taken against the liquor dealers of Niantic have resulted in effectually closing three places where intoxicating beverages were illegally sold, and in driving a fourth to take shelter in a 'club' organization. But the 'club' is in bad repute; it has comparatively a small membership, and is composed chiefly of persons more distinguished for immoral notoriety than for moral respectability."

MONTVILLE: This town is pretty well rid of the traffic. Mr. Comstock, a justice of the peace, states: "Daniel Sullivan, after three prosecutions, left the business. A. A. Ames gave up the business and left the town. So did A. M. Etheridge, Patrick Divine, Thomas Maloney, John Levalley, and James A. Welsh, the most persevering one of the devil's agents in this place. He was twice prosecuted by the grand jury, and seven times by the prosecuting agent. His place is now advertised for sale, and he says he wishes to get out of town. There remains, then, but one rum-seller in Montville, and Montgomery says, God willing, *he* will soon quit the business."

Mr. Montgomery, by invitation, once gave a tem-

perance address at a grove-meeting in Montville. After its close an old Irishman came to him, and, in a whisper, asked :

“Will ye coom this way, yer riverence?”

When they had gone beyond hearing the Irishman said to him :

“Do ye know, yer riverence, that me boy is drunk every Sunday night of his life, an’ that he raises the very divil at home?”

“Where does he get his liquor?” inquired Mr. Montgomery.

“Shure, an’ he gets it at Dan Soolivan’s.”

“Where does your boy work?”

“At Mr. Johnson’s, yer riverence.”

“What is your name?”

“Ah, sur, I don’t want to be afther diggin’ me own grave, by informin’ on Dan, sur!”

Mr. Montgomery procured a search-warrant on the strength of the information furnished by the old man, and the next morning, accompanied by an officer, he called on Mr. Sullivan. They were met at the door by a stout Irish woman. The officer informed her that he had a warrant to search her house for intoxicating liquors. She became very angry, and attempted to prevent the search; but they proceeded and found a number of demijohns containing liquor. While Mr. Montgomery was looking them over, he asked her what kind of liquors they were? With a shrug of contempt for minister and officer, she exclaimed :

"Arrah, ye baste, don't ye know nothin'? The misthress uv the house has two childer, twins, six months ould; and that's their milk!"

"But it doesn't look like milk, nor does it smell like milk," replied the prosecuting agent.

"Are ye a fool, sir? Do yeez know any thing at all, at all? That's what makes the mother give the milk!"

They tarried in the saloon about an hour, when Sullivan made his appearance and was taken into custody. He pleaded guilty, and was fined fifty dollars and costs. A short time after this he left the business in disgust.

GREISWOLD: Three, by repeated prosecutions, have been driven from the town. Of two that still remain, one has been prosecuted successfully over twelve times, so that he has little or no reputation of selling the past year. If he sells at all, it is so quietly that the neighbors do not notice it. He is the proprietor of the hotel of the place, and has mortgaged his property to meet the expenses incurred from his prosecutions, and it is believed that he could not, if arrested again, pay another bill. The other has been successfully prosecuted six times. His property also has been mortgaged to meet the expenses of prosecution. So that the people of that town believe that prohibition does prohibit, and law can be enforced. The same is true of every town in the county with the exception of five, which vote license.

A gentleman recently asked Mr. Montgomery, in view of his wide experience in the struggle against intemperance, this question : " What do you consider the most degrading effect of the liquor traffic ? "

His reply was this : " The demoralizing effect upon the individual. Intoxicating liquors, whether used or sold, seem to rob men of all sense of honor and all fidelity to truth. The seller and the drinker will alike perjure themselves in defense of the traffic. Oaths are without binding effect upon them, and unless the law against perjury, with its severe penalties, is held over their heads, they will swear falsely, regardless of the beseeching of wife, children, or friends. Rum seems to rob men of the very basis of character, and to remove every restraint against dissipation and wickedness."

To illustrate this strong assertion he recited the story of two cases which came under his notice as prosecuting agent.

In the village of Uncasville lived a man by the name of Ames, who enjoyed a good reputation among his neighbors for honesty and uprightness. He was considered a good citizen, and the last one that would illegally sell rum after the people had voted to prohibit its sale in the town. Yet the effects of liquor were constantly to be seen in the streets, and the people could not divine who was the offender. Ames kept a restaurant which was freely patronized, but he was too honorable a man to sell grog illegally, the

residents thought, and therefore his place was not watched or suspected.

Complaints, however, kept coming by mail to Mr. Montgomery that the liquor law was violated in Uncasville. Determined to discover the guilty man, if possible, he visited the place. His suspicions at once rested upon Ames. When he made them known they were met with disfavor by the authorities. They knew it could not be so. Ames was a man of honor, they declared, who would not deign to sell poison to his neighbors. He then said to them, "Well, gentlemen, do you want the man brought to justice, whoever he may be?" They promptly affirmed that they did, but assured him at the same time of their full confidence that he would discover nothing to affect the good reputation and standing of Ames. He then departed, but he soon afterward sent two men to test Ames's honesty and honor. They arrived on a stormy night, and, calling at his restaurant, ordered a hasty lunch. When it was placed before them they asked him if he kept any thing to drink. He looked at them for a moment, as if to determine their character and the chances of their silence if he furnished them liquor, and, having satisfied himself that it would be safe to do so, he replied, "Yes!"

"We will take two glasses of beer," said the spokesman.

The beer was brought. One of the men then taking a flask from his pocket, asked,

"Can't you fill that with whisky? We have got to ride to Norwich in the storm to-night."

He took the flask, and, while he was filling it, the glasses of beer were emptied into the spittoon. The men ate their lunch, took their bottle, paid their bill, and went their way. With two credible witnesses and a bottle of whisky, Mr. Montgomery saw that the bird was trapped. Then, going to Uncasville, he had a warrant made out, and Ames was arrested and brought before a justice. The most respectable people of the town assembled to witness the trial. So well was Ames intrenched in their estimation that they ominously shook their heads, and said one to another, in low tones, "This is a great mistake." Ames came into court with a confident air.

"Mr. Montgomery," said he, at an early stage of the proceedings, "this is a put-up job to ruin my character. I have sold no liquor. I will take an oath upon a stack of Bibles that the charge is false."

"Do you fully understand the nature of an oath?" was the response.

"I do," answered Ames; "and I will swear that the complaint is untrue."

"Your honor," said Mr. Montgomery, addressing the justice, "will you be kind enough to read to this man the law concerning perjury?"

The justice readily complied with the request, and read the clause asked for from the General Statutes.

"Now, sir," Mr. Montgomery continued, with lips

compressed and piercing eye, "are you willing to state upon your oath that the charge against you is false, and then to stand the consequences of that statute? If you are, I will tear up this warrant when you have made the statement and proceed against you in another way."

The poor hypocrite's cheek blanched before the keen eye and determined tone of his questioner, and, as soon as he could control his voice, he replied, "Well, I do not want any fuss about it. What will it cost to settle?"

But he was not to get out of the affair in that easy way. Taking from his pocket the flask of liquor, and placing it on the table in full sight of the spectators whose confidence had been so grossly abused, Mr. Montgomery put to him this further question, in the same tone of the previous one :

"Was not that bottle of liquor purchased at your place?"

He hesitated a moment, as if taking in all the chances of the case, and then, in accents much more subdued than those in which he had spoken of an attempt to ruin his character, he replied, "I suppose it was."

It is not easy to picture the amazement of his friends at this unexpected exposure and sharply extorted confession, or to describe the utter wreck of his wrongly estimated reputation. He paid the legal penalty of his crime, and left the court a convicted rumseller, hypocritical and false.



It was too good an occasion for a sermon for Mr. Montgomery to let it pass without one. It was short but solid. "Gentlemen," said he, "behind the rum traffic is the devil, and there is nothing too base for him and his imps to do."

At another time, Mr. Montgomery says he received a letter from a clergyman residing in Lyme, stating that a neighbor of his, apparently at the point of death, had told himself and the physician attending him, where he procured the liquor which nearly cost him his life, saying, "It was of Clark that I bought the poison." The clergyman desired him to go to Lyme and commence an action against Clark on this man's testimony. But Mr. Montgomery took a different view of the fidelity of the witness from that held by his more inexperienced brother, and thus replied: "Other evidence will be necessary. Your man will lie just as soon as he is sworn, and the complaint upon his declaration will fall to the ground. I rarely meet a habitual rum drinker who will not perjure himself to keep secret the source of his liquor supply." This reply did not please the clergyman. He felt that the witness was misjudged, and the suggestion that he would perjure himself harsh and groundless.

The prosecutor, however, fully believing that the man had told the truth, made a raid on Clark's premises and seized his liquor. With this evidence he was ready for trial. He notified the clergyman, and subpoenaed his witness. Said he to the clergyman,

as he looked upon the man's candid face and venerable appearance, "I guess you have got me this time. I think your witness will tell the truth." So did all the spectators think.

The oath was administered, and the examination began.

"Were you at Mr. Clark's place on the day named in the complaint?"

"I was."

"Well, you got intoxicated that day, I suppose, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, where else did you go that day? Any where else than Clark's and your own house?"

"I did not."

"Did you get any thing to drink at Clark's?"

"I did."

The clergyman's face was radiant.

"What did you drink there?"

"Lemonade."

"Did you drink any thing else there?"

"No, sir."

No coaxing could draw from the witness any different testimony, although he was speaking in the presence of the very men to whom when he was sick he told a different story. And thus were Mr. Montgomery's words verified. But though this count of the complaint failed, the liquor that had been seized effected a conviction.

“Another result of the liquor traffic,” said Mr. Montgomery, “is its brutalizing effect upon the dealer.” The following incident illustrates this statement:

“At one of our wharf meetings a man, poorly clad, stepped up to the stand and signed the pledge. Upon inquiry it was learned that he was an educated Englishman by the name of Thomas White, a graduate of Oxford University, and at one time an officer in the British navy. But strong drink had brought him down to degradation and poverty. Christian influences and protection were thrown around the poor man, and ere long he was led to Christ and became an earnest Christian. He soon found work at a dollar a day. He walked four miles daily to and from his work because he could get cheaper board, and out of this small wages he saved something each week to pay off an old board bill contracted in his days of intemperance, thus proving his honesty. During this time he wrote for the newspapers several letters, telling where liquors had been illegally sold to him, and giving the names of persons who had drank with him, some of whom were prominent city officials. This created a bitter feeling against him, and about fifteen months after his conversion, in an unguarded moment, he was drugged and made drunk, and the dealer who had done it, a leading man of his class, took him into the street and exhibited him, crying out, ‘Look at Montgomery’s convert! Look at Mont-

gomery's convert!' He then took him back into his saloon. Two Christian ladies who had witnessed the inhuman scene followed them, and took White out. They then carried him to my home and sent for a physician, but more than forty-eight hours passed before he was brought out of his drugged condition. Only one lost to all sense of humanity could have thus cruelly acted. From this shock White never fully recovered, but from that hour until his death he was a sober man and a faithful Christian."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## GREENVILLE.

Central Church summary—Conference—Love-feast—Good looking—Greenville—Successes—The last resort—Aid by loans—Visitors—Sunday scholar and father—Two hundred arrests—Rumselling martyr—Dennis and his wife—City missionary—First report.

**T**HE pastorate at the Central Church came to its close in the spring of 1880. What were the results?

The record showed a membership of three hundred and three, with twenty on probation, making a net gain of one hundred and forty-one. The Sunday-school numbered three hundred and fifty, which was more than double the roll of three years before. Mr. Montgomery says, "Over one thousand persons requested the prayers of God's people. The number of professed conversions it would be impossible to give, as the congregations were so considerably made up of a floating population—workmen in the different manufactories. I would often find that persons who came to our altar for prayers were already members of other Churches in the city; and many of our converts joined other Churches on account of family relations. At every monthly sacramental service we had additions to the Church; and not a month passed

without some seeking salvation. Many who were removing from the city left us, taking letters; and in the last year in particular we lost many families in that way. But their places were soon filled, and the congregations were full to the end." Not less than two hundred "drunkards, abandoned and degraded," became "Christian heads of happy families."

In his closing sermon, Mr. Montgomery summarized his work, as follows: "I have preached four hundred and fifty sermons, attended six hundred and thirty-six social meetings, been present at three hundred and twelve temperance meetings, and spoken on the subject in Norwich one hundred and fifty times. I have given one hundred lectures in this and other States; I have published a weekly temperance paper six months in each year, and personally aided in bringing many rumsellers to justice."

In the same period the Church, though far from wealthy, raised five thousand dollars in addition to its regular current expenses. The saloons adjoining and opposite the place of worship had disappeared, and the surroundings had become more befitting the house of God. And, better than all, the society was alive and vigorous, and full of courage and faith in God.

The Central Church was the seat of the session of the Providence Conference that year. Its ministers came to know better the great work which God had wrought. Some scenes in the Conference love-feast

will long be remembered, and in particular the thrill that went through the house, touching a thousand hearts, as one reformed man after another arose and said, "I thank God that Brother Montgomery ever came to Norwich," and went on to tell briefly how he found him and led him to the Saviour. Nor will a little scene of an amusing character in one of the sessions be readily forgotten. Mr. Montgomery was making some announcements and happened to use a word which provoked a smile on a few faces. He had used it correctly, while the smilers had taken it in a subordinate meaning. He paused, saying within himself, "What blunder have I been making now?" and for one of the few times in his life he betrayed a little embarrassment. This made the smile become a laugh, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the whole audience were laughing at his confusion. But quickly recovering himself, he cried out, "Well, I am as good looking as any of you!" The hearty applause confessed the Irishman to be the victor.

In the belief that his work in Norwich was not yet finished, Mr. Montgomery was appointed to Greenville, a small Church within the city limits. This arrangement was very gratifying to many outside of his own denomination, who knew his labors in the temperance cause and his work among the poor and neglected, and it gave him more time than he had previously had for labors in those directions. It was understood beforehand that the Church was

unable to give him an adequate support, but a gentleman connected with another denomination, a manufacturer of the city, in anticipation of some such plan voluntarily proposed to become responsible for any deficit in such salary as he had previously received, and gladly fulfilled his word for two successive years.

In those two years his Church doubled in membership; the church edifice was very materially improved; and he also procured the erection of a commodious parsonage and supplied it with the necessary furniture. During the summer he held a special service on Sabbath afternoons in a pleasant grove, and thus reached many who were not in the habit of attending church. The only thing he regretted was his inability to give more time to the direct service of the Church. Nearly one third of his waking hours were consumed in listening to tales of wretchedness from the lips of men, women and children whose lives and homes had been cursed by strong drink.

"One evening," he says, "a lady, accompanied by her husband, came to my study. She was the mother of seven children. She told me that they had been that day ordered out of their house, and had no refuge but the poor-house. The piano and all their furniture were under attachment. Her husband, a few years previously, had been a leading business man in the city, but rum had brought them to poverty. 'Now, Mr. Montgomery,' said she, 'as a last resort,



I come to you to see what can be done. I have tried every source under heaven, and there seems to be no help for us.'

"After she had told her story I turned to her husband and had a plain and earnest talk with him. He finally consented to sign the pledge, and a few weeks later was converted. He was helped to some capital, with which he went into business, and is now getting along finely. He is a living monument of God's mercy and grace, and a consistent member of the Central Church, with which he became connected, as it was more convenient than my own."

As illustrating one aspect of his work, of which no mention has as yet been made in these pages, there is no impropriety in adding that it was Mr. Montgomery himself who "helped" this man to "some capital" by the loan of fifty dollars. Though he is a poor man, saying nothing of what he has given away, he has in the last five years in this way loaned in small sums, to enable reformed men who were down at the bottom to begin an ascent, an aggregate of more than three thousand dollars. His friends have repeatedly told him that he would never see his money again; but though he is aware of the risk attending such transactions, he tells, with some pride in the fidelity and success of his *protégés*, the fact that his losses have been less than a hundred and fifty dollars.

"The same evening of the interview just de-

scribed," says Mr. Montgomery, "I found, in my waiting-room, nine other persons, who had come to unburden their troubles to me. One woman, with tearful eyes, told me of her brother, who was fast going to destruction, and begged me to try and help him back to soberness. Every one of these persons traced their misery and poverty to rum."

There was in the Greenville Sunday-school a little girl whose father had not been in a church for some years, and was besides an intemperate man. One Sunday, after her return from the school, he took her in his arms and kissed her. He had been drinking, and his breath was offensive to the child. "O, papa," said she, turning away her head, "your breath smells of rum." The simple words of the little daughter, whom he tenderly loved, set him thinking. For the first time he began to feel what sort of a man a drunken father to such a child must be, and then comprehended his wickedness. His sense of degradation and sin was such that the next day he became ill and took to his bed. He finally sent his daughter to Mr. Montgomery with an urgent request that he would come to him. The request was complied with, and the visitor found him in deep distress on account of his sins, and gladly pointed him to the sinner's only Saviour. The poor man soon found pardon. Fourteen intemperate men were converted at Greenville, and became faithful members of the Church.

In the same period of two years Mr. Montgomery

caused two hundred arrests for illegal sales of liquors, in all of which, with only sixteen exceptions, convictions were secured. Success in ninety-two per cent. of this class of criminal cases is truly remarkable. It sufficiently explains why his name has become a terror to rumsellers throughout the county, as well as why the friends of law and order give him so hearty a support. As prosecuting agent, he encounters the class whom he particularly desires to reach, for at every trial the rumsellers' friends, the very dregs of society, made such by strong drink, gather around, and in his arraignment of the guilty criminals he is careful to portray the misery and ruin produced by the traffic. The wretched creatures will sometimes weep aloud, even in open court, as they listen to their own experience from his lips. More than once on such occasions has an intemperate man come to him and addressed him in words like these:

"Mr. Montgomery, I want you to forgive me for what I have said and done against you. I thought from what I have heard about you that you were an awful man."

Among the scenes of the court-room are some that are exceedingly ludicrous, but one would hardly expect to find there a rumseller comparing himself in any respect to the Lord Jesus Christ. At a certain time Mr. Montgomery caused the arrest of a quite aged countryman of his own, for selling whisky on Sunday to town paupers. A part of the evidence in the case

was found by the officers in demijohns hid in a chest in the chamber. When the culprit was brought into court he was groaning, and almost doubling himself up in his writhing, as if he were suffering the most acute pain, so that some feared ill results. Even the judge was frightened, and suggested to Mr. Montgomery that it would be better not to send him to jail, as he would probably die on their hands. But with a better understanding of the real state of the case, he replied that it was entirely feigned, in the hope of touching the sympathies of the court. The judge then asked the prisoner if he had any counsel. Putting on the most pitiful expression of countenance he could devise, and with a groan that seemed to come from the lowest depths of his being, the old Irishman answered :

“No, yer honor ; ye can do as ye plaze wid me. They crucified me Lord, an’ I’m no betther than he, at all, at all !”

He promised to stop selling, and was allowed to go with a light penalty, but more from pity than from any discovered likeness to the Lord.

Another incident, but not a court scene, is thus narrated by Mr. Montgomery :

“On a Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1881 an Irishman and his wife called on me. I invited them in and bade them sit down, when the woman stated her errand. ‘Father Montgomery,’ said she, ‘Dennis here hasn’t drawed a sober breath for twelve

years. He's the father of siven young ones at me heels, and the ouldest isn't twelve years yit. I've come to hev him take the pledge.'

" 'Do you drink, too?' I asked.

" 'I take a little bit of beer,' she replied.

" 'After some persuasion she consented, and both signed the pledge.

" 'Do you go to church anywhere?' I inquired.

" 'I'm a Roman Catholic,' she answered ; 'but how can I go to church, sur, with siven young ones at me heels?'

" 'But you must put yourself under good influences, and go to church, if you want to keep the pledge. Now I would like to pray with you and ask the Lord to help you.'

" 'As I knelt she knelt with me ; but Dennis remained seated. In the middle of my prayer she looked around and saw him sitting, when she seized him by the collar, saying : 'Dinnis, ye divil, git down on yer knees. Ye nade a blessin' as much as I ;' and she brought him down.

" 'At the close of the prayer she was much affected and very humble. She made a pretty full confession of her sins to me, and in it gave me the names of three persons who against the law had been selling her liquor through her children. Those men were quickly brought to judgment and convicted. She afterward aided me in breaking up a notoriously wicked establishment.

"They faithfully kept the pledge. As Thanksgiving was approaching I undertook to provide them a dinner, for I have made it a rule to see that all who have signed the pledge within a year and kept it have a Thanksgiving dinner. So, going along the street, I met a prominent wholesale liquor dealer, and saluted him, adding that I would like to speak with him. He looked startled and flustered, as though I were about to accuse him of some wrong-doing. 'There is an Irishman and his wife,' said I, 'who for the past twelve years have spent the most of their earnings for drink; but for about four months they have faithfully kept the pledge, and spent their money for the support and comfort of their family. I want you to encourage them by sending them a good turkey.'

"He evidently felt a great relief, and replied: 'If a turkey will serve you this time, you are welcome to it. You go and get one and have the bill sent to me.' So we parted, and the family had a good Thanksgiving dinner at his expense."

In the course of the second year at Greenville, several gentlemen of the city, members of different Christian denominations, who had been familiar with Mr. Montgomery's work for five years, invited him to meet them, and proposed to associate themselves together for the purpose of sustaining a city missionary, and become responsible for his salary, if he would consent to take that office. Having listened to their

statement, he replied that he is first, foremost, and always a Methodist minister, and that he could give them no answer until he had consulted with his presiding elder, which he would do the next day. The result was his acceptance of their proposition. He entered upon the work on the first of January, retaining, however, his relation as pastor until the session of his Conference, in April, 1882, when he was, by the proper authority of the Church, appointed city missionary. Prominent among these gentlemen is the Hon. Moses Pierce, who so generously aided in Mr. Montgomery's support at Greenville, a large-hearted, liberal man, by whose open purse many poor families of the city have been relieved in times of distress and need. He is anxious for the missionary's comfort as well as for his success, as evidence of which and also of his personal regard, when it became necessary for him to find a new residence, he presented him with five hundred dollars toward the erection of a house.

Mr. Montgomery's first quarterly report as city missionary will close this narrative. It shows the kind of work to which his energies are devoted and which fills both heart and hand—preaching more than most pastors, averaging five prayer-meetings a week, seeking the suffering, aiding the destitute, finding work for the unemployed, and feeding the hungry, besides fighting with his whole soul the battle with intemperance. His new post is no soft bed of

down; nor would he wish it to be, for with his ever-deepening knowledge of the wickedness and wretchedness in which "the world lieth," there can be to him no rest except in victory.

The report is as follows:

With thankfulness to the different Churches, and gratitude to God, I present my first quarterly report. The quarter has been one of work, care, and anxiety; but these have been lightened by the sympathy of the Christian Temperance Union, the United Workers, and the selectmen of the town, the co-operation of good men and women, and the helping presence of God.

I have found that the liquor traffic is against the best interests of social life. It causes the social degradation of both the drinker and the seller. It puts into the very heart of our city a ghastly cancer which absorbs into its loathsome life all the dearest and most precious comforts of the home circle. It thrives at the expense of neglected homes and broken-hearted women. Great numbers of children have been made vagabonds by it. I do not dare cite to you the appalling facts, the terrible miseries, the touching scenes that I have become cognizant of in our city.

It is not a little thing you have called me to do. Heaven from above and hell from beneath never looked on a human crime so vast in power, so malign and horrible in history, so cruel and omnipresent in its work of ruin and death. I look on it as the most destructive of all the foes of God and men which the Gospel is divinely commissioned to strike with the flaming sword until it is utterly consumed. With three exceptions, all the suffering I have found in New London County has come from the liquor traffic.

Forty have signed the pledge within the quarter. I have preached thirty sermons; delivered fourteen temperance lectures; made two hundred and eighty official calls; attended sixty prayer and conference meetings; advised with three



hundred persons; given material aid to one hundred and thirty; found homes and employment for twenty; and given to the needy one hundred and thirty-seven meals. My labors have occupied my time from 7:30 A. M. to 10 P. M. daily, Sundays not excepted.

I have visited Hartford ten times, New Haven twice, and New London twice, in the interest of the revised temperance bill.

The following is the statement of receipts and expenses for the quarter:

Received from individual contributions.....	\$35 00
From liquor prosecutions.....	70 00
From seven appealed cases.....	70 00
Total.....	<u>\$175 00</u>
Paid out for medicine for the poor, for different benevolent objects in connection with the work, and detective pur- poses .....	<u>\$164 00</u>
Leaving a balance on hand of.....	\$11 00

HUGH MONTGOMERY.

# APPENDIX.



# DISCOURSES ON ROMANISM.

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## I. PURGATORY.

Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing. Matt. v, 26.

It is my purpose to present the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, and to contrast the same with the plan of salvation through the Virgin Mary, the saints, angels, and purgatory. I shall, however, say but little of the belief of the Roman Catholic Church regarding the Virgin Mary, the saints, or the angels, but shall direct my efforts to an examination of their doctrine of purgatory. In other words, I shall contrast the faith of the Protestant with the faith of the Romanist in the matter of approaching death.

I had occasion some time since, while on a visit in Canada, to go into the great cathedral at Montreal. It is one of the most magnificent structures that I ever beheld. It abounds in rare pictures and costly altars. Among the paintings is one representing purgatory. It represents a deep pit of flaming fire. In this awful place are seen human beings with streaming hair and uplifted hands putting forth seemingly all their efforts to escape from this caldron of flame and torment. Hovering over this terrible place are seen the Virgin Mary and angels, with hands extended toward the sufferers, as if to extricate these creatures from their horrible doom. Along the sides of this pit may be seen priests saying mass and counting their beads. This picture is a correct representation of the Romish doctrine of purgatory. They believe and teach that none can enter heaven until they have been subjected for a certain length of time (depending upon degrees of sin) to purgatory, to be there purified from all sin, and then to enter

into a state of felicity. Now upon a careful searching of the Scriptures, from Genesis to Revelation, I am unable to find, and I assert that there cannot be found one word which directly or indirectly supports this doctrine of purgatory. I further assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that there is no truthful account or record of any person coming out of or escaping from purgatory. On the other hand, the Bible abounds in texts that show that when an individual has experienced the new birth, put on Christ, and forsaken his sins, he has fully complied with all the conditions of salvation.

Christ says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, *but by me.*" John xiv, 6. In fact, the whole Scripture teaches that a belief on the Lord Jesus Christ and a repenting and forsaking of sin, are the only conditions precedent to salvation. We could repeat Scripture which you are all familiar with, from now till morning in support of this truth. It is not that we are to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and go to purgatory and thence to heaven. What did Christ say to the thief on the cross, who repented then and there? "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Not this day shalt thou go to purgatory and remain in that place of torment for a season, and then be with me in paradise. This passage is an unanswerable argument against the doctrine of purgatory.

They carry this doctrine to the extent of believing that the late Pope, Pius IX., went to the flames of purgatory. They say mass over the departed dead to get them along easily through purgatory. Let us further illustrate in order to show the utter fallacy of this doctrine. Suppose a man commits some crime; he is arrested, tried, and convicted. He is sentenced to the state-prison for a term of years. Upon the expiration of his sentence the turnkey comes, unlocks his cell, and says, "Sir, you are a free man." He goes out into the world. Now let me ask, to whom does he owe his liberty? to the judge who tried him? No; he did not free him. To the attorney who prosecuted him? No; neither did he give him his freedom. The law itself was stronger than all of them; it held

him in durance vile for the term sentenced. He simply owes his freedom to himself, having himself served out his full term of imprisonment.

Now let us see how this doctrine of purgatory works. A poor sinner dies, and goes directly to the flames of purgatory; he remains there until he has been refined by fire, and starts for heaven's gate; he approaches and knocks at the door; the keeper within cries out, "Who's there?" The reply comes, "A soul made pure by purgatory." The keeper says, "You cannot enter." The trembling applicant without asks, "Why not? I have come up to heaven's gate through purgatory. The Pope, the priests, and my Church taught me that this is the way." The response comes from within, "You can come into the celestial city of God only through the Lord Jesus Christ." "I am the door," says Christ. "He that entereth not by the door is a thief." Again, suppose the door to be opened and him to be admitted, what would be his condition there? Could he join in the song of the redeemed who had come up through the blood of the Lamb? Ah! no; *Christ*, not purgatory, is the way, and there is under heaven no other way to salvation.

The prodigal son left his father's house and spent his portion with harlots and in riotous living. After going the round of dissipation and debauchery, he found himself, as many who pursue the same course do to-day, ragged and bankrupt, and engaged in the lowest menial employment, a swine-herd; and as he was there watching those hogs, wretched, poor and hungry—yes, so hungry that he would fain have filled his belly with the husks which they ate—I say, as he was there in that dreadful, forlorn condition, suddenly the thought flashed across his mind, "Why do I remain here in this condition of poverty and disgrace? Why, I have in a distant country a father's house where there is plenty and to spare. I will arise and go to my father," he cries; not, "I will arise and go to purgatory and have my sins burned out by fire." No; "I will arise and go to my father."

He went; and as he approached the old homestead which he

had recklessly left years before, his loving father, with his long, silken locks of gray waving in the breeze of heaven, the father who loved his son so well, and who all through the long years had sought him sorrowing, saw, as he looked down the road that wound its way to his mansion, some one coming; he thought he knew that step; yes, and that form! He looked again and exclaimed, "Oh! it is my long-lost son!" He rushed forth to meet him and threw his arms of love around the neck of that recreant and ragged son and kissed him—led him into the mansion—put new garments on him—a ring upon his finger—killed the fatted calf—had music, dancing and merry-making over the return of this his son, who was dead, but now was alive; who had been lost, but now was found. He did not send this wicked son to purgatory for a term of punishment, which seemingly he justly deserved; but since his wayward child had returned to his father's house repentant, the father received him with open arms.

We read that his brother, who was in the field, when he found that he had come back and that his father was thus celebrating and rejoicing, was exceedingly angry and remonstrated with his father. This brother doubtless thought him unworthy of such a reception, and for aught I know recommended purgatory as the right and proper place for the prodigal. I am inclined to think he must have been a believer in purgatory.

Now this narrative or parable of the prodigal son was given by Christ himself to exemplify and illustrate God's willingness to receive returning and repentant sinners. He receives them with open arms, and not through the tortures of a burning purgatory—not through fire—but through the blood of the Lamb, which cleanseth from all sin.

Now let us for a moment contrast the faith of the Romanist with that of the Protestant in the matter of approaching death. With what forebodings and dread must the messenger of death be met by that faith which consigns its victims to the burning torments of purgatory! What horror and fear must pervade the mind and distract the brain of a believer in purgatory as

he is about to make his exit from the shores of time! His friends and family gather around his dying bed; he lies there racked with excruciating pains; the sands of life are nearly run; he sees his beloved wife and children weeping. O, it is then that the soul needs an anchor which is sure and steadfast; needs a faith which lifts one up from earth into the clear sunlight of God and heaven. But this poor mortal, what does he see before him? and how and what must be his feelings, torn with pain, and nothing but purgatory staring him in the face?

Not so with the believer in Christ. Death to him is not the ante-chamber of a fiery furnace. He does not shrink from the grave or tremble at death, but as he hears its footfall, his cheek flushes with high hope; and, as he feels its cold hand, his heart beats high with longing, for his hour is come. He sees as it were the gates of heaven open to receive him; he catches a glimpse of the golden streets of the new Jerusalem; he hears melodious strains of music coming out from the city of God; he sees angels around him beckoning him away from earth to heaven, and in rapture exclaims, "I am going home!"

Thousands upon thousands with a full and living faith in Christ have thus happily passed away. Worn, emaciated, racked with pain, yet their faith looked up to the Lamb of Calvary, and Jesus made their dying beds as soft as downy pillows, and caused them to exclaim, "I want to go, I want to go where Jesus is, and forever dwell with the redeemed of God!"

NOTE.—The "Providence Journal" of October 26th, 1879, contained the following from a discourse delivered on the day preceding, by Bishop Hendricken, of the diocese of Providence:

"Every Bishop is bound by the decrees of the Council of Trent to keep this subject before the faithful. We believe there is a purgatory, a place of punishment and purification, where we have to suffer the temporal debt contracted by sin. If though we be only guilty of venial sin, still must we undergo the punishment, for, as Scripture tells us, "Nothing defiled



can enter the kingdom of heaven." The Church defines purgatory as a place of punishment and purification, and this belief has been universal among her children from the beginning, and has been delivered through the centuries by the writings of one father and another. That there is a fire for the punishment of the wicked, very few Christians have any doubt. It differs only in duration. O, the agony and suspense of the suffering soul in purgatory. There is that longing, that waiting, perhaps for years and centuries, for the prison gates to be opened. Now, my beloved brethren, we can do an immensity for the souls in purgatory. If it be charitable to extend a helping hand to one another in the bodily necessities, surely it must be a great charity to help those who cannot help themselves by helping them spiritually. What reward must there be if by your prayers, your suffrages and alms-deeds, you relieve the poor suffering souls and put them in possession of the kingdom of heaven. There are indulgences granted by the Church which are applicable to the souls in purgatory. What is given in charity, all pious acts of devotion, may be offered up for their relief, and they who are liberated from their gloomy prison, will they not be thankful to you?

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## II. WORSHIP OF THE VIRGIN MARY AND THE SAINTS.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. Luke i, 28.

In selecting the Virgin Mary for the subject of my discourse upon this occasion, I have in view the presentation of the primitive Church of Jesus Christ as compared with the Romish Church of the present day. It is not my purpose to assault or assail any sect or creed; but it is my aim, with God's help and with the aid of your prayers, to present facts from history and from God's word, with a pure, earnest, and honest desire to promote the cause of Christ and the worship of God.

In the discussion of this subject I shall, in the first place, show that there is only one being that should be worshiped, and that being is the one true and living God. I shall, in the second place, claim and show that the Romish Church has departed from the true faith in her modes and objects of worship, and that in her worship of the Virgin Mary and the saints she is guilty of idolatry; idolatry being ranked by all lexicographers as any and all adoration which is not addressed to the invisible God. It is a command of God himself, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and *him only* shall thou serve." Exod. xx, 3, 4; Matt. iv, 20. And he commands even the angels to worship Christ. "And again, when he bringeth in the first begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him!" Heb. i, 6. The committing of the soul to God in death is a sacred act of worship. In the performance of this act, Stephen, the martyr, died, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Again, The whole host of heaven worship Him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb that liveth for ever and ever. Rev. v, 13, 14. By searching the Bible closely and carefully you will find the divinity of Christ fully and irrefutably established, and the worship of himself strictly enjoined; but *nowhere* is there any reference made to the worship of the Virgin, angels, or saints, and much less is it commanded. Christ came to earth when we were bond-slaves, under condemnation and death, and paid our ransom by the shedding of his own precious blood, and freed us from the bondage of sin and Satan. We should, therefore, worship Him.

There are instances in the Bible where worship and adoration were offered to the apostles; but they invariably discountenanced it as wrong, and commanded all to worship God and *him only*. Take your Bibles and read Acts x, 24-26. Here the great apostle Peter, who is recognized by the Church of Rome as the rock and foundation of the Church, said to Cornelius, as he fell at his feet to worship him, "Stand up, I myself also am a man;" thus refusing the homage now paid to and claimed by the Bishop and Pope. In Rev. xxii, 9, the

angel said to John who fell down to worship him, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book; *worship God!*" We have now proved beyond contradiction that men are not to worship prophets, saints, angels, priests, or kings, and that the only object of divine worship is the one true and living God.

Our second point is that the Church of Rome does not follow the injunctions of the Bible, and that instead of worshipping the one only true and living God, she does worship saints and angels, and pays *special worship* and *adoration* to Mary.

Now, let us inquire, who was the Virgin Mary? She was the mother of Jesus, and wife of Joseph, and was of the royal race of David. Little is said in the Scriptures of her birth or marriage, and nothing of her death. A veil seems to be thrown over her character and history, as though with the design of reproving that wretched idolatry of which she was made the object, when Christianity became corrupt and paganized. There are but three places in Scripture where Jesus is described as speaking to his mother. First, when in the temple disputing with the doctors, he replied to her reproof, "I must be about my Father's business." Luke ii, 49. Second, at the wedding in Galilee, when he turned the water into wine. John ii, 3, 4. Third, at the crucifixion, when he commended her to the care and protection of the beloved disciple. When told that his mother and brethren stood without waiting for him, he pointed to his disciples, and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren;" and then added, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." This conclusively establishes the fact that while he recognized and cared for Mary as his mother, in his work as Saviour she was no more to him than any other woman that does the will of God. Chambers' "Cyclopædia" says: "No trace is found in the New Testament of any actual worship of the Virgin Mary." But Rome teaches her children to pray to the Virgin, and styles her the Queen of heaven. Farrar's "Ecclesiastical Dictionary" says that in "the Litany of the Sacred Heart, the

adaptation of the Athanasian creed as a profession regarding her, prays to her as the hope of the desponding and refuge of the destitute—with professions that her Son has given her such power that whatever she wills is immediately done, kneeling before her image, and pilgrimages in her honor—in fact, such homage is paid her, that mariolatry and idolatry are one and the same thing.”

Romanists have adorned their churches with costly pictures and magnificent effigies of her, and they reverentially cross themselves before her, and bow down before her image and shrine, and prayers are offered which certainly place her on an equality with her son Jesus Christ. The following is one of their confessions: “I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary, ever Virgin, to blessed Michael, the archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and to all the saints.” They thus associate, as you see, creatures with the Creator, in a solemn act of worship. Again, they say: “Receive, O Holy Trinity, this oblation which we make to thee, and in honor of the blessed Mary and of all the saints.”

In the Canon of the Mass they pray, “Communicating with, and honoring in the first place the ever-glorious Virgin Mary, the blessed apostles and martyrs, and all saints through whose *merits* and *prayers*,” etc.

Again, to the Virgin, “O most holy Virgin! grant me under my present necessities that peculiar protection thou hast promised to those who devoutly commemorate this ineffable joy.” They repeat this, “Holy Mary! pray for us,” nine times, and then say the following prayers: “O Mother of God, I beseech thee,” etc. “We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God, despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers.” “Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.” The Little Testament, published in Ireland in 1832, with the permission of superiors, has the following: “O ever blessed Virgin Mary, the avenue of God’s tender mercies to man, thou wert promised from the beginning of the world to crush the serpent’s head.” Gen. iii, 15. And again, “As without Mary you

can do nothing, so with her you can do all." Both of these quotations put the Virgin in the place of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the latter ascribes to her what he said of himself. Where in Holy Scripture, or in the first three centuries of the history of the Church, have they any authority for this idolatrous worship of the Virgin and the saints? How squarely they transgress this command, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and *him only* shalt thou serve." Any one can see, in reading these prayers and hearing their mistaken devotees repeat them with such fervor, kneeling and crossing themselves before the pictures and images of the Virgin, that they are under a terrible delusion. On the occasion of the Festival of Notre Dame, each cathedral dresses up a figure of the Virgin in the most gorgeous style, and, under a canopy borne by chanting priests, in a grand procession led by military bands, with golden crosses and flaunting banners, they escort this image through the city, challenging the homage of the faithful, and paying her just as high honors and worship as they do Christ. In purely Romanist lands the doubter or Protestant who does not doff his hat and fall on his knees, is insulted and often knocked down, and compelled to stay down till the procession has passed. At the time when many of Christ's disciples were forsaking him, he turned to his apostles and asked them if they too would go away, and Simon Peter answered him, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." He is claimed to have been the first Pope, but he surely had not learned to go to the Virgin for eternal life.

Now, I ask, what consolation or relief can the poor, burdened sinner get from the Virgin Mary, the saints, or angels, when the truth is so plainly taught that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err, that Christ *alone* is the way? Why pray to saints who, from all the facts in their history, never complied with the requirements of the Catholic Church in order to reach heaven? Why go to St. Dominick for the salvation of the soul?—a man unscrupulous in brutality and wickedness, the author of the Inquisition, under the Satanic workings of which millions of innocent lives were taken.

Still, Catholics invoke divine aid of this wretched man, who died with his hands dripping with the innocent blood of his countrymen, and who, without the slightest doubt, never had a glimpse of the Celestial City.

The way to God and salvation is clear and plain. "I am the way," says Christ. It is not through the Virgin Mary, the saints, or angels. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in *him* should not perish, but have everlasting life." Away then with all these false intercessors and fictitious saviours! They are inventions of the devil to foster and sustain a corrupt priesthood. Come, O come to Christ! He alone is our Intercessor, Prophet, Priest, and King, and through him, and *him alone*, can we be cleansed from sin, and enter into that rest that remaineth for the people of God. "There is one God, and *one* mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus:" all others are delusions and shams, only tending to mislead you and get your money without an equivalent. "Go not after them."

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### III. CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.

And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Matt. xvi, 19.

Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained. John xx, 23.

THESE passages show that the apostles had a certain authority connected with the remission of sin; that they also had power to perform miracles we very well know. But there is no proof that these powers descended to any successors. As ministers and preachers they have many successors, but as apostles they have none. The Roman Catholic Church claims and believes that the priest can forgive and remit sin. She claims that the power to absolve from sin and to perform miracles has been transmitted by the apostles to their priests. Upon

this dogma she bases the confessional. Now what is the outgrowth of this? Why simply this: when men can be brought to believe that priests can absolve from sin, they become the veriest bondmen to the priesthood, which accounts for the unity of the Church and the submission and obedience of its membership. No autocrat has more power than the Romish priest. With a simple wave of his priestly wand, or a nod of his head, he, Aladdin-like, builds costly cathedrals and expensive churches, and the rich and poor of his parish are made to contribute to their erection.

The Church of Rome takes great pride in her antiquity, and asserts that she is to-day what she originally was, without alteration or change. Father Burke, one of the great lights of the Church, says: "All that began with Jesus Christ and flowed from him through Peter, James, John, and the other apostles, flows to-day in the sacred channels of the priesthood." Let us examine this claim and see if it is true.

Christ, in his last days with his apostles, told them to go into all the world and preach the Gospel, and gave them power to perform miracles, power to take up serpents and to drink poison without being harmed, and also the power to remit sin. The Romish Church, as I have said before, claims that these powers to perform miracles and absolve from sin have been transmitted to their priests by the apostles. I claim that this is not true. The priests profess to absolve from sin through penance and confession; but do they heal the sick, raise the dead, and perform the miracles that the apostles performed? We claim they do not. In Acts, twentieth chapter, we have an account of a man that went to hear Paul preach. He took his seat in a window, and, like a great many at the present day, he fell asleep, and while asleep he fell out of the window. The people rushed down to the man and found him, as they supposed, dead, for he had a great fall, it being from the third loft of the building. Paul went down and threw himself upon this man and restored him to life.

There was a man who had a fall in Norwich a few days ago. He was unloading coal and fell from the staging upon which

he was standing. He was a Roman Catholic. The priest, I am informed, was quickly sent for. He came and lighted the candles, the man being not yet dead; but, notwithstanding his priestly attentions and ministrations, the poor man died. If priests possess the power of the apostles, why did he not upon this occasion spare that father to six motherless little children? The plain truth is, this claim of priestly power co-equal with the apostles is simply a sham, and has no foundation in fact or in Scripture. The natural and legitimate result of a belief in such power is to encourage sin and immorality. When the most abandoned profligate, filthy debauchee, assassin, murderer and villain, can secure forgiveness in this way, what must be the effect and tendency of this pernicious doctrine upon the moral life of the community?

If the priests are so linked in sacred connection with the apostles, that, like them, they can remit or retain sin, how is it that they do not and cannot do the other acts which the apostles did, and which they received the power to do from Christ? Will some holy and pious priest step forward and explain? It is a fact, that in all southern Europe the priests do keep up the show and pretense of performing miracles, and in their churches they exhibit eyes, legs, crutches, and other relics as proofs of what they have done. But in this country they keep up no such pretensions, for the simple reason that the sun of intelligence has here shone too long and too brightly, and the eye of the critic is too open and keen.

Were it not for violating all the rules of propriety I could unfold the most shocking, yet truthful, narrations of the workings and results of the confessional; but common decency forbids me to enter into details. Suffice it to say, that were husbands to know one tenth of what is going on between the confessor and their wives, they would see them die rather than have them reduced to such degradation.

The person confessing is not allowed to conceal any sin conceived or committed. The priest, and he alone, claims a right to the secrets of every human heart. The confessional sets aside all modesty, purity and womanly self-respect, and wives



and daughters are there instructed in things which would cause the most degraded courtesan of our city to blush with shame.

The Romish religion teaches that if you omit to name the least act of omission, commission, or conception, however repugnant to purity, modesty, or decency, your sins cannot be absolved. I have in my mind an occurrence which took place in Canada a few years since. A beautiful young lady went to confession, and while there questions were put to her from which she revolted. She said, "O, father, do not ask me such questions?" But the priest presented to her the laws of the Church which made it incumbent upon him to ask these questions. Whereupon she exclaimed, "I cannot, I cannot answer them! I can confess these things only to my God!" Uttering a scream, she fainted and fell, striking her head upon the confessional box. She was carried to her home and died in a short time.

Auricular, or ear confession, was never an established dogma of the Church before the Council of Lateran, in the year 1215, under Pope Innocent III. Not a single trace of confession to priests, as a canon, can be found before that year. Thus it took twelve hundred years for Satan to bring out this masterpiece to destroy the souls of men. I defy any Roman Catholic to deny the truth of the sayings of the saints of their own Church which I will now briefly give. St. Chrysostom says: "We do not require you to go to confess sins to any of your fellow-men, but only to God." St. Basil says: "I shall not come before the world to make a confession with my lips, but to close my eyes and confess my sins in the secret of my heart before thee, O God. I pour out my sighs, and thou alone art the witness. My groans are within my soul. There is no need of many words to confess. Sorrow and regret are the best confession; yes, the lamentations of the soul which thou art pleased to hear are the best confession."

St. Augustine says: "I shall confess my sins to God and he will pardon all my iniquities. I had hardly opened my mouth to confess my sins when they were already heard from the voice of my heart." There is the learned and eloquent St. Jerome, of the fourth century, who, in his writings, ex-

pressly and emphatically advocated the doctrine of confession to God and not to man.

St. Martin of Tours, who lived in the fourth century, ignored the dogma of confession to priests, and lived and died without going to the confessional.

St. Augustine has written a most admirable book called "Confessions," in which he gives us the history of his life, but he does not say a single word about ear confession, or confession to priests. He believed and said that God alone can forgive sins, and that it is to him alone that men must confess in order to be pardoned. In the tenth book of his "Confessions," chapter iii, we find the following eloquent protest against confession of sin to man. He says: "What have I to do with men that I might be obliged to confess my sins to them, as if they were able to heal my infirmities!" It would be easy to cite a great number of other acknowledged teachers who lived and wrote between the first and twelfth centuries, who advocated confession to God and to him alone. In Isaiah lv, 7, 8, we read, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Ah! my friends, who can forgive sins but God alone? "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Isa. xliii, 25. See also Luke v, 20. Confession to God will bring absolution, and from no other source can it be obtained.

Christ said to his apostles, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Christ did not say, He that believeth and goeth and confesseth to the priest shall be saved; but the simple condition is a belief in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Again: Luke, x, 25-28, gives us the conversation between our Lord and a lawyer, in which Christ distinctly tells the lawyer what he must do in order to be saved. He does not send him to Pope or priest to confess, but simply says to him,

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself;" and these were the conditions of salvation. Again, in Matthew xi, 28-30, we read Christ's own words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." He does not say, All ye who are heavy laden come unto the priest, but come unto *me*. Again, would the yoke be easy and the burden light if we were obliged to come to Christ through the confessional? We think not.

In conclusion, let me say that while I do not believe in confession to a priest, I do believe in confessing our sins day by day, and night by night, before the all-seeing God. There is inexpressible happiness in thus pouring out one's soul before him in the confession of sin, in the prayer for forgiveness, and in receiving the rich blessing of peace and joy that comes from him in answer to heartfelt, fervent petition.

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#### IV. TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. John vi, 53-56.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION is defined by Webster as "the doctrine held by Roman Catholics, that the bread and wine in the eucharist are converted into the body and blood of Christ." The Council of Trent declared that "by the consecration of the bread and of the wine, a conversion is made of the whole substance of the bread into the substance of the body of Christ our Lord, and of the whole substance of the wine into the substance of his blood; which conversion is by the holy Catholic

Church suitably and properly called Transubstantiation;" and the Council pronounces accursed all who deny that there are present, "truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ." In other words, they teach that after the consecration by the priest, nothing of the substance of bread and wine remains, but that all is transformed into the Christ with all his perfections, manhood, component parts, soul, body, blood, bones, flesh, nerves, muscles, veins and sinews. Refusing to subscribe to and believe in this doctrine has caused the shedding of a large amount of Christian blood as ruthlessly as that of Abel was shed by the hand of Cain. Because the people would not believe this mere assumption of the priesthood without Bible or fact to sustain it, men and women, in defiance of all decency and humanity, have been whipped naked; by strong cutting cords applied to their arms, they have by a pulley been raised high in the air with a sudden jerk, which dislocated all the joints of the arms and lacerated the flesh to the very bone, producing the most excruciating pain and torture. The cord was sometimes twisted around the naked arms and legs till it cut to the bone through the ruptured flesh and bleeding veins.

We have, upon good authority, instances of women and men being placed upon the rack, and there drawn till the members of their bodies were torn asunder by this infernal machine. Sometimes they were taken from the rack and allowed to somewhat recover, and then, if they still refused to embrace this doctrine of priestly power to convert bread and wine into the actual Christ, they were taken back to the rack and submitted to another administration of barbaric torture, which thing was persevered in till the victim espoused the doctrine or died.

In one instance a lovely young woman was put upon the rack and drawn until her limbs were broken, when cords were twisted around her naked arms, legs, and thighs, till they cut through the flesh to the bone, causing the blood to flow in copious torrents from the lacerated veins. Eight days after-

ward she died of her wounds, and her soul was translated from the dungeon of the Inquisition to the glory of heaven.

Let us now turn to the Catholic Bible and find, if we can, the Scripture upon which this power on the part of a priest, to make from bread and wine the actual Christ, is based. In other words, the power on the part of a human being, a creature, (and a priest is no more nor less,) to create the Creator; and, in still other language, the power on the part of a puny man to make God.

The first passage is, "This is my body," Matt. xxvi, 26; and the other is the text. Nowhere else is there the shadow of a foundation for the doctrine. Now, the first was spoken by Christ when he sat at the Passover Supper, holding in his hand a piece of bread, which he broke and gave the disciples to eat, telling them that it was his body. He surely did not mean that it was the body they saw sitting at the table before their eyes. And when he said, "This is my blood," they could not have thought they were drinking real blood that had flowed in his veins, or that he had been changed into bread and wine.

Now let us call to mind some things among the ancient Romans who lived and flourished before Christ.

They were in an idolatrous condition. They had their large amphitheaters, where they had jousts, tournaments, trials of strength, and fights. Their public buildings abounded in statues, pictures, and images. They worshiped many of these, and among their objects of worship were images of women. They saw and took every thing in a literal sense. They believed the figures they worshiped were the actual beings themselves. This superstition has been handed down naturally, and to-day exists in the Roman Catholic Church in the worship of the pictures and images of the Virgin Mary and the saints. If one of the old Romans who lived before Christ were to rise from the dead to-day and step into one of the Catholic cathedrals, he would be at home, with the exception of the cross, which he would not recognize. Now the doctrine of transubstantiation, in order to get one shadow of support from the Scripture, makes it necessary to take the texts

which we have cited in a strict, literal sense. Again, if we take these texts in a literal sense, even then they do not establish the truth of this doctrine. For the doctrine of transubstantiation is that the priest converts the bread and wine into the body and blood, but, if you notice, there is not a single word which gives the priest any such power. If he claims the power by transmission from Christ through the apostles, we have a complete answer in the fact that there is no evidence that this power was ever given to the apostles, or that they ever attempted or claimed to make the actual body of our Saviour from bread or his blood from wine. So we readily see that the apostles could not, and did not, transmit any power which they themselves did not possess.

It hardly seems possible that there can be found in this, the nineteenth century, when learning, intelligence, and Bible research are shedding so much light, any individual who would wish to put himself in the ridiculous attitude of claiming for these passages a literal construction or interpretation. What was Christ's meaning in the fifty-third verse, where he says, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you?" Can any one for a moment contend that he conveyed, or intended to convey, the idea that his actual, literal body and blood were to be partaken of? Now let us see where a strict, literal construction will land us, for if we take one portion of the verse in a literal sense, we certainly must take the remainder in that sense also, which makes the word of God speak a falsehood, for there are thousands who have never partaken of the Lord's Supper, who are still full of life and action. It ought to be patent to every reasoning mind that Christ intended to inculcate the truth that unless we be made partakers of the blessings purchased by his passion, blood, and violent death, we cannot be saved—can have in us *no spiritual life*. This was the truth inculcated, and no other. We can all see how utterly ridiculous it would be to literally construe every thing in the Bible. The word of God speaks in figure and parable, and by them great truths are inculcated and illustrated. Christ says, "I

am the way." How ridiculous to construe this literally! It would make him a road or passage. Again he says, "I am the door." Now if we take this literally the inquiry arises, What kind of a door is he? He says, again, "I am the vine." John called him a "lamb," and a "light." Who ever supposed that he designed these expressions to be received literally? It is simply foolish to treat God's plain and simple word in such a manner. And when our Lord broke the bread at the last supper and, giving it to his disciples, said, "This is my body which is broken for you," he simply meant that it *represented* his body soon to be given and broken on the cross for their salvation. So to eat of that body, or of that flesh, or of that bread, is, as Augustine calls it, "To chew the doctrine and drink in the truths that Christ died and that Christ is." Augustine again says, "How could they eat his flesh and drink his blood? It is, therefore, a figure." Nearly two thirds of the fathers of their own Church entertained the views of Augustine upon the construction of this Scripture. This priestly power to manufacture Christ from bread was not introduced as a canon of the Church until the year 1215, and then against the opposition of a large and intelligent element of the Church.

The fallacy of the whole thing may be illustrated by an occurrence which is said to have taken place in Ireland. An Irishman, who was a good Catholic with the exception that he could not receive this dogma of priestly power, being a person who did a little thinking for himself, met the priest one day and taking from his pocket a cork, and holding it up before the priest, he began to manipulate it as the priest does the bread and wine. The priest said: "What have you there?"

"A horse," answered paddy. "Don't you see his fine mane, tail, and form?"

"Why, you are crazy, sir," replied the priest; "that is no horse. It doesn't look like a horse; it doesn't act like a horse; it doesn't smell like a horse."

"Be my sowl, thin, your reverence, neither duz your piece of dough look like Jesus Christ."

The priest drove on.

In conclusion, let us see what this holy sacrament is. The Lord's Supper is an ordinance which was instituted in commemoration of his sacrificial death. It is called a supper because it occurred in the evening, and at the close of the Pass-over supper. It is the Lord's because he instituted it, and it is to be received in memory of him. It is symbolical of the fact or truth that we must feed upon Christ, and that he to us is the bread of life.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. iii, 20.

It is called communion, as herein we spiritually participate in his body and blood. 1 Cor. x.

Again, it is a commemorating ordinance.

"And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me." 1 Cor. xi, 24.

It is a confessing ordinance, as we hereby declare our faith in his death, and our dependence upon him. 1 Cor. xi, 26.

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## V. THE INFLUENCE OF ROMANISM ON MORALS.

By their fruits ye shall know them. Matt. vii, 20.

WE know that a good tree will not produce bad fruit, and a bad tree cannot produce good fruit. So we know that the profession of godliness, while the life is ungodly, is imposture, hypocrisy, and deceit. The striking truth which our text contains is applicable not only to men, but to doctrines, systems, and Churches. They all must be subject to the same test. A tree cannot be tested by its bark or leaves, but by its fruit. The work before me is to show, in the light of history and facts, the depravity and immorality growing out of Romanism. Its profession from time immemorial has been, and is now, that Romanism exerts a great moral restraint upon its



professors. While I shall not assert that the Romish clergy directly instruct their followers in sin, crime, and iniquity, I affirm that they do not exert the power and influence for good that is exerted by the Church which they claim to be heretical. I most respectfully ask both Catholics and Protestants to consider the facts and figures which I shall present. I am willing to openly and humbly confess that the Protestant Church and membership are not what they should be, and that they fall short of coming up to the Christian standard. But poor Christians as they are, they are always poorest where Romanism prevails.

Now, in order to arrive at the exact influence for good exerted by the Roman Catholic Church, let us take a comparative view of the daily walk and life of its people when put along side the Protestant membership.

Our comparison will commence right here in Norwich.

I inquire first as to rumselling. Do you know of a Protestant communicant who is engaged in that meanest of all business, rumselling, except druggists? But many Romanists, men and women, even officers in the Church, are engaged in that traffic.

To the Church of this city is applicable the expression of the late Horace Greeley, that "it is the church of the grog-shops." I call upon the Roman Catholic priests of this city to speak out and tell us whether, as they pass the streets, they are insulted by squads of Protestant boys; whether they curse them with their horrible oaths, and ask them for chews of tobacco and drinks of rum? I can say that ever since I have been here, and now almost daily, I am jeered at and insulted in the most indecent manner by groups of Catholic children; yes, the children of my own countrymen. God knows that I love the land of my birth, and yield to no man in largeness of heart and affection for Ireland and Irishmen. My mind goes back to the days of St. Patrick, when the people were pure and uncorrupted by priestcraft, the days before Romanism had gone to Ireland, and the time when Irishmen built school-houses and churches, and were intelligent. And,

O, how I long to see my countrymen, to whom God has given genius and intellect, breaking the trammels of priestly power and pretension which have so long bound them down in ignorance, slavery, and penury. O, my countrymen, arouse yourselves and join in the glorious movement which is now going on in the city of New York, where Father McNamara and four other Catholic priests have deliberately renounced the idolatrous mummeries and the false and wicked pretensions of Italian Catholicism, and have come out into the light of God's truth, proclaiming it to hundreds of Irish men and women, who have followed these good priests out of a worse than Egyptian bondage and darkness, into the blessed light of pure and undefiled religion.

Let us now continue our examination of facts. I give the Catholics credit for prompt and regular attendance at church. This example is worthy of imitation among Protestants. But let us inquire into the effects upon the daily life of Catholics of this much service and worship. They go to mass, but do not many go thence to the groggery? In Romanist lands not only the laity, but priests come from mass and go to spend the rest of the holy day in grogshops, brothels, theaters, race-courses, cock-pits, and bull-fights, where these are the popular amusements. And these are facts which I can verify to you by eye-witnesses. Riding one day by the Cathedral of Montreal, a gentleman said to me, "They have a regular theater in there every Sunday afternoon, and games are played." Why, it is a notorious fact that they go to the various religious services of their Church, and come from the same in a state of seeming indifference, and engage immediately in worldly pleasure and often in vices of the worst description. It is a fact, patent to the whole world, that their religion is not excessively worn outside of the church; and how can we expect it to be better when the priest can absolve them from sin, and feed them upon Jesus Christ whenever they may desire?

Now let us take criminal facts and figures. We will go to the jail first; and upon examination we shall make the startling discovery that, with one fourth of the city population, the

Romanists in a single year furnished the jail with one hundred and fifty-seven inmates, while Protestants sent only forty-six. Out of every five persons in the Norwich jail, four were Roman Catholics; and figures will not lie. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. Two thirds of all the public money expended for the care and support of paupers in this town is paid out for the support of Catholics. Twelve dollars for a Catholic to one dollar for a Protestant, and that when the Catholics can build a three hundred thousand dollar cathedral!

Any intelligent observer can see the contrasted influence of the two by going from land to land, in the thrift, order, neatness and intelligence of the one, and the poverty, confusion, filth and ignorance of the other. If my experience in the land of my nativity and in Canada does not prove this sufficiently, take the testimony of Mr. Dickens, that he could in Switzerland draw the line with his cane between a Catholic canton and a Protestant by those same signs.

Let us now examine authoritative statistics, in regard to the commission of crime in countries purely Romanist, and make a comparison with Protestant countries. We will take the crime of murder. It is found from tabulated statistics that in the countries where Romanism is the prevailing religion, the percentage of crime is astonishingly larger than in the Protestant countries. We also find from the statistics of government officers appointed to collect and report these facts, that the percentage of illegitimate children is almost incredibly larger in the countries where Romanism prevails than in Protestant countries. Now let us take the statistics collected in regard to the commission of murder. We give figures that are entirely reliable, having been collected and made by officers duly appointed by the respective governments for this special purpose. The ratio is the number of murders per million of inhabitants, during the term of one year. We will turn to Italy, the land which is entirely under the influence of the Church of Rome, a land, above all others, the fittest to exhibit the true character of that Church in its power to repress crime. We find, from the statistics, that forty-five murders are com-

mitted to every million of inhabitants. Again, in Catholic Tuscany, fifty-six to each million. Let us turn to Rome, the very garden of the Church, and there we find the astounding figures of one hundred and thirteen to the million. Now let us turn to Protestant England, and here we have *only four* to the million.

We will give a table which will speak for itself, and which is a solemn protest against this whole system of Romanism, showing it to be a form of godliness without its soul or spirit.

Murder statistics. Roman Catholic countries:

Ireland.....	19 to the million.	Lombardy.....	45 to the million.
Belgium.....	18 " "	Tuscany.....	56 " "
France.....	51 " "	The Papal States.	113 " "
Austria.....	36 " "	Rom.Cath.Sicily.	90 " "
Bavaria.....	68 " "	Naples.....	174 " "
Sardinia.....	20 " "		

Protestant England *only four* to the million. Now, do not these figures tell the story in regard to the moral influence of Rome?

We will next present a table, showing the proportion of illegitimate births in every one hundred children in Catholic and Protestant cities.

Protestant London...	4 per cent.	Catholic Munich...	49 per cent.
Catholic Paris.....	33 " "	" Vienna....	50 " nearly.
" Brussels....	35 " "		

Let us now take for comparison five English and five Italian cities of equal size:

Protestant England.		Roman Catholic Italy.	
Liverpool.....	6 per cent.	Turin.....	20 per cent.
Bristol and Clifton...	4 " "	Milan.....	35 " "
Plymouth.....	5 " "	Venice.....	17 " "
Brighton.....	7 " "	Florence.....	20 " "
Manchester.....	7 " "	Naples.....	16 " "

These figures furnish an average of less than six per cent. in the English cities, and over twenty-one and a half in the Italian. They tell an awful story of the moral impurity that prevails where Romanism reigns.

We have presented facts which show the workings of Ro-

manism in its true light, and have done it for the sole purpose of lifting up the sons and daughters of Erin, and bringing them out into the truth as it is in Christ. May God in his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, remove the scales from their eyes; and may they see the terrible darkness in which they are enshrouded, and be led to come out into the sunlight of God's truth. Amen.

## SERMONS.

## I. STRIKE AT THE ROOT.\*

And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees. Matt. iii, 10.

THESE words were spoken by John the Baptist, the forerunner of our Lord. He was the son of Zacharias and Elisabeth, of whom it is written that "they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Luke i, 6. His birth was foretold by the angel Gabriel, who declared of him that he should "drink neither wine nor strong drink," and should be "filled with the Holy Ghost" from his birth. His ministry was to be like that of the Prophet Elijah, denouncing wickedness and proclaiming the law of Jehovah, and it was said that "many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God." He was the child of many prayers. And as he grew up those godly parents in their home in the hill country of Judea trained him in the knowledge of the law of God and in the ways of righteousness. He became a man. Godliness and strong drink do not go well together; and he lived a total abstainer even from the weakest diluted wine. He began to preach in words of fire, and the people gathered around him. His preaching was plain, and the common people understood him. His words had a wonderful sin-convicting power. He went down to Bethabara, on the river Jordan, and never before did a preacher have such crowds flock to hear him. They came from all quarters; there "went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea,

\* Delivered in Main Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Great Falls, N. H., Dec. 5th, 1875, and published at the request of the Church for gratuitous distribution.

and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." There came the people wrapped up in their selfishness, publicans with their gains by extortion, soldiers rough and rapacious, sleek and hypocritical Pharisees, and worldly, aristocratic Sadducees, who believed that death would be the end of them. John knew their wickedness, and the fearful wickedness of the times. He saw that perdition was already prepared for them as a nation, and that it would surely swallow them up as individuals. Lifting up his voice he warned them of their danger, crying, "And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the tree: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." It was as if he had said, There is not a moment to spare. God is about to cut off impenitent sinners, and if we do any thing to save Judea from the power of God's wrath, it must be done quickly. God, when he strikes with his ax, strikes at the root; and he, too, must strike at the root of the wickedness which is crying out for his vengeance.

Now we who are called of God to preach the Gospel of Christ must strike at the root of the trees of the self-righteousness and wickedness of this world. We must, by the grace of God, dig up the dead roots in our Churches and bring them back to Christ, making them vigorous and fruitful. We all know that many have lost their vigor and love for God, and have retired from service, appearing, indeed, once a week in church in fair weather, and never going to a prayer or class-meeting. They bring forth no fruit, and are in peril every hour. The minister comes to the parish and sees, particularly in large towns, vice and crime of every hue and kind multiplying, safety fleeing, justice bribed by corrupt and witty politicians, judgment perverted, and isms and schisms, thick as the frogs of Egypt, creeping into our Churches. The watchman strikes the ax at the root of the tree, and then he hears the cry, "You must not be so plain; you were too pointed in your last sermon;" but this is not God's way of working.

*First.* What must be done to stop the increase of crime in our village? It is well known that the Churches, with all

their taste and culture, have not stopped the terrible advance of crime. The horrid monster Intemperance has stalked right on, striding over all our efforts, and plucking its victims without stint from the midst of our Christian homes. O, how often has the sad tale of mothers been rehearsed in my ears, saying, "Brother, what shall I do? *My son, my son*, has become the victim of intemperance. When I think of him in his childish innocence, bending at my knee to repeat his evening prayer, and going with me to the Sabbath-school, it seems as if my heart would break."

And thus, vice, crime and impurity sweep through the whole American nation. Our free Republic is going swiftly as old Rome did, if its fate is not averted by a tremendous revolution, such as never yet appeared in human history. The supreme and universal error of the ministry of these days is, they do not lay the ax to the root of the tree. They commence very mildly and easily, saying, "This radicalism will never do for our people; it may do for others, but not for us;" and little by little the twigs are clipped from the top, while the branches are growing faster than the cutter can work. It looks to me like boys trying to dam up a river with shingles, or dip the ocean dry with tea-cups. Years ago I attended a prayer-meeting where the preacher advised the people to leave off their sins "LITTLE BY LITTLE." A good deacon arose, saying, "I love the minister, but not his theology. A man attending our meetings heard you preach on the subject 'Little by little,' and was much impressed by your mild ideas. Being a fearful liar, he thought he would begin to leave off his big lies. Some time after he came to me, saying, 'Deacon, I have been trying to leave off lying little by little, but have utterly failed, what shall I do?' I told him to leave all his lying, big and little, at the feet of Christ." The deacon struck at the root and hit it.

Now, in the face of the most appalling inroads made on our religion, I ask, How can we keep silent or even live at so easy a rate? Brethren, we see what havoc is made by the legal sanction of the liquor traffic, the desecration of the Christian



Sabbath, and politics foul with corruption. Christ wants ministers like St. Paul, who do not surrender their manhood in their religion, but carry their religion into their manhood. Men like our fathers are wanted, self-denying men that can stand all weathers, all storms, all opposition, all trials and persecutions—men who are not afraid of old and dead formalism. Oh! give us men as brave as Washington; as combative as Talmage; as bold as Peter Cartwright; as self-sacrificing as John Wesley, and as full of the Holy Ghost and of faith as Moody. Give us such men to fight the battles of the Lord, who will lay the ax to the root of all evil. Oh, for men that will face the foe and hurl the fire-brands of truth into the dens of the devil in our town!

Thanks be to God! he has called many souls out from the world in Great Falls, and I have faith to believe many more are coming, men who are not afraid to shout, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Brethren, sound the trumpet! Shout for victory! and with the blazing torches of God's eternal truth we shall awake Great Falls, and redeem it from the power of Satan. Truly, when we look over the village and think in what state of joy or torment its people must all soon be forever, it should melt our hearts to a sense of their condition.

We cannot break men's hearts by telling them a smooth tale, or by patching up the character of sinners when they die with a pretty oration. Let us, therefore, arouse to the work of the Lord, and speak to our neighbors as for their lives, and save them by violence, pulling them out of the fire. Satan will not be charmed out of his debauched brothels or smutty dens: these are his garrisons; but we must strike at the root, by laying the weapons of God against it, plying it close till the mighty tree of corruption is cut down and dies. We must pour out shame upon all these debauchees and gallant seducers by rum! Surely we cannot declare the whole counsel of God and leave out this subject, which is so plainly spoken of all through the Bible. I know that wicked men will not quietly be exposed; and that is why I have been so fearfully lied

about. They see the rising of retributive public sentiment, as the mariner sees the cloud of storm rolling up the heavens; that is why rumsellers protest so loudly against Montgomery, because, by the grace of God, he has delivered some victims from their clutches. I expect the reproaches of such men, but am not to be turned aside by them. If I can only stand by the side of poor sinners in the dark valley of conviction when they see themselves lost, and lead them by faith out of the darkness, pray with them, mingling my tears with theirs, and then baptize them with the crystal water of holy baptism, it will fill me with the purest joy. Silver and gold are not mine; my name may never be heard where fame proclaims the names of others; and I may be shut out from the largest churches—yet rest is forbidden me till death. I mean to be spent in the dust and smoke of continued battle; my heart goes out in holy affection to the poor and suffering. I can endure all things, when the Master, who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. I ask now, Who of us feels it his duty to go out into the highways and hedges, and compel men to come in? We must not neglect the rich and prosperous, but we must go from house to house among the poor and bring them to Jesus. Let us act like the faithful and wise physician, who strikes at the root of the disease.

*Secondly.* What will stop this increase of crime? We see that poor-houses are crowded, the laws are broken, jails are filled, and intemperance reels in our streets. Houses are burned, men are murdered, and bleared debauchees stalk abroad in open daylight. Rumsellers grind men into paupers and make them thieves, and they grind women into paupers and make them prostitutes. The rich grow richer and the poor poorer. I know some say, "I pity them," but they have no heart in it; their sympathy is like a hand organ, whose tones are ground out; if they pray, there is no faith that brings an answer. They have an apology for the Gospel; they have elegant discourses on morals and science. But if a young man or woman in a city of such churches wishes to abandon a life

of shame, they point out no way of escape. How is this state of things to be improved? Just by laying the ax unto the root of the tree. Drunkenness, or supplying any intoxicating beverages, is a crime against the State. Let them, therefore, be suppressed with a firm hand, and let not men who furnish buildings for such purposes be sustained by law or by our churches. Every man ought to be made to clean his own heart and house.

The first thing Jesus Christ wants done in the human heart is the purging it of its selfishness. The awful, yea, appalling fact is that man is intensely selfish, and the evil cannot be cured without the grace of God. It is in our nature to bear bad fruit; and God's ax strikes at the root of this sin. A team was running away with a child, when a mother, seeing its danger, cried out in agony: "Stop that wagon and save that child!" A heartless man said to her, "Silly woman, don't fret yourself; it's not your child." "I know it," she replied, "but it is somebody's child." So in regard to intemperance, people will say, "My child does not drink," and thus they rest, without putting forth one effort to help humanity. Now let us notice God's way of using the ax.

Jesus Christ and his Gospel is the terrible ax which is laid to the root of every tree in this forest of wickedness. He will level it to the ground. He will exterminate all forms of selfishness from human society. Universal and total selfishness will be taken from the heart of every human being. This ax will never be laid aside until the work is accomplished. Christ is at last to rule the world with his golden scepter of peace and good-will. We saw in the late war how God does things. Slavery was increasing with terrific rapidity and poisoning the life of our free American nation. The Church treatment was a failure, till Christian men voted as they prayed. They prayed, controlled caucuses, and at last elected Abraham Lincoln. Until we went to the polls, all our efforts against slavery were as the dashing of rain upon the granite cliffs. With steadily increasing power it corrupted the great political parties more and more every year, until at last almost all men worshiped at

the feet of Baal. It encroached upon the Church more and more, until it rent the great Methodist Episcopal Church in twain. It tainted almost every channel of gospel truth. The nation was near dying. God's ax was sharpened, its keen edge was laid unto the tree of slavery, the thunder-storm and earthquake of the Rebellion drove the American people to do that which they were not intending to do, and compelled them to destroy slavery that they might themselves live. God swung on high the mighty glittering ax and cut the tree down, leaving the roots for us to dig out.

As it was with slavery, so it is with the liquor traffic. Reform after reform has come and gone; point after point of great apparent vitality has been assailed, and yet the strength of the evil is not broken. We must strike at the root, and become disciplined for further efforts; from one stronghold to another we must pursue this foul demon before which political parties so humbly bend the knee, and which so corrupts and defiles our social life, and covers us all with shame.

I know that intemperance is a broad and many-sided evil. It has long and universally prevailed. It has rested its proud structure on the pillars of appetite and law. It is to-day the giant evil of the earth, more compact, more firmly entrenched, and capable of sterner resistance than any other. It has stood defiant through years of battle, it has triumphed over the religion of the Gospel, and sent more human souls to hell than all other evils of the world.

Let me ask you to look at the character of the men engaged in the traffic, and we shall be better prepared to swing the ax of God's law. A rumseller is a man who sells for gain what he knows to be worthless, yet dangerous to all, and deadly to many. If he can only get gain, he is ready to corrupt the souls, embitter the lives, and blast the prosperity of an indefinite number of his fellow-creatures. He sees with terrible certainty the havoc of health and life, of homes, and of the immortal souls of men that will surely ensue; yet he can make it all for *money*. He knows each broken heart will net him so much cash, so much from each blasted home and shame-stricken

family, so much from every widow, so much from every orphan. He, from beneath, who reigns supreme in hell, is moved with delight at the great profit made through rum. A sign, fitting and worthy of a place over the door of every rumseller, would be this:

DEATH, HELL, & Co.

It is well known that profit accrues only to the dealer. Shall we, as Christian men, go with a party that will furnish license to make victims for hell? I say no! We must strike at the root. Every honest man knows that the whole present system of party politics is simply one gigantic organization of selfishness. This has become so deep-rooted and widespread in all the land that Christian men must take the ax of God's justice, and go to the caucus and demand purity. Look into the town caucus and State convention and see the plotting—success of party the one object, self-interest the inspiring motive, and getting office the crown of glory. These men have made even Church and minister mere tools to be used by rum—instruments to serve their own political purposes. Years ago, a certain showman found it a profitable employment to go about the country with a wonderful miniature cave, such as fairies are imagined to dwell in, and exhibit what was called the fairy dance. A man skillfully concealed behind the screen simply pulled a few wires, causing the fairies to dance. O, it was a beautiful show! Now, the politicians are the showmen, and their nominees are the wire-pullers; the Churches and the ministers are the fairies to dance as the wires are pulled. Yes, we are but the pegs which they use to hold together the party. This is an outrage upon every American citizen, and an insult to every member of the Christian Church. We must not let rum and the devil control our State conventions. If we do, God will not hold us guiltless.

How shall these evils be corrected? By treating them on the Christian method, by laying the ax unto the root of the tree. "Ye are the salt of the earth," said Jesus to his disciples; and that saying is true in these days also.

The reform needed now on the rum question is too deep, too radical, to be effected by selfish politicians—Christians must do the work, or it will not be done. Before leaving this point I wish to say a word about taverns: two thirds of the present taverns are not needed, and are, therefore, uncalled for. They are dead weights on society, and are sustained at an immense public cost, and they inflict upon the community the direst mischief in return, for many of them are simply places of debauchery. When we remember that the legitimate design of the tavern is to furnish a home for the weary and way-worn traveler, how mean it is to convert this home into a den of infamy! The argument brought forward in defense of the selling of liquor by hotels is, that “they will fail if we deny them the profit from the sale of drink.” The town or State would be a thousand times better off to levy a tax and pay over to them the balance of a fair support, than to let them be nurseries of vice. We must cleanse our souls of this guilt by our presence and influence at the caucuses, State conventions, and the polls, to turn the laws as decidedly as possible against it. We must not wait until the work of right legislation shall be easy, for, if we do, we shall wait forever. We must not defer the struggle for popular feeling. We know it will be an arduous struggle, but God’s ax hath power. We are ripe for an onward movement; we cannot look back; we must not retreat, and forward must be our watch-word.

Parents who send out their sons into the world with fixed temperance principles furnish them a better capital than do those who send out their boys as moderate drinkers with ten thousand dollars. When I think of the thousands of young men, with brilliant talents and bright prospects before them, who have been destroyed, soul and body, by intemperance, I long for the ax of justice to be laid at the root of this monster.

The thought comes to me very often, Will any perish from under my care? Yes, alas! it is to be feared they will, and if such erring spirits meet me in judgment, and they surely must, shall they say that they perished through my neglect? This is

an awful thought: a soul lost must live forever, and this will be the wretched and imperishable monument to our negligence. May God help us to look at these solemn aspects of the question in the piercing light of death and immortality! Men may laugh at us, and ridicule those Methodistical fools down at Main Street, and wonder why we make so much ado about righteousness and temperance, as, indeed, they do, thus setting themselves up as our judges and passing sentence upon us. I say, brethren, the Church has been injured a hundredfold more by its pretended friends and dead, Christless members, than *by all its foes*. In the language of another, "A loud amen is out of place and would shock the dignity of many a fashionable audience like an earthquake." "This will never do for us," is the cry of many in this town. But I tell you, my brethren, that beautiful sermons, without one pointed thrust at Sabbath-breaking, dancing, rumselling, or any other vice, is not preaching on the old Methodist line. I do not believe in hiding the sword of God's truth beneath rhetorical flourishes, and making it gentle to high life; that will not honor the Lord Jesus Christ. If Satan's kingdom is ever overturned and the banner of the cross ever waves over all the earth, it will be accomplished through the earnest and persistent efforts of Christ's people.

I do not wish to be always referring to the past, but I do say, that if all the power of present Methodism was baptized with the same power of past Methodism, the victory would be great. In those early days every sermon was considered a failure if souls were not converted through it. The cry to God of the preacher was, "Give me souls or I die." O, where is the power that then shook the world through those earnest men of God? O for that apostolic success that broke forth on the right hand and on the left, that thundered along the line and scattered the foes of God! O for that faith which takes no denial! O for those loud shouts that will make many a Jericho of intemperance fall and Satan cry out, "This is the mighty power of God!" Amen, and Amen.

## II. THE HOLY GHOST.

But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me. John xv, 26.

OUR Lord closes this beautiful fifteenth chapter of John with this promise—the great promise that Christ made to his own before he left them.

This Comforter is a Person. How can it be otherwise? How can the Unitarian possibly escape this conclusion that the Holy Spirit is a Person, that the blessed Redeemer is a Person, and that the Father also is a Person? Could it be said that a figure of speech will descend, that a figure of speech will testify, that a figure of speech will bring to remembrance, will be grieved, will instruct, will sanctify?

We are told that this blessed Comforter will testify of Christ. What, then, is the work of the Spirit?

“He shall testify of me.” Can we receive the Holy Ghost into our hearts and keep quiet? When he enters the soul he will testify, and will give none but the sweetest testimony. The sweetest testimony I ever knew came from a deaf and dumb woman who had been converted, and who rose in a meeting, and, with her hand placed over her breast, and with upturned eyes streaming with tears, silently bore testimony to her love for the blessed Redeemer.

The Holy Ghost is a real and distinct Person in the God-head, joined with the other two personages as an object of divine worship, and fountain of blessings. We read in Matt. xxviii, 19, the apostolic commission, “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” In 2 Cor. xiii, 14, “The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.” This is the true apostolic benediction that gives light and life to human souls; the heavenly fire that purifies, refines, and exalts, yea, and comforts man.

The office of the Holy Ghost is to make intercession. Rom.



viii, 26: "The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." The gift of the Holy Ghost is always bestowed in answer to prayer, never without prayer. We are fallible—liable to err. We see in every-day life where we can improve, assisted by the influence of the Spirit. O, then, for a living ministry, a soul-reaching ministry, a soul-searching and a soul-moving ministry; one that declares the whole counsel of God, and gives the Father his due and the Holy Ghost his due; one that makes hard things easy and dark things plain.

The great fault of modern preachers is that instead of making hard things easy for the people, it is directly the opposite, and plain things are too often obscured under a cloud of rhetorical flourishes. The language of such preachers is from books and not from the vocabulary of the people, and the people do not understand it. They are natural every-where but in the pulpit.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue. A soul full of the Holy Ghost is better than a head full of theology; but better still is the union of the thoroughly taught and well-trained intellect with the baptism from on high. Therefore, for the sake of the Church, and for your soul's sake, pray God through Christ to give us ministers filled with the Holy Ghost, who shall at the same time be, as St. Paul expresses it, "apt to teach." What the world needs is men baptized with the Holy Ghost; men filled with the mind of Christ, and moved by the Holy Spirit, who see the Master in every stage of his history from the manger to the cross, with a deep, overflowing piety and a spirit of self-denial. O, brethren, let us cast ourselves down at the feet of Christ and cry for the living power from on high!

What a sublime spectacle it would be if we could see the Christian Church moved by the same spirit of love for God that Christ had for us. Let us resolve, here and now, to live for God and humanity. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

Lord, send us that burning in the heart that the apostle to the Gentiles had, when, having laid his ease and cherished hopes at the feet of his Saviour, he bravely went forth to toil and peril and persecution, and allowed nothing to move him until he won the martyr's crown. The same energy directed in another channel might have secured for him high position, and perhaps political preferment and power; but he chose the humble path, and his reward will be in eternity. Moody, the evangelist, says: "I would rather hear the words, 'Come, ye blessed,' than to have a golden monument reaching from earth to heaven."

Let us behold the world as it is, with its desolation, misery, and strife, and its vast funeral procession, bearing annually twenty-five millions of human souls to the eternal world. Then look again and see Him who has redeemed the world, waiting and longing for the hundreds of millions that sit in darkness and sin, to whom the Christian Church has failed to do its duty, to whom it has not sent the Gospel; and, if your soul does not burn for the Holy Ghost, you may be assured that you are in a sad condition. Truly, brethren, considerations like these should be felt. If we do not feel them we may well doubt if we have ever passed from death to life and if we have the Holy Spirit within us. If it be true that we are to live eternally, how should we live? Instead of being occupied with the incidental and transitory things of time, which vanish with the circumstances from which they spring, we should live for the purpose of saving the souls of men from hell, and for opening the eyes of the spiritually blind, and in seeking the salvation of all. We should live to promote the reform and regeneration of all, strengthen the virtue and sanctify the hearts of those who believe.

How can we see the travail of our souls without the influence of the Holy Ghost? Think of the reward that is promised to the faithful soul: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever."

Suppose you saw an army in front of a strongly walled fort, one with all the modern defenses of stone and iron, and on

asking, you are told that they are going to destroy it. Your curiosity is excited to understand how it is to be done. You are shown a cannon ball. It is perfectly harmless. It lies quietly on the ground, and, if let alone, it will lie there forever. And here is the cannon, brightly burnished and finely mounted; a child may sit astride it; a little bird may go in and out of its brazen mouth, she may build her nest and rear a brood within it; the powder you may handle with safety. You are told that the cannon must be loaded. The powder is put in; the shot is rammed home; the cannon is aimed; but there is no effect. A lighted match is applied, the powder burns, and with a roar that shakes the ground there is a blinding flash of fire and smoke, and the cannon ball leaps forth on its work of destruction. So it is with the Christian. He is the instrument—the cannon, if you please—in the hands of God, to destroy the fortress of sin. His words, the shot and powder, are powerless until touched with the fire of the Holy Spirit. Then he becomes mighty against the strongholds of iniquity.

Let us pray that the time may speedily come when we shall all be mighty in the work of the Lord; when the fire of the divine Spirit may so fall upon us that we may press on in this glorious work.

Some time ago a strike occurred on the Boston and Maine Railroad among the engineers. The superintendent was looking for it, and had qualified men stationed along the line, ready to take charge of the abandoned locomotives. When the new men took their places the engines would not start, because the old engineers had dumped the fires and emptied the boilers. The new men might say, The machine needs painting to make it go, this must be altered, that repaired, as they were looking it over. It is done; but still it does not go. The bell is rung, but it does not move; a bar is introduced, perhaps it moves a few inches. Just then an old man comes along and asks how much steam they have got. Then, for the first time they discover, perhaps, that the engine won't go without steam. They fill the boiler and build the fire, and soon the engine proceeds on its way. Now that is the

precise condition of the Church to-day. You may try paint on the outside, repairs on the inside, and put in the pulpit silver-tongued ministers, with smooth words and studied discourses, but still she stands on the track with no life and no movement. The Holy Spirit is wanting, without whom "Paul may plant and Apollos water" in vain, and we can never move forward to the battle of sin unless we have the fire of the Spirit. We need the Holy Ghost, with whose power Peter so preached that three thousand were converted in one day.

O, my brethren, pray for the coming anew to your souls to-day, of the Holy Ghost, the blessed Comforter, who shall testify to you of Christ, our sin-atonement sacrifice and mighty Saviour, and reveal him to you, and within you, as your living Redeemer and glorious King. O, pray, until the power from on high comes upon you, and you are made witnesses for him to all around you.

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### III. THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. Rev. xx, 12.

THE day of judgment should be viewed as the most solemn, sublime, and interesting of all days. Then time will close and eternity begin. Then small and great will receive an irrevocable sentence from their righteous Judge. Let us try and realize the tenor of the universal alarm on the final judgment. See, the people are planning and executing schemes for riches and honor, and some are in the very acts of sin. Infidels and scoffers are asking, "Where is the promise of his coming?" In short, when there are no more visible appearances of his coming than there were of the destruction of Sodom on that clear morning in which Lot fled away, or than there was of the deluge when Noah entered into the ark, it will come suddenly on the astonished world, like a clap of thunder in a clear

sky. When it actually comes to pass sinners will be the same timorous, self-condemned creatures that they are now. They will not be able to stop their ears, who are now deaf to all the gentle calls of the Gospel. Then the trump of God will constrain them to hear and fear, though now the ministers of Christ preach in vain to them. But in that great day all must hear, for all that are in their graves, without exception, shall hear his voice. Now the voice of mercy calls, reason pleads, conscience warns, but you will not hear. Then kings and subjects, all ranks, all ages of mankind, shall hear the final call. This summons shall spread through every corner of the universe, and heaven, earth and hell, with all their inhabitants shall hear and obey. Now methinks I see the earth heaving, houses falling, and marbled tombs opening. The nations under ground begin to stir; there is a noise and shaking among the dry bones. The dust is all alive and in motion; the globe shakes and trembles as with an earthquake. Now the trumpet sounds exceeding loud and long, and the heavens are red with fire. The great furnace of hell overleaps its boundary, and is about to encircle thee in its flame.

O, sinner, I see thee now; thy stiff knees are bending, thy wicked tongue is confessing Christ, thine eyes that once were full of scorn, are full of tears. Thou dost now look on him whom thou didst despise. Sinner, remember, once lost, lost forever! once damned, damned forever!

But my text says, "small and great" shall stand before him. Now in order that we get a right understanding of the judgment-day let me bring before your minds the different classes separately as they will come before the judgment-seat of God:

1. The manslayer or rumseller, with all the people he ruined.
2. The iron-hearted Pharaoh, and the Hebrews whom he crushed.
3. The cruel Herod, who took the head of John the Baptist.
4. Alexander, who drove his chariot wheels hub deep in human blood, and begirt the globe with a track of ruin.

5. Cæsar, who laid in ruins eight hundred cities, and murdered a million of his fellow-men.

6. Bonaparte, who filled the earth with the terror of his name, and deluged Europe with tears.

7. Infidels, with all their writings, and the characters they have ruined.

8. Backsliders, who have trodden under foot the Saviour's blood.

9. Sinners, who have spurned the offers of mercy and rejected the Lord Jesus Christ.

All these will hear the dreadful sentence pronounced upon them: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." The people of God of all ages and dispensations, from Abel to the present time, will be there to hear it said, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." The holy angels will tune their harps and sing, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that" the heirs of everlasting "glory may come in." And then shall they drink of the rivers of pleasure that are at God's right hand for evermore.

Secondly. What glorious grandeur marks Christ's second coming! It is not by Bethlehem, with the manger for his cradle. See, he cometh, he maketh the clouds his chariot, he rideth upon the wings of the wind. A devouring fire goeth before him, and after him a flame burneth. He sitteth upon his throne clothed with light, as with majesty and honor; behold, his eyes are as a flame of fire, his voice as the sound of many waters. How will ye escape? will ye call to the mountains to fall on you, the rocks to cover you? Alas, the mountains themselves, the rocks, the earth, the heavens, will flee away. All resistance will be in vain; all attempts at concealment idle. There is no darkness nor shadow of death where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves; "Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down." Amos ix, 2.

In the last place, the justice of God requires the General

Judgment; for it is evident that his attributes are not fully displayed in the dispensations of the present world. We are told that the tares and wheat shall grow together until the harvest. So it may be concluded from the relation that men stand in to God, as creatures to their Creator, that he has a right to give them a law and to make them all accountable for the breach of it. It is certain, then, that every one of us shall give an account of himself to God.

At the opening of the great Rebellion, the President called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve for three months. I then resided at Littleton. Eighty-five men enlisted from that place, and the same number from the neighboring town of Lancaster. The two bodies of volunteers met at a short distance from our village. Great crowds of people gathered from the surrounding towns and villages and country homes. They came to see the boys in blue take their departure for the seat of war. As the young soldiers came near the depot, the officer in command gave the order, "Single file!" and soon afterward, "Right about face!" "Ground arms!" No one knew what would be done next. But in a suppressed, yet audible voice, with tears rolling down his cheeks, the commander first invited the mothers who had sons in the ranks to come forward and bid them good-bye. The stillness, almost like that of death, was broken by sobs and cries, as mothers and sons embraced and kissed the sad farewell. But the scene was more painful still when he called for the wives of volunteers to come for a parting word with their husbands. They came, leading their little ones, and some with babes in their arms. As husband and wife met, and as the children put their arms about papa's neck, weeping as though their little hearts would break, the stoutest men were melted into tears; loud sobbing could be heard all along the line, and, in fact, the entire mass of people were weeping. It was the saddest and most heart-rending scene I ever witnessed.

But I turn to another separation. Not for three months, but for eternity. *An eternal separation.* There, there was a possibility of a reunion. Some of those fathers, some of those

sons, some of those husbands and lovers would return from the war. Hope cheers the heart even amid the gloom of separation. But here there is no reunion. No hope to cheer the heart. It is a fixed, unchangeable, eternal separation. Father and mother on the right hand, and the wandering boy, over whom they have wept and prayed, on the left hand. The praying wife on the right hand, and the careless, prayerless, godless husband on the left hand. O, my God, what a picture! O, these broken ties of kindred that can never be united! But hark! I hear the sentence: to those on the left, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." To those on the right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

"But, can I bear the piercing thought,  
What if my name should be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?"

Yet there is a bright side to the picture. When I was but a mere boy I came to this country. I came as a steerage passenger. There was on board the ship a number of poor women with their little ones, whose husbands had left the old country and come to America some years before. Here the father had toiled, and secured enough money to keep his little family from want during his separation from them, and finally to pay their passage across the Atlantic. During the voyage, which lasted six weeks and three days, there was a great deal of conversation between mother and children, mostly about the father, who had been gone so long, and who had so kindly and lovingly sent all his earnings over the water in order to bring them to himself. At last, we entered the mouth of the St. Lawrence, our destination being Quebec. When we came in sight of that city, there was the most eager expectation noticeable on the countenances of mothers and children. But just as we were ready to go ashore the order came: "Drive them down below for medical examination!" We were all quickly taken below, and then



the physicians came along with lanterns on their arms, for it was dark between decks, and made close personal examination of each of us to see if we had any infectious disease. They found we were all right, and then each heart leaped for joy. The hatchways were opened, and we all scrambled to the deck, and hastened to the bow of the vessel. There, with eager gaze fixed upon the wharves and quays, were these mothers and children straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the loved one from whom they had been so long separated. The little ones would look up into the face of the mother, and then when a boat came bounding over the water toward the ship, the mother would shade her eyes with her hands and, peering more sharply, would at last cry out, as she recognized the loved face and form, "It is he! It is he! It is my John!" Then the boat would draw up along side of the vessel, and soon mother, and father and children were locked in a glad embrace. Such, my friends, was the scene which I witnessed when I came to this country some thirty years ago.

But I turn and look out upon the ocean of life and I see another ship, sailing along under full sail. It is the old ship Zion. Whence comes it? From the city of Destruction. Whither bound? For the port of Heaven. Who is on board? The redeemed of the Lord. They, too, have loved ones who have preceded them to the New Country. They, too, expect familiar faces to greet them on the other shore. Listen! I catch their conversation as it comes wafted over the sea.

"Mamma, where are we going?"

"To heaven, my dear."

"Is papa in heaven?"

"Yes, my child."

"And Willie? and Charlie? and sister? are they all there?"

"Yes, my child, all there, waiting and watching for us."

"Mamma, where is heaven?"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy.  
Earth cannot picture a world so fair:  
Sorrow and death cannot enter there."

"Land ahead!" cries the watch. We look. Yes, the city is in sight. It is a walled city. Its beauty cannot be seen from the outside. There is only one gate of entrance, and before we pass through we must learn the pass-word. It is "Jesus." But the shore is lined with the loved ones waiting to bid us welcome. How eagerly they gaze upon the old ship, and scan every face. At last we touch the shore. Landed, landed, landed. United for evermore. O, the joy of that embrace! O, the rapture of that greeting! No more to part. No more to go out forever. Hark! I hear the heavenly chorus swelled by these new voices, and the glad song is, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God almighty. Amen; amen, amen."

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#### IV. FALLEN WOMEN.

He whom thou now hast is not thy husband. John iv, 18.

THE opening of this narrative presents Jesus under a completely human aspect of his nature. How tenderly is the Saviour brought home to our sympathies by the fact that he was weary and thirsty. "A poor wayfaring man of grief." And how wondrous that union of divine grace with human weakness, which made this weary, thirsty man the source to us of full and abiding strength and consolation. He who receives Christ has within himself the power of an endless life. The will is *within* him, and it causes the eye to sparkle and the face to shine with the peace and glory that reign in his soul.

But the most astounding thing in the narrative is that he should first reveal himself as the Christ to a solitary stranger of an alien, and even hostile race, and of irregular life, a fallen woman. His disciples, filled with Jewish prejudices against the Samaritans, and sharing the then common notion that woman is not the equal of man in knowledge and position, were astonished to find him talking with her. Until that

day none had heard from his lips the declaration that he was the Christ. But he now made it known to a mind peculiarly open to receive it.

This woman ran into the city and told the people of Samaria that she had found "the Christ." And they believed on him without any external miracles, and received him in his true character as the Saviour of the world. The readiness with which these Samaritans received the word of Christ is by contrast a very striking commentary on the saying of John: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." The Jews derided or disputed with him; and, notwithstanding his many mighty works, demanded new signs from heaven and rejected him. But these Samaritans witnessed no miracles and asked for none; they raised no cavils, and made no opposition to Jesus as a Jew, but welcomed the truth that commended itself to their judgments and met their spiritual wants. "And as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." So where Abraham built his first altar, was gathered Christ's first harvest of faith from an alien race.

Now let us look at the women of the class of which she is the representative. I am to venture to night upon a delicate task. From a false modesty or from the refinement of the age, this awful sin is too seldom touched on either by the pulpit or the press, while it is crowding hell with its degraded victims to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other sin in the world. If modesty would allow me to picture to you the sufferings, murders, and suicides that have followed the violation of the seventh commandment, it would, I believe, make the blackest page in the world's history. O, the poverty, wretchedness, disgrace and death that have been brought upon men and women under my own observation by this sin! We have a great deal of false modesty in this world which blushes at language more than at its meaning. I must speak plainly what I mean when I speak at all.

I know of no sin so black as the sin of seduction. I have heard young men make their boast of this soul-damning practice. That young man who can deceive and seduce a young

woman and then leave her in disgrace, has a heart black enough to become a pirate on the high seas. And, in my judgment, if Satan has one dart more poisoned than another, if God has one bolt more transfixing and blasting than another, if there be one hideous serpent more unrelenting than another, it belongs to the seducer, who leads a young woman to forsake the guide of her youth, break the seventh commandment, and grieve her God.

But it may be asked, How do you know this? And I answer, first, by what I have heard. Stopping over night in a village some distance from home, in the morning I entered the bar room of the hotel and heard some young men, with bleared eyes and bloated faces, glorying over the debauch of the previous night. I found by their conversation they had been to a popular ball. And as they talked over their hellish deeds with the young women whom they accompanied home, I thought that if the mothers of those girls could only hear their language, they would rather bury their daughters a thousand times than to allow them in the company of such wicked, depraved, corrupt deceivers.

Secondly, I know these things by what I have seen. Almost every week appeals are made to me by fallen women or some of their near kin, to see what can be done to lift them up from their life of vice and shame. I find these poor unfortunates hedged in on every side. They have no sympathy from either sex. If they want to rise it is impossible to find them a situation. If one comes to our churches and repents heartily of her sins, her own sex shuns her as they would a serpent. They forget the example of our Saviour in the text, and, like the Pharisee, gathering up their garments lest they should touch pollution, press to the altar, thanking God that they are not such as she. To prove this statement: A young lady, brought up in lowly condition, with nothing to recommend her but her beauty, which proved her ruin, was persuaded by a young man of wealth to run off and live with him without marriage. After some time he deserted her. She, feeling herself ruined and lost, came to the altar seeking pardon for her sins. Her

sobs could be heard all over the house. The very depths of her heart were broken up. I did what I could for her, but finding no sympathy or help from those of her sex who could and should have helped her, she became discouraged and returned to the old life as her only means of supporting herself, and in less than four months she died and was buried in disgrace.

So it looks as though the only thing to do with these poor, wretched unfortunates is, according to the custom, to box them up and send them where they belong. On the other hand, men of equal or deeper dye are welcomed and cherished. They may be licentious, drunkards, and polluted by brushing against the very gates of hell, yet if they come to our churches and show true fruits of repentance and reformation, both sexes rally around them and rejoice that the dead is alive and the lost is found. The Church is jubilant; the whole community joins with them in anthems of praise. Our doors are thrown open to receive them, and even our ministers invite them into the pulpit to relate what great things the Lord hath done for them. This is all right and just as it should be. It follows the example of Christ, when he sent the woman to tell her experience, and used her as the instrument of salvation to others; for we read, "Many of the Samaritans of that city believed on him for the saying of the woman, which testified, He told me all that ever I did."

Is it not, then, a burning shame that the Church to-day has forgotten the example of her Lord and Master? What excuse can we make in the great day of account, when these poor, unfortunate women shall come forth beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and cursing the day in which they were born, as they look at us and say, "Had you done your duty we might have been saved?" God is no respecter of persons: why should his servants be? Why get up so many institutions for reclaiming the men, as reform clubs, reading rooms, and the like, and neglect to extend the helping hand to our fallen sisters? My long experience in this mission work forces me to the conclusion that in nine cases out of ten the men are the most to blame.

A father of some wealth came from a neighboring town to this city, bringing with him his daughter, wishing her to learn the milliner's trade. At his request, I assisted him in finding for her suitable rooms. He, however, soon found in another part of the city some rooms which he could get for a dollar a month less. I warned him against exposing his daughter to the company she would find in that part of the city. He did not heed my advice; but a few months afterward, coming to the city, he called at my house with his heart overflowing with sorrow, exclaiming, "My child—my child has been ruined. She has forced a young man to marry her." While he was yet seeking my advice, his daughter, not knowing of his presence, rang my bell, and in my parlor father and daughter came face to face. After she had confessed her sin and asked his forgiveness, I advised him to take her home with him. His reply was, "She had a good bringing up; she has disgraced herself; she has made her bed and she must lie in it." He absolutely refused to take her with him. I answered, "The young man has deserted her; she has no home; it is a cold bleak day in January. What can the girl do? She has no money—no friends."

All my endeavors failed to move the father's heart to receive his child and shelter her beneath his own roof. He left her sitting in my parlor.

I then went to her new father-in-law, who was a man of means and a member of a Christian Church. He also refused assistance of any kind. It was almost dark. The young woman had had nothing to eat all day, and knew no roof beneath which she might lodge for the night. She had been deceived, seduced, and deserted. In my judgment, there were but two things she could do; one was to seek relief in death, the other to enter the haunts of wickedness, the life of shame. But God helped me after much search to find a place for her to work. I earnestly advised her to abandon entirely the company of young men and to attend church, which she did. She remained in the city about six months, and I have every reason to believe the helping hand extended in that hour of peril

saved her from a life of shame or the death of the suicide. O, the thousands of young women that are abandoned by their parents in this hour of need! How many thousands of young men of deeper dye and blacker crime would have been immediately restored, and received as the returning prodigal, with great rejoicings.

In conclusion, I would to God that I could make the young people of my congregation see the end of this vice before the beginning. Let us look at the house of the fallen woman. See the light of hell gleaming through into her foul abode, and hear her moans as of a distant ocean chafed by a storm. Listen at the door of the dark, damp cellar, dripping with filth. Alone and deserted by all, she thinks of home, of childhood days bright with sunshine, of home trainings, home joys, and home love. All the fond scenes rush in upon her memory; the Sabbath-school class, the old pew in the house of God where she sat with her mother, all come back vividly to the memory only to add torture to the soul. Her whole body is on fire with the very flames of hell, and the only sympathizing voice that reaches her ear is that of the undertaker at the door asking if she is dead. We are told that more than a thousand of these unfortunate creatures are buried in the night yearly in the city of Boston alone. Think of this awful record of wretchedness in Puritan Boston. And what is true of Boston is true of every city in New England in proportion to its population. Therefore, I say, stop, young woman, and see the end before the beginning. Shun bad company; turn from bad, impure books. No man or woman is your friend who will corrupt you. Select therefore your company; winnow it; keep the grain; but let the wind sweep away the chaff.

Young men, remember the words of Christ when he said by his apostle, "Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord." The man that destroys the character of my daughter makes shipwreck of her happiness and shortens her life, and is no better than a murderer, and must become the haunted victim of his own sins.

Fathers and mothers, I have a closing word for you. Do

not let any false modesty deter you from warning your children against this sin, for there is no one sin that the Scriptures speak more clearly upon than this. Be careful of the company kept by your children. Warn them with solemn emphasis against bad books, for they are as numerous in our cities as the frogs of Egypt. The pictures they contain would make a harlot blush. Watch carefully the early years of the tender plant. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

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#### V. THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.\*

For the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. Psa. lxxiv, 20.

I SHALL to-night consider the rum-shops of Norwich as among the "dark places of the earth." I say without qualification that these dens are the fortresses of hell, and the homes of all that is groveling, sensual and low. They are the chief obstacles to the salvation of this city. Heaven looks down with an eternal frown upon the traffic that is hostile to the true interests of man and the pure and holy kingdom of God. Let the traffic be banished from the world and everywhere branded as infamous. Let it be suppressed by the strong arm of the law. O fathers of Norwich, are you going to let your sons and daughters go down to hell from these infernal dens of cruelty, which fill homes with torrents of woe, and cover the earth with poor-houses and prisons? What do they cost you? Give me the money that has been spent in such places as these and I will purchase every foot of ground in Christendom. I will clothe every man, woman, and child so richly, that kings and queens might be proud of them. I will place a school-house on every hill-side and in every valley all over this entire globe. I will

\* Delivered in the Central Church, Sept. 22nd, 1878, in view of the approaching primary meetings previous to election.



supply these school-houses with competent teachers. I will build an academy in every State, and provide it with professors. I will crown every hill with a church, and maintain a preacher in its pulpit.

Liquor selling, then, blights the character and prospects of the human family; and yet there are five hundred thousand dram-shops against eighty-four thousand ministers in these United States. It makes my heart bleed for my adopted land, when I see the terrible effects of this traffic, and hear it said: "I am only doing what you have legalized me to do." These wretched dens unite in one against our cause, and from ocean to ocean, from lake to gulf, they combine to drag down human beings to their ruin. Let us go, if you please, behind the screen, where all this wickedness is carried on. To those who look on every thing is beautiful; the music is grand, and the world is forgotten. But let us see the second scene. The people have risen, and the world has been illuminated by the sun; every thing is awake, but the present is dark and dreary, and the future shows nothing but distress and wretchedness. This is the middle scene through which we are passing. Now look again behind the screen. There are six thousand harlots in the city of Boston, hidden behind the screens of rum-shops. Their average life is four years. More than one thousand die annually—one thousand lost souls to be borne away and buried in the darkness of night. O think of it! At midnight they walk the dark streets, motherless and friendless. Look at one of them dying in the damp, dark town. Away back in a cold cellar in the dim light are two or three hideous wretches with the dying; the pine box is waiting; they are uneasy because the poor victim is not dead. Then comes a sigh; then a groan; then a shudder. All for a moment is still. One rally more; she thinks of home. "O, my mother! my mother! my mother!" And then, in her frantic anguish, she beats her breast and curses the day she was born. O think of that in the old Puritan city! And our own city in proportion to its size is just as guilty in the sight of Heaven for such dens of horror. Suppose you had a garden with charming walks

and beautiful flowers, where your children might spend the sunny days of their existence. Suppose in that garden there was one tree more beautiful than the rest, and full of shining, poisonous berries, would you not caution your children not to taste of the fruit of that tree? Suppose you should find your youngest and dearest lying dead among those flowers, with his lips stained with those berries, would you prune that tree? Would you trim it? Would you do all that you could to preserve it? or would you destroy it to its very roots? Allow me now to make my application. In our own city many have died within the last year by partaking of this fruit. They have been told not to do it. They have been urged not to do it. They have died with their lips all stained with alcohol, and we know that they have died a horrible death.

I say, then, it has become necessary for Christian men to come out and exercise their political rights, and to insist that they who are seeking office shall show a decent respect for people who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and his mission to redeem the world. We know that unless we rise up and fight for our cause we shall be subjected to an absolute and degrading despotism. We know it to be for the public good that these dens should be shut up forever.

Let us look, for a moment, at what this traffic is doing. In the first place, it is educating young men to trample upon God's Sabbath, and disregard every hallowed commandment. This afternoon as I was coming into the city, I saw a young man just leaving one of the gin-shops in Norwich Town, whipping his horse in a way that would chill the blood of any Christian man. I knew it was a gin-shop from the sign, painted in large letters; and I thought, O, my Lord, that such a den should be placed there by the votes of moral men! I say that this business strikes a heavy blow at the Sabbath.

Again, it strikes at the commandment which requires honor to parents. I will tell you of an occurrence within my own knowledge. It is of a mother whose heart was nearly crushed by an unruly boy. He was not of age, but he had become so degraded that he carried away every thing he could get

hold of and exchanged it for rum. That mother went to the rumseller and with throbbing heart besought him, "For the sake of my son, for the sake of my home, for the sake of his immortal soul, don't let him have any more liquor." And the next time that the boy went there he let him have all the liquor he wanted, on the condition that he would go home and whip his mother; and this infernal den is sustained by the public! If any of you will take the pains to look over the records of the criminal courts of New London County or the criminal records of the United States for the past fifteen years, you will find that nearly every murder that has been committed has grown out of drunkenness.

Again, the traffic is against the law which requires us to love one another. Rumsellers, indeed, love you while your money lasts; and their love dies when your money is gone. Then they have no sympathy and no brotherly love. When they get your last dollar, they will send you out of their shops to commit suicide. How many men have come to my home within a year, with tears rolling down their faces, and their hearts on fire of the hell they had been in. Who takes care of them after the dens turn them out? We have come to plead with you in God's name for these men. Will you not for their sake stand up and vote no license? Is it not time for us to come out and take a bold front, and unite the forces of our city in the strength of almighty God to rescue the perishing?

Whatever party you represent, whether Democrat, Republican, or Greenback, there is one duty you owe, one meeting you should attend. You should go to the caucus, and place no one in nomination for office that is in sympathy with rum and drunkenness. Give us pure men, good men, to represent us in the Senate, in the House, and in the town. We may preach and pray, but until we make you feel God's power we are a failure. Then let us go to the caucuses, for there we can do more than anywhere else to shut up the infernal dens of Norwich. Go there and demand your rights, and insist on a place upon every ticket for pure men. Now we ought not

to make this license a political issue, but an issue of right and wrong. It is the duty of every man and every woman to take a stand on this point, and to come to a square fight for suffering humanity. When I was in Danielsonville, a few months ago, it was said of me that I ought to be in better business than that of enforcing the law. I told them there that they ought to be ashamed that such work was left for the ministers to do. I am ashamed of the citizens of Norwich who have the ability, the brains, and the power, that this work is left for the ministers of the city. You ought to be ashamed of it and erase this blot from our statute books by at least five hundred majority; and then stand up and help carry on this work. I believe that God in his infinite wisdom will give it to us. May he help you in this issue, and grant you strength and intelligence to do your duty!

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## VI. THE MOTHER OF ABOMINATIONS.\*

As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool. Jer. xvii, 11.

INTEMPERANCE is mother of nearly all the abominations of the earth. It is the flood-gate of crime; the fortress of the devil, and the oil with which he runs his machinery. Yes, the rum-shops are the bottomless pit of all that is groveling, sensual, and wicked. Jeremiah says: "But my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit. Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Jer. ii, 11-13. The rum cistern is the great barrier to-day against the salvation of the world. The rum power of this country is most furiously opposed to all that is godlike. It is sending swarms of agents through our country

\* Delivered in the Central Church, Norwich, in December, 1878.

who are undermining our pulpits, and it makes all moral precepts practically like so many gossamer threads. It has been the scourge of the past. It is the mother of prisons and the gallows. With a solid front and with the spirit of the pit of devils, it is opposed to all reform. O may the Holy Spirit impress this truth on all before me to-night!

This is the great social battle of the age which we are fighting against the flesh and the devil. We are struggling for the preservation of our nation and the salvation of souls. We cannot be neutral on this subject. It is true, to a very great extent, especially in the cities, that our legislation begins in the grog-shop. Our administration springs out of the ooze and mud of drinking holes. The machinery of government is arranged there. The time has come when all good men who have so long stayed at home, and left the management of political affairs in the hands of dissipated, unscrupulous men, should come to the front and take the side of purity and temperance.

Now let us look into the drunkard's home. See what the poor wife suffers; she lives every day in fear that he who goes forth in the morning may come back at night a maniac, with the vilest oaths, the most profane threats, the barbarous, brutal, murderous blows which not unfrequently fall upon her pleading face and frail body. Insult! Think of the nameless abuses which the drunkard's wife suffers in the power of him whom she calls her husband; when he, an uncontrolled brute, in a frenzy of drunken lust demands her body for sacrifice and pollutes it in hellish madness. Facts that come to me would chill your blood with horror or make your hearts burn with bursting indignation. O, if the veil was to be lifted to-night in the city of Norwich, and you could look upon the rum business, the daily deaths, and the sufferings of children and wives, you would say, "God help me to sweep the rum traffic out of the world." It is just as much our duty as it is to take away the burglar's tools or the murderer's pistol. Lord, help us stay the destroyer before it comes to our own doors!

What chance is there for our young men in this city, when so many places of vice are so easy of access? Even the outskirts of our city are worse than the heart of it. What chance is there for that young man, with temptation before him, and temptation behind him, and our very best citizens patronizing such places! Where are the police? Where are the mayors? Where are the councils?

The fact is, when Republicans are in power they dare not execute the law lest they lose votes; and when Democrats are in power they dare not execute the law lest they lose votes. These parties are struggling for the spoils of office. Our young men are ruined; eternal death catches them, and they are gone forever; and yet, we find men who would brave eternity unpardoned, rather than give up their cups.

Why were so many killed in the war for the Union? It was because drunkenness so often sat in the saddle. It was the bottle and not the sword that did the work. Now,

1. Political parties are unwilling to stand upright and firm, lest they lose votes.

2. Newspapers are timid lest they lose subscribers.

3. Ministers of the Gospel are silent, lest some affluent pew-holder should be disgusted. And still the people groan to be delivered.

John Wesley said, "But all who sell spirituous liquors in the common way are poisoners in general. They drive them to hell like sheep, and what is the gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. Blood, blood is there." Then as "the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Dr. Lyman Beecher many years ago said: "I challenge any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet for the sake of gain, continues in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder."

John Wesley gave strong drink the name of "liquid fire."

Dr. Harris tells us that "about eighty-two per cent. of the convicts in the United States are due to strong drink."

Drinking habits open the door to nearly all the temptations which a man has no right to encounter. Vices come with drinking habits. So we find that the cup, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand, feeds the lower nature wholly, and not the higher nature at all. Then what is the duty of the Church toward the present temperance movement!

We see already the wide-spread fruits of the efforts in the salvation of souls. I believe it to be the plain duty of the Church to improve every opportunity to help the reform work; and may God speed the day when officials shall be chosen on the basis of manhood, and when no man will be sent to make or execute laws who is not a total abstainer! The Rev. Dr. Talmage says in a series of remarkable sermons upon the social vices of New York and Brooklyn, "In all our midnight explorations we saw that all the scenes of wickedness were under the enchantment of the wine cup," and, again, that "the courts that license the sale of strong drink, license gambling houses; license libertinism; license disease; license death; license all suffering, all crime, all disasters, all murders, all woe." Shall such excessive wickedness go on in our midst and no man care? Do we, as Christian men, love our children, and yet let them walk in the dens of vipers!

In almost every form of iniquity there is some shade or trace of good. We have in rum-selling a crime standing alone, dark, malignant, uncompounded in wickedness, devouring its own offspring, and without one feeling but appetite. Then, I ask, is not rum the mother of all abominations? I feel impelled to say that it is a burning shame and a high outrage that Christian men and ministers do not declare the whole counsel of God. I must speak plainly just what I mean when I speak at all.

Let me persuade you, lastly, not to go after wicked men, for if you do you must take part in their doom, and ere long you shall be dashed into hell. Whatever may have been your evil habits, Christ is able fully and finally to deliver your soul,

though you may be eaten up with dissipation. Though you be sunk to the lowest depths of shame, Christ can make you whole, and fit you for usefulness here and glory hereafter. I have been told this week of men who were so far gone that they could not be saved. The Lord's arm is omnipotent, and the worst wretch that ever crawled on earth would not be too hard a case for God to save. The Saviour of the world has paid upon the cross the price of our ransom. He has shed even the last drop of his blood. O sinner, set a high value on thy soul. Christ has suffered for all men. He magnifies his grace by saving his enemies. He is to us what wings are to a bird, or oil to wheels. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Amen.

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## VII. THE SLUGGARD.

The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing. Prov. xx, 4.

IDLENESS is one of the principal promoters of sin.

Look at the law which was given on Sinai while the mount trembled and smoked and grew terrific with the symbols of the divine majesty; that law, graven on stone to denote its perpetuity, and by the finger of God to signify its authority. That law requires industry. The Gospel is not less exacting than the law. It is an apostle who says, "If any will not work neither should he eat." He also affirms that "if any provide not for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." One of the blessings of the Gospel is in its tendency to promote our temporal interests. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added." "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, and also of that which is to come." Look at facts. Did you ever see a lazy Christian? As well may you look for a holy devil. We have seen in our city the poor, contemptible, profane idler converted by the power of the



Gospel into the contented, cheerful, faithful laborer—the pest of society turned into its benefactor. Idleness leads to dishonesty, robbery and fraud, and from it proceeds much of the world's shame. Bring men to God, and they will bid farewell to every form of idleness.

The prayer of every true Christian is, “How shall I so fulfill my mission, be it great or small, that I may use the talent given me to the best possible advantage for myself and my fellows?”

Work is man's salvation both physically and mentally. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work until the latest hour of life. That is the man who will live the longest and to the highest purpose. A great many think when they are converted that their work is done. Nothing can be more false. For instance, when the foundation of a building is laid, great diligence is necessary to finish and furnish it. Even so in the building of our souls. All our life is to be employed in building up our spiritual structure, by the exercise of all virtue and the diligent observance of all God's commandments. Without this it is useless to expect salvation, just as it would be to expect a house without laying the foundation.

In the first commandment given to man the chief element was labor. The Creator presented the world to man with its wonders unrevealed. The laws of astronomy, chemistry and philosophy were in existence during the barbaric period as truly as now. They were not revealed by supernatural agency, but were discovered through earnest and unceasing labor. What is true of the natural world is also true of the spiritual.

“The sluggard will not plow.” The meaning of this proverb is, the slothful man, under the pretense of unfavorable weather, neglects the cultivation of his field till the proper time is past. We must think what we are doing. A great work of the devil is to induce men to act without forethought or reflection. God says, “My people doth not consider.” The absence of thought leaves open the door to wicked delusions. It is not easy to impose upon a man who thinks, either religiously or politically. The secret of the Mormon

success is found, not in the delusion, but in the deluded. Get men to think, to analyze, to work, to reason, and the unspeakable nonsense of Joe Smith, with the wretched impostures of spiritualism as well, will find no reception.

Even to-day, when intemperance is so wide-spread, could men be made to reason soundly—yes, if only the harvest could be realized—the \$2,000,000,000, in sundry items of loss and waste in the United States connected with the evil work of ruining the souls and bodies of men, together with the cries of innocent wives, children, fathers, mothers, numbered by the million—we would soon hear the cry of victory.

O that God would show us our personal work, our duty to others; for our greatest mission is to work for the weary and down-trodden, in building up the character of the outcast, in wreathing smiles of comfort by stretching out our hands to those who are ready to perish every-where, and diffusing joy where only gloom has been. Our work is to bring the poor broken-hearted nearer to Christ, and snatch their souls from the grasp of the destroyer.

We should think, therefore, what season this is. It is the seed time, the period of human probation, the only opportunity for securing eternal blessedness. How short it is, how uncertain! How criminal it is to waste it! If sluggards who will not plow by reason of cold, we shall beg in harvest and have nothing.

The solemnities of the harvest are truly awful. Try to realize them. If you were now begging for mercy but could not find it, terror would take hold of you. I know sinners laugh at religion now, yea, scoff at Christ; but how much better it would be to think upon the harvest. Listen to the sounding of the trumpet of God, long and loud. See the heavens red with fire and hell's great furnace ready. Do you now despise religion? Ah! no, your stiff knees bend. Who would now dare refuse to kneel at the altar?

O sinner, remember, it will be too late then to beg. You will beg in harvest and have nothing. There is no cutting of the stone after it gets to Jerusalem. Where thou fallest there

thou liest. In eternity there can be no change. Once lost, lost forever; once damned, it is so to all eternity.

If we would enjoy physical life we must work, that the muscles may be closely knit, the nerves strong, the flesh firm, and that the blood may career through the veins, carrying health and energy to the most distant tissue of the body. So if we would be pure, holy, Christlike, we must work. O work before it is too late! The rich man considered in hell; the foolish virgins begged; but, alas! it was too late.

1. Let me speak to the young. Godliness is profitable in all things. It is moral health; and is this not better than disease? It is real and solid peace; and is this not better than anxiety and remorse? It is absolute safety; and is this not better than exposure to eternal danger? O yes, reason, wisdom, experience, all agree that it is your duty to work for your soul in the morning of life. For, now you have power, and it is easier to break away from the world than it will be when you are older.

2. Let me speak to those connected with the care of families. You may have much to do. You may be poor. Religion will bless your poverty, and sanctify it. It will assist you in domestic difficulties. You need not be poor in reference to both worlds. Sometimes poverty may be a blessing. Luther once said: "I thank thee, O God, that thou hast made me a poor man on the earth."

3. Let me speak a word to the aged. Surely you need no argument to lead you to consider your years. Your experience urges it upon you. Reflect with horror on the past and with intense anxiety on the future. There is but a step between your soul and death.

## VIII. GAMBLING.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death. Prov. xiv, 12.

MANY think I am meddling with matters which do not concern me.

The devil, the master of criminal amusements, seeks to make the young think so.

Some people say our duty is to take care of our Church members, and when we attempt any more, we meet with the surly response: "You are meddling with that which is none of your business. If you do not enjoy these pleasures, why molest those who do? It is a free country, and we have a right to do as we please."

My young friend, I beseech you to listen to me. Hell is populated with the victims of harmless amusements!

We do not wonder at the inexperience of Adam; but it is wonderful that six thousand years of the same arts plied by the same deceiver that produced his awful disaster, should have taught men nothing; that generation after generation should perish and the wreck be no warning.

It is a burning shame and a high outrage, that in these latter days so-called harmless amusements have entered the Church of God; such as Church fairs, raffling for watches and quilts, guess-cakes, fish-ponds, and the like. Satan in this way approaches to charm us by good men and ministers. He comes as an angel of light, radiant with innocence, to help God's poor ministers, and his words fall like dew upon the flowers. O, how he makes harmless amusements glow with the refulgent light of heaven! He fans the young man's cheek as if with the balmy breath of Gospel songs, or overhangs the church with rosy clouds; he fills all hearts with charming music, and makes the way to hell so delightful. We have been told the way to hell is bleak, dark, parched and barren, full of bones and skulls, and reeking with stench and filth. If you think so, you are mistaken. We are told in God's word that the devil transforms himself into an angel of light. He can use the silver

trumpet in bearing messages; and they say this is so harmless; and so re-echo hundreds of Church members: "It is all harmless."

Would God that a gale from heaven might sweep the clouds away which Satan has put over your spiritual eyes, and let fathers and mothers see that the road in which they are leading their children is full of dead men's bones, that the heavens are dark with the storm of God's wrath, and that their children are duped by these enchantments and their taste for holy things is in danger of utter destruction.

O stop, young man, ere this leprosy entirely cover you. You must not be deceived. Gambling does not begin in bold and startling deeds; I do not forget that there is a downward progress in sin, but the opening and the ending are fatally connected.

Seven millions of dollars are annually lost in New York at the gaming-table. There are in that city nearly six thousand gambling hells. It is the universal testimony of those who have examined the subject, that gambling prevails more or less in every State, city, and town throughout our land, from the most fashionable and refined circles down to the lowest haunts of infamy. Among the judges of our courts and lawyers at the bar, among merchants, mechanics, clerks, and even prisoners in their gloomy cells, it is found.

Who can estimate the amount of agony, crime, and distress thus produced annually? If we trace out the awful consequences of gambling in our city, there are, every night, scenes enacted that should fill the whole city with lamentation and tears. Young men of promise, of ambition for honor and distinction, of affection for kindred and friends, enter in and are slain.

A few years ago, in the city of Boston, the city marshal, with a company of police officers, made a raid upon ten or twelve gambling dens; over one hundred persons were found within them. Speaking of them, one of the Boston papers said: "We are informed by the officers that the persons arrested represent all classes of society, from the business man of State Street to the meanest gambler of Ann Street."

What was true of Boston is true of Norwich. In our cars and steamboats gambling also prevails to a fearful extent. Persons who have been traveling for pleasure or on business have often lost all in a single night.

Again, the very system of gambling is a direct fraud upon the community, because it vitiates the principle of productive industry. It professes to offer the greatest gain without labor. The day laborer in the midst of his toil enjoys the consciousness that he is doing that which in some way will benefit the community, though he is but leveling a road or digging a ditch. But the gambler produces only wretchedness and misery, leading young men to swear, fight, steal, drink, and at last to commit murder.

O that this sin would hang out its many badges of shame, and advertise our young men beforehand of the consequences of indulging in it, of the deceit and frauds connected with it, and the kindred vices into which its victims inevitably fall.

O how many young men are duped, swindled, and robbed! A young man comes into the city with money and character. A well-dressed stranger meets him and says: "Come with me." They go to the gambling-house—he stands by; the wine is free; one glass is taken, and soon another. Just here his friend remarks that one might easily double his money by a few ventures.

The stranger stakes and wins—he stakes again and wins again. "Glorious! what pious fools my father and mother are to believe all the minister told them! He said it was hell, but it is beautiful!" His pulse quickens, his face burns, his blood is up, and all fear is gone. He doubles his stakes, puts up his whole purse—he loses all he has. Then he would borrow, but no man will lend. He is desperate, and will fight at a word. He is led to the door and thrust out. An innocent man is ruined in a night.

We have no time to waste. The hairs of our heads are all numbered. The employment of every moment of our lives is placed on record. May God help us to spend our time profitably to ourselves and to his glory!

## IX. CLUB-ROOMS THE LATEST INVENTION OF THE DEVIL.

See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Eph. v, 15, 16.

My text is of the utmost importance to every man and woman. If we heed it we shall not willingly neglect any duty, nor be lukewarm in the pursuit of any thing excellent or praiseworthy. On the other hand, if we do not walk circumspectly, and redeem our time, there is no duty which we may not omit, and no vice into which we may not fall. The seed time for spiritual happiness is in the morning of life. O that I had power to impress this fact upon the hearts of all the young people present to-night. Whatsoever a man may sow in his youth he will reap in middle life or old age, whether it be the fruits of righteousness or the pains of sin.

I am to venture upon a delicate task which may be offensive to some who listen to me. I speak of the club-rooms that have sprung up in our midst to evade the laws and to fleece and demoralize our young men. I believe I have, to say the least, the same right to attack these club-rooms that these artful and wicked men have to build them, for I would save our sons and brothers and companions, while they would only destroy them. The managers of these rooms look upon a young man much as a butcher does upon an ox. The butcher says: "How much beef and tallow and hide can I get out of him?" So these managers say of young men: "How much money has he? Is his father rich? What can we make out of him? How many of his companions can he induce to join him?" And when they are satisfied that it is a game that will pay, they lead him through all the spicy pleasures and racy vices, getting all his money, down to the mud-slime of the very bottom. I pronounce them to be a band of gay idlers, returning no equivalent for the support given them by these young men. To my mind, the newsboys and bootblacks are more to be respected, for they do not eat the bread of idleness, but of usefulness.

Who are getting up these club-rooms? They are bar-room clowns. They eat what their fathers and mothers have gathered, and in some instances what the wife has earned by sewing or washing; and while she is left at home with children to care for, without coal or food in the house, they eat and drink and giggle like fools in these club-rooms, and the wife weeps bitter tears at home as she prays for her recreant husband. There may possibly be some honorable men duped or led into these places, but how many licentious wretches there are who show their sins in their very looks! Our jails are built by honest labor to accommodate their customers, for crime never pays its own way, and honest people always have to foot the bill. How many can pay a vagabond fiddler, or a strumpet dancer, or a lewd actor, and yet think it hard when justice demands that they pay their honest debts! It is plain enough that this tremendous drain upon the industrial strength of our cities and towns cannot long be borne.

But you say that nothing can be done to remove these club-rooms. That is all a mistake. I call upon you, ladies, in the name of God, to wield the influence and power which Heaven has given you, and which must be employed in either dragging young men down into the whirlpool of vice, or raising them to true virtue. Our cause must fail unless we get your support. Now I say that when women demand of young men as much as young men demand of women, our club-rooms will come to an end. What we want is that wives, sisters, and mothers shall demand of their husbands and brothers and sons that they keep as good hours and as good company and have as good habits as are demanded of women and girls. The Bible does not require any more from girls than it does from young men. It makes no exceptions. It puts them both on an equal footing.

Let us suppose that the young women of this city to the number of two or three hundred should band themselves together and get up a club-room, where each with her private key would have easy access to drink, and where they could invite their friends to indulge in games of chance two or three



evenings in a week, how long would we of the sterner sex tolerate them with their vices and late hours and non-attention to household duties? How many husbands would take care of the children to let their wives go to the club and come home at two or three in the morning? Have not the ladies as good a right to demand this of the men as the men to demand it of the ladies? Until young ladies can demand of young men virtue and honor, it is better far that they never marry than that they make themselves slaves to the base appetites of man. We want to take the same position that they do in some parts of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. There no young man of club-room habits can gain access to good society. He must be a man of moral rectitude, or no parent will give his daughter's happiness into his keeping. When we come to this point there will be no such things as club-rooms in existence. It is high time that we should arise in our might and warn men to flee from the wrath to come.

If you doubt my words, you may go out at midnight and watch young men in high life in this city going home from these places to their old mothers or to their wives. But you say, "It is only a little thing; he is a good husband, or a good boy, with that exception;" and you pity him and bear with him, when you ought to demand of your boys that they keep good hours, and of your husbands that they either quit the club-room or quit you, forever. Little things bring great results many times. A few moments lost sight of by the engineer may bring two trains into collision and result in the death of scores of persons. A little carelessness on the part of a farmer in examining his seed, may cover his farm and his neighbor's with thistles instead of wheat. A little sin on the part of a young man may lead to terrible results of vice and crime. Let us remember, also, that little acts of kindness often produce wonderful results for good. The woman who spoke a few words to a wicked young man in Bedford little dreamed that she was the instrument in God's hands of putting John Bunyan and his wonderful book, the "Pilgrim's Progress," before the world.

In conclusion, let me say, intemperance is at the root of these club-rooms. Last October we met the enemy of temperance at the polls and wounded him severely; but Shannon's hop beer and the club-rooms are bringing him to his feet again. Satan rejoices in these twin agencies, and aims through them to give a fatal blow to the temperance cause. We would put forth efforts to protect our families from small-pox; why not put them forth to save them from this more fatal and deadly plague?

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### X. THOU SHALT NOT KILL.

Thou shalt not kill. Exod. xx, 13.

GOD is the fountain and author of life. No creature can give life to another. An archangel cannot give life to an angel, neither can an angel give life to a man, nor a man give life to the meanest of the brute creation. As God alone gives life, so he only has the right to take it; and he who, without the authority of God, takes away life, is a murderer. This commandment covers and prohibits all unlawful killing—whether it be by deadly weapon, poison, or any other means. I claim, further, that the giving or selling to an individual of any substance or thing whatever, knowing that substance or thing to be poisonous in its nature or its effects, and knowing that the result of its use will be an abbreviation of his life, is no more nor less than the deliberate taking of life; or, in truthful and stronger words, it is murder.

If there is one fact more firmly established than another, it is that alcohol is a poison that, taken in certain quantities kills immediately, and in smaller doses slowly, indeed, but no less surely. I ask the rumseller to ponder this proposition, the truth of which has been established beyond a peradventure, by experience and the ablest scientific research.

Rumseller, are you aware, as you stand behind your bar and deal out your liquids, whether it be to the moderate drinker or to the confirmed drunkard, that you are surely taking human

life? You would greatly resent it, if you were to be called a murderer. But I kindly ask you to consult the statutory definition of murder in this State, and then see if the traffic in which you are engaged does not rightfully place you in the category of those who deliberately take human life. I suppose you know that the business you are engaged in has in the last fifty years, in the United States alone, taken the lives of more than three millions of human beings; and that more than seven millions of women and children in this land of ours, by you and your business have been made to suffer anguish, poverty, and shame. Every year more than a hundred thousand new victims are added to this vast army, which you and your traffic are marshaling to the grave and into the presence of their Maker, who has said that "no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God." You can clearly see, when you view this matter in the light of truth and reason, that you are not working for God and the good of your fellow-men, but are an active agent in the interest of Satan, and are pulling down and degrading mankind and sending their souls to perdition. O that you might be enabled to see the blood of your victims which is upon your hands and be led to wash in the blood of the Lamb and to flee from the wrath of an avenging God! O that the cries of the widows and orphans which you have made and are making, might penetrate to your inmost soul and move you to an abandonment of your deadly traffic!

The fathers of our country clearly saw the danger of alcoholic intoxicants. As early as 1776, in the city of Philadelphia, during the session of the Continental Congress, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

*"Resolved,* That it be recommended to the several Legislatures of the United Colonies, immediately to pass laws the most effectual for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling, by which the most extensive evils are likely to be experienced, if not by law prevented."

This resolution is brief and radical and right; and had the Legislatures thus early in the history of this country enacted and rigidly enforced laws against the manufacture of

intoxicating drinks, the United States to-day would, in every point of view, occupy a much higher position than it does. We can but venerate the wisdom and statesmanship of the Continental Congress, thus early seeing and predicting the evils which flow from the traffic in intoxicating liquors. I fear it would hardly be possible to pass resolutions of this character by our present Congress, which is a sad illustration of the progress of our national legislation in the wrong direction.

We must, however, accept the situation, and recognize the truth that the liquor interest is strong and powerful. The amount of capital employed in the business, the large army of occasional drinkers, with the vast multitude of drunkards, constitute a power not easily overcome, an enemy hard to cope with. Let temperance men take heart, as they know and feel that God is on the side of justice and humanity, and that, soon or late, he will lead the temperance army to a glorious victory. As surely as God liveth, I expect the day will come, though I may not live to see it, when the grinding of the distillery will no more be heard; when the wails of distress for this cause will no more fall upon the ear; when crime will be diminished, pauperism lessened, and wonderfully God's holy cause advanced. Let all Christians unite in the prayer for the consummation of all these things.

Let us now, for a moment, speak of the foolishness of intemperance. The habit of drinking liquor is the most senseless and inexcusable in the world. And nowhere is it more prevalent than in cities. The money thus poured down the throats of men each year is greater than the amount expended for improvements. Whisky-shops, saloons, gin-mills, beer-cellars, wine-rooms, and all sorts of irrational devices and places to waste money, are found by hundreds and thousands in all large cities.

Brethren, I am not speaking of some remote and distant era. I am not talking to you about the opium-eaters of China. I am speaking of your own people and your own kindred. When these drunkards become paupers, you must support them; when they become criminals, you must detect their

crimes, and then arrest and punish them. And to what cost are you necessarily put in protecting yourselves against them? As you take up the Monday morning paper, and glance at the crimes and casualties of the twenty-four hours that have gone before, and as you look at the poor, besotted, animalized wretches that have been flung into eternity by the pistol or the knife of their companions, you may get a momentary view of the horror of this thing. But you see only a part of it, even then. You have to look at all its ramifications; you have to think how it affects homes; how it affects communities; how it affects relations to God; how it sears conscience; how it blinds souls to all the interests of time and of eternity. These things you have to take into account, in making up a correct estimate of the magnitude and frightful character of the evils of intemperance.

## ADDRESSES.

## I. ZACCHEUS.

ONE way in which valuable lessons can be impressively taught is through the experience of others. It was wisely ordered, in connection with the use of other means of grace, that there should be instituted in the Christian Church those gatherings which bring persons of like faith together for the mutual narration of the story of conflict and of victory or defeat. It was with a clear understanding of our need that God put so many stories of human life and character in the Bible. The gospels are simply the history of the life and teachings of Jesus; then we have the Acts of the Apostles, a fifth gospel as it is sometimes, though improperly, called.

The story of Zaccheus, as recorded in Luke *xix*, is designed to teach us of the blessings that may come from a business man's being brought in contact with Christ. Zaccheus lived in Jericho, a city about eighteen miles from Jerusalem, which, in the time of Christ, was prosperous and flourishing. He had many fine natural traits of character. He was subjected to temptations much like those of our custom-house officials, and they must have had an influence upon him.

On his last journey to Jerusalem, Jesus, coming from Peræa, must pass through Jericho. He had, perhaps, been there before; at any rate, the people had heard much of his mighty works, and were acquainted with the substance of his doctrines, although they very dimly understood their spiritual significance. Some thought him a prophet from God; others the most wonderful of magicians. Sometimes they applauded, but often derided him. Up to this time Zac-

cheus had never met Jesus. Perhaps his position as chief of the publicans kept him busy with his subordinates, and prevented him from mingling with the masses of the people. The name Zaccheus indicates that instead of being a Roman, as were most of the publicans, he was of Jewish descent. With the Jews he shared the expectation of a coming Messiah who should sit upon the throne of David, and again establish the kingdom with more than the glory of Solomon. He had heard the reports concerning Jesus. He knew that many were asking, "Is not this the Christ?" The rumor had even been circulated that this Passover season was the appointed time for him to grasp the reins of government.

A feverish expectancy had taken possession of the public mind. In Jericho they were awaiting the appearance of Jesus, on his way to the feast. By saluting him they might win the favor of the coming king. When the word passed from lip to lip, "He is coming!" the street was filled with the excited throng. Among the number was Zaccheus. He was determined to see for himself who and what this Jesus was. He had studied men and knew how to read them almost at a glance. He believed if he could once have a fair opportunity to study the face of this man of Nazareth and watch his movements, he could satisfy himself. A tall, strong man might have some chance to get near Jesus, but Zaccheus was short and slight. He was swallowed up in the surging multitude. What was to be done? He remembered a great sycamore tree that stood in the street through which the procession must pass; from its branches he could see Jesus distinctly. But how could he be seen astride one of them without sacrificing his dignity? Do you think he would care but little for that? Or, because every one hated the publicans did it make but little difference? That is just the reason why he would naturally be more particular. The publicans were hated, to be sure, because they reminded the people of Roman rule and Roman oppression, but they were feared as well as hated. Zaccheus might hear some mutterings as he walked the streets, but he was too powerful for any one to show open hostility

to him. He was commonly treated with outward respect, often with favoring adulation. Now a man who is respected and loved can afford to unbend and lay aside his dignity, but one who is hated and feared can never do so with safety. Zaccheus was aware of all this; he would have much preferred to make the acquaintance of Jesus under more favorable circumstances, but he had made up his mind to see him, and see him he would. A soul has not long to wait when it has come to such a determination as that.

As the caravan swept toward him along the street, the eyes of the publican saw only that one figure in the center. He marked the dignified sweetness of the countenance, the depth of the calm, earnest eyes, and he said to himself, "There is more about that man than I can understand at a glance." And now the eyes of Jesus were turned upon the tree. Zaccheus felt that they were reading his very soul. The next moment he heard his own name: "Zaccheus, make haste and come down; for to day I must abide at thy house." In any common stranger it would be presumptuous to invite himself; but Christ that day acted as if he were a king, and a king does not need to wait until his subjects have invited him. It is honor enough for them that the sovereign is willing to come under their roof. The chair he sits in will be handed down as a precious legacy. But what of Zaccheus? will he be ready to receive the Master? He came out simply to see and study him. If he receives him under his roof, he will be allying himself with his followers. That day it was popular to be in the train of Jesus; but no one knew better than the chief publican, that on the morrow, the same Jews then shouting so exultingly, might be raging like wild beasts hungry for their prey.

Nothing better shows the real greatness of Zaccheus than the promptness of his decision. There is such a thing as deciding from impulse, without reflection; that is mere recklessness: but to hesitate after a decision might properly be reached is a mark of weakness. This man had seen enough to satisfy himself that Jesus was no common man, and he came down and received him gladly. We rarely find a person of such



strength of character in regard to spiritual things. We go to those out of Christ, and we ask them to be reconciled to God, and they answer us, "This is a subject that needs time for consideration." True, but how much? If you were on a burning ship, and a boat's crew were to approach you, and the coxswain were to shout, "Seize any thing that will sustain you for a few moments, and cast yourself into the water, and I will pick you up," you would simply glance at them to see that their faces were friendly, and then lay hold upon the first thing you could find and leap for your life. Your dependence would be frail compared with what you may have in casting yourself into the ocean of infinite love.

Note, now, the result of the acquaintance of Zaccheus with Jesus. In their conversation that day he made a special consecration of one half of his property to the poor, and he promised to humble himself by making fourfold restitution to every man he had wronged. And Christ accepted the consecration graciously, not simply because it was a sacrifice for Zaccheus, but because it proved his love. God has no delight in penance, as such. You would have little patience with a friend who should deny himself to no purpose, just to show, as he says, what he is willing to do for you; but if you were sick and he should watch with you night after night, or if you were freezing and he were to strip off his own garments to protect you, you would prize such a proof of his affection. So it is with God. He simply values the willingness to bear those burdens which in his providence he puts upon us.

There was a great deal of grumbling in Jericho that day when Christ went to be a guest of such a man.

Whenever Jesus draws near and saves the souls of the vicious and degraded, there are always plenty to say, "I have no faith in such a work as that!" God is no respecter of persons. There is not a home or den of infamy anywhere into which the Lord is not willing to enter to-day, if the inmates are only ready to receive him in the spirit of Zaccheus.

Do not be afraid to invite Jesus home with you. He may persuade you to bestow a portion of your wealth where it will

do more good than it can to yourself; or he may demand that you confess your sins and make restitution to the man that you swindled, and because of it have never since been able to hold up your head in respectable society. What you want is real substantial happiness, and God alone can give it to you.

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## II. GOSSIP.

THE idea is that we are not to slander, revile, or defame any person. We are never to utter any thing which we know to be false about him, or to give such a coloring to our words or conduct as to do him wrong in any way. We should always speak to him and of him in such a way that he will have no reason to complain that he is an injured man. Let us never give improper coloring to what our neighbor says. Let us never exaggerate. In a word, we should show, as Christian men, that we would rather find him to be a good man than a bad man. How many bright domestic circles have been made wretched by gossip! How many Churches have been sadly injured by slander! But whatever we may have as Christians to contend with, we may rest assured that Jesus is always with us. O how he sweetens the bitterest cup; lights the darkest night; smooths the roughest road; calms the stormiest sea; dulls the acutest anguish, and soothes the pangs of earthly disaster and despair with the glorious announcement, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Then if God thinks best, let poverty come; Jesus was poor. Let slander come; Jesus was lied about. The purest men and women on earth are at times maltreated, and are made the targets of ridicule. Let us remember that a record is kept on high. O, how the throng before the judgment-seat will thrill when, in the presence of the universe, the book of broken hearts will be opened!

1. Gossip instead of helping a man up, helps him down. But the world and Satan do not do all the work with the out-cast and abandoned; respectable men, so called, do their part

at this work. Now, while we have a class of people easily swayed from one side to the other, we have some like granite, immovable; neither wind nor rain nor wicked men influence them. Others, like reeds and rushes, cannot stand alone, but must keep in contact with, and be supported by, their friends if they stand at all; and a little gossip may send them to hell. O for a Christian-like spirit! We want piety that shall not be ashamed to speak the truth at all times. We want honesty inspired by something higher than fear of punishment. We want virtue strong enough to stand on its own feet, and filled with self-denying affection for God and man. The day cometh when we shall have to give an account of ourselves and of our gossip. We shall have to meet Him who is all eye and all ear. One by one, each in his own order and time, we are passing into a world where every one will stand naked before God. I pray you to understand that I lay no claim on you, but God does. If some mercy is not shown, and some pardon is not bestowed, we must stand guilty and be condemned at the bar of God. O that I could draw aside, even for one moment, the curtain of eternity, and let you see how many souls gossip has sent to hell! Look within your own heart and see if you are clear in this matter. How common is this sin among all classes of men; rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned. Wesley says: "Persons who differ from each other in all things else agree in this, and even persons who in the general have the fear of God before their eyes, and who do really desire to have a 'conscience void of offense toward God and man,' are guilty of this sin."

2. What is the tongue? One says, "It is the latch-key that lets out the mind." Then it is much better to have the feet slip than the tongue. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." And "the tongue is a fire." "Keep thy tongue from evil." Pambas used to say it took him twenty years to learn this text. It is said that the tongue is the instrument of all strife and contention; the inventor of law-suits; and the source of dissensions and wars. It is the organ of errors, of lies, and of blasphemies. A short gossip will

sometimes reach farther than a long apology. Gossipers are like flies that leap over all a man's good points to light only upon his sores. As a spark will soon die out and do no harm if there be nothing it can get hold of, so when a wicked person says a wicked thing, if the devil cannot find any other to carry it, it will soon die. Almost every man and woman has a bright side; then only tell what we notice excellent in them. It is easier to splash mud than it is to rub it off. Then what is the best shield against gossip? Live so that no one will believe them that speak evil of you.

O what an evil is gossip! I need not inform you to what extent it prevails, nor how desolating are its results; withering every thing it touches—body, soul, character, and estate. I need not say that efforts have been made to remove it from our city and land; efforts great as human intellect can devise. I am aware the Gospel of Christ has stayed in some measure the march of the destroyer. The city of Norwich has three thousand members in its Churches, two thirds of whom are sound asleep, while five times that number are going down to darkness unsaved. O, how much gossip and dead wood we have in all our Churches; and if they do not change their gossip for the Holy Spirit the day of judgment will make a fearful thinning out among professed Christians.

In conclusion I ask, Is it honorable to gossip? Judge ye "to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey," the Lord or the devil. The misfortune of any man or woman is as a honeycomb to wicked people; they hiss at you, misinterpret your motives, and rejoice at your downfall.

But what are we to do when slandered and abused? Nearly all good men, if not all, have been. Shall we go out and hunt up the slanderer? No; for while we are explaining away a falsehood in one place fifty people will just have heard of it in other places. Still, we are not to omit any proper opportunity of setting ourselves right.

But I want to tell you of one that was denounced and spit upon who was more than man—even the Son of God from heaven. How patiently he bore the insults that were heaped

upon him! It was all for your sakes and mine. Then go and tell Jesus all about it, and he will not only sympathize with you, but he will help you.

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### III. PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

THIS is emphatically an age of books. They are not confined, as formerly, to the select, learned, and wealthy few, but they are in the hands of all classes, rich and poor. Wherever men dwell books are now read. Bad books are omnipotent—silent forces which curse the community and hurl the soul toward hell and fit it for the companionship of the lost. They have in them the power to undo the work of the pulpit and undermine religion.

Pernicious literature, in the first place, corrupts the taste for all good and profitable reading; and no young man can become a scholar who has addicted himself to it before acquiring the common branches of learning. I say it corrupts the taste for every thing godly and noble; and that is one reason why so many of our young men are rising up in America ignorant of the sciences and of the facts of history. In every steamboat, on every railway, every where we go, we find the devil's agents peddling this pernicious literature, which has every tendency in the end to drag down and crush human hearts and hopes. Satan, in these latter days, has flooded the world with this literature until it has now entered into the homes not only of the profane, but of many of the better classes. It has not only taken hold in France, but has gone largely into England, Ireland, and Scotland, and now it has spread far into America. It is getting into our homes. Why, some men who would never think of taking a pack of cards into their homes have this sort of literature on their tables. It is necessary for fathers and mothers and guardians to look into this matter as they look into gambling, or any other kind of vice. I say, it is of great importance that this thing should be looked into, that it should be carefully examined, that every parent who

loves the Lord Jesus Christ should see that his children have proper reading. There are young men who deny themselves of sleep in order to complete the perusal of some vicious story, while they are ignorant of other things with which they ought to be familiar. The drunkard, who parts with his health and the enjoyments of life for the excitement of the intoxicating cup, is not more mad than the man or woman who gives way to the deadly influences of corrupt literature. O, why fling away the Bible, with its rich inheritance, and sell your children's birthright for a mess of pottage, and neglect more profitable reading for that which is grossly immoral and corrupting? The most abandoned rogues and apostates from religion are favorite characters with this class of writers.

Bad books unfit men for the duties of life, and man's life is too short, his duties too pressing, and his responsibilities too mighty to allow him to waste his days, months and years upon novels. The pulpit must not pass this by.

May God help us to save the young who are unconscious of the dangers that surround them. Let us, as men and women, lay hold of this matter before our children are ensnared by profligate writers. Young men, give them up; if not, ere long these bright visions will fade into the dark and misty night. O take God's holy book. You will find it a rock of diamonds, a chain of pearls, a map by which you may daily walk, and a light to make your path beautiful and joyous.

It is an absolute impossibility for young men and women to occupy high places in society unless they put away this light literature. There are no songs like the songs of Zion; no orations like those of the prophets. This is the book of books. Blessed be God! it is not a work of fiction, but a book of truth. It points not to shadows but realities; not illusive phantoms and air-castles, but to mansions in the skies. Then receive it and put away that which will only demoralize you.

I urge upon you the necessity of taking into your homes profitable reading. There ought to be a weekly religious newspaper in every Christian family, and it ought to be placed in every home—a paper that will tell you what is being done in

the Christian world for the cause of God and the welfare of men. Let us be in earnest in this matter, and let us have faith in God to direct us.

I have been led to take up this subject from seeing such papers as the "New York Ledger," "Boys and Girls' Weekly," "Boys of New York," "Young Men of America," "Boys of London," lying on the tables of Christian families. When you speak to them about such papers they will point out some article from Henry Ward Beecher or Bishop Clark. This is the way the devil fixes it up. He gives enough that is good to make an excuse for Christian people to take their paper, and enough that is bad to ruin every child in the household. It reminds me of the way I used to trap bears when I was a boy. We would first dig a large hole in the ground and place a large trap in it. Then we would cover the trap with leaves and place a nice piece of meat on the trap and go back somewhere and wait for the trap to snap. Then we would go for the bear. It is the same with the devil. Bad literature is his trap. He covers it with a good article here, and baits it with a good article there, and has only to wait to secure his prey. This is a disgrace. It is wrong and must be righted, or else we might as well give up this world to the adversary.

May God help us so to think and act, that we may wash our hands from all this filth, and come out pure and godly! O think, before the black heavens, the howling winds, the trembling earth, reveal Him whom you have not heeded.

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#### IV. ALL THINGS AGAINST ME.

THERE is a dark side to many men's lives in which they feel as do some of you who are here in this jail, in which they say that every thing is against them. Now and then there is one who is led by the circumstances around him to do evil, but even he cannot throw all the blame on them, for he ought to be stronger than they. But the greatest enemies of most men

are themselves; yet even they may be conquered. I want to tell you that no matter how great your enemies are, or how many things you think are against you, there is a bright side in which you may have One for you who is greater than they all are put together.

The Patriarch Jacob once made just this same complaint. He had in an unbrotherly way got Esau's birthright, and by fraud had obtained the blessing that belonged to his brother, and, being afraid of his brother's wrath, he fled. He went a day's journey in the wilderness. Night came on, and he lay down to rest, with no couch but the bare earth, no covering but the broad canopy of heaven, and only a stone for his pillow. He must, indeed, have felt that it was a dark hour and that all things were truly against him. But he had brought all his troubles on himself. He carried them to the Lord, who was looking down upon him through the twinkling stars and the floating clouds. The Lord heard him, and gave him that wonderful dream of the ladder set up on the earth whose top reached to heaven, with the angels ascending and descending upon it, and the Lord himself above it. And when he awaked, he exclaimed, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." And so, my friends, whatever may have brought you here, and however dark it may seem to you, if you will carry yourselves with all your sins to the Lord Jesus Christ, he can come to your soul so sweetly that your prison-cell shall be made luminous by his presence. Jacob became a prevailing Israel by wrestling with God in prayer; and just so you may overcome all your foes, by earnest prayer and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus you will become true men and children of God.

It is not far from this prison to heaven. There was once a foolish man whom a minister tried to teach the ten commandments. Meeting him one morning soon afterward, he thought he would see how much of his lesson was remembered.

"John," said he, "how many commandments are there?"

"Eight, sir," John answered.



"Why, John," said the minister, "you know there are ten."

"No," replied John, "there are but eight now, for you broke one by cheating the widow, and I broke the other, and that leaves only eight."

John then thought it his turn to put a question to the minister, and he asked him, "How far is it from the bottom of the sea to heaven?"

"Nobody but God knows that," the minister answered.

"I do," cried John; but the minister reproved him, telling him that it was wrong to talk so.

"Why, I do know," John persisted. "It is just but a call; for Jonah called from the bottom of the sea in a whale's belly, and the Lord heard him and saved him."

John was right; and so I say to you, it is but just a call to the kingdom of God. Daniel called to him from the lions' den, and the Lord heard him and sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths. The three Hebrew children called to him from the fiery furnace into which they were thrown, and the form of the fourth, like the Son of God, was seen with them in the fire; and they came out unharmed. The devil cannot make a fire hot enough to even scorch one of the Lord's anointed. Paul and Silas called from the inner prison, and God heard in heaven, and the jail rocked like a cradle, the chains fell from their hands, the stocks opened and let them out, the prison bars were withdrawn, the doors were thrown open, and the jailer was made to cry out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Paul did not direct him to go and do penance for a certain period of time, and then promise absolution, but told him, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and we are told that he believed, and he and all his house were saved that very night. O, what a glorious meeting that was in that old jail that night when heaven and earth met together!

Boys, do you know what Paul was put in prison for? It was for casting the devil out of a wicked woman, who brought her master much gain by soothsaying. I will give you an

instance as to how God can save the vilest of you. There was a man who had become a hopeless drunkard. His wife, mother, and friends had all given him up. He had promised, scores of times, that he would never get drunk again. One night while lying in his fish-cart, feeling that there was no help for him, and that he had best take his own life, his little boy, six years old, twined his arms around his neck and said—

“Yes, papa, there is hope. God can help you.”

“But O, my child!” and the father wept as he said it, “I’ve nobody to pray for me.”

“Yes, papa,” replied the child, “I’ll pray for you;” and they knelt together, and God came and saved that man; and from that day to this the man has lived a Christian life, a true father and husband, and is an earnest follower of Christ. So you may go to the Lord and cry unto him, and he will hear your prayer and save your souls.

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## V. THE TWO WAYS.

**THERE** are two roads by which men are traveling through this world to that which is to come. One leads to heaven and eternal glory, and the other to hell and eternal ruin.

The way to heaven has been smoothed with the footsteps of the Lord Jesus Christ and of the saints and martyrs who have walked therein. It is a glorious way. Thank God, here there is no need of police courts, lawyers, sheriffs, jails, almshouses, and all the other evils which are the outgrowths of sin. This blessed way, though spoken of in the Scripture as “the narrow way,” is broad enough for the whole human family to walk in, and all may walk in it if they will come and be washed from sin in the blood of the Lamb. They who are in this way are no longer servants, but sons and daughters of the living God. Christ, when informed that his mother and brethren were without, desiring to speak with him, said, “Who is my mother, or my brethren? And he looked round about on them which sat about him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!

For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."

Then think of the company; the associates we meet with in this way. We walk with the redeemed. The reason this is such a blessed way is that we are all of one mind. Here is a man who writes a piece of music; the choir, with the aid of that organ, sings it, and there is perfect harmony. Why? Because they are all governed by one mind.

In the broad way it is not so. There every one wants his own way; and as the gates swing back on their rusty hinges and we peer into the dark abyss of the lost, we find that this is what makes hell—each one having his own way. This is a hard way to travel. Here are discord and bruises and hard knocks and misery and wretchedness and death.

How great is the love and compassion of God in providing this new way, "the highway," the way of peace! How we ought to love God for this wondrous provision of his grace!

Living on the sea-shore was an old retired sailor, upward of seventy years of age. On the top of his barn he had built a cupola, and up into this cupola he would go in stormy weather, with his glass in his hand, and look out over the angry waters to see if any vessel in distress was in sight. One morning, after a severe storm, he discovered five men in the distance struggling in the water. He repaired to the house, and told his wife where he was going—out to the rescue. She tried in vain to dissuade him from his rash undertaking, for it was truly perilous. "I am all ready to go," he replied; "all packed up for heaven; and perhaps I can save those men." He took his oars in his hand and went out to the rescue of the drowning men. He brought them all safe to land, three of them in an unconscious condition. They were taken to his house and cared for. The old sailor was sitting by the fire drying his feet when the first of the rescued men returned to consciousness. He immediately asked for the person who had saved him. The old sailor being pointed out, the grateful fellow grasped him with the ery, "Let me kiss your feet, once for my poor wife, and three times for each of my three children down

in Maine, to whom you have saved a husband and a father." The next Sunday those men were all in the village church, but the minister, the services, the choir, every thing, were lost sight of while they sat and gazed upon him who had saved them at the peril of his own life.

How, then, shall we treat him, our blessed Lord, who from his home in glory came sailing over the billows of sin, amid persecutions and sorrows, bathed in his own blood, who not merely at the peril of his life, but by the sacrifice of that life, hath redeemed us to God, and thus rescued us from eternal death, and opened up to us a highway to heaven? Shall we not fall at his feet in grateful love and adoration?

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#### VI. A TOUCH OF THE WHIP.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes," said the psalmist. He took a different view of affliction from that taken by many people in our day, and very likely from that taken by many in his day. We are not to forget that, soon or late, afflictions of one kind or another come to every body. Sickness, decay, and death are the inheritance of man. He toils to accumulate riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them; if they do not, as they often do, take to themselves wings and fly away, leaving him poor and destitute, he must be taken from them and leave them behind him. He marries and sets up a home; but he knows that in the natural course of events that home will be broken up, and that one or the other of that happy pair will be left in sorrow and tears. Children are born, bringing with them a pure, sweet joy; but those parents know that death will soon or late invade their little circle. The truth is, this world, with all its blessings and its happiness, is full of trial, sorrow, and affliction.

Notwithstanding these things must come, many excellent people see no good reason for their afflictions, and talk as if somehow God is to blame in his dealings with them. They say,

"Why should this trouble come upon me? What have I done that I should be made thus to suffer?" They assume that God is punishing them for wrong-doing, forgetting that his punishments are usually reserved to the next world. They forget that these things must come, whether they have done wrong or not. God is never unjust. He never afflicts willingly.

Besides this, there is another view to be taken: "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I kept thy word," said the psalmist. This is "the chastening of the Lord" which he administers in his providential government of the world that, as St. Paul says, "we might be partakers of his holiness." Let me give you an incident or two to illustrate this.

Some years ago, among the granite hills of New Hampshire where the mode of public travel was by the large, old-fashioned stage-coach drawn by four horses, a gentleman wishing to go to the village of Bethlehem, took his seat with the driver. The road led through deep, dark defiles and narrow passes in which were dangerous places. It was one of those glorious mornings in the mountains when the air is pure as crystal, sweet as the breath of heaven, and full of vitality. The traveler was drinking it in and enjoying the grand beauty of the scenery around him, when strangely, as they were approaching a steep declivity in their path, and the faithful beasts seemed to be doing their full duty, the driver drew from its socket his whip with its long, heavy lash, and, flourishing it in the air, gave one of the leaders a quick, sharp and smarting touch. The passenger, awakened from his quiet reverie by the crack of the whip, and at the same time stirred by what appeared to him a wantonly cruel and unnecessary blow upon the horse, turned to the driver with the expostulation,

"Why, sir, do you strike that animal when he is doing his duty?"

The driver replied, "Do you see just ahead there that sharp turn in the road!"

"I do," was the answer.

"Well, sir," continued the driver, "that horse from some

cause, I don't know what, has got the habit of suddenly sheering when we get to that place, often frightening the passengers and putting them in danger of being hurled down the precipice. I found some time ago that by giving him a sharp touch of the whip just before coming to that place, he will be made to pull straight in the harness and pass the place without sheering or frightening any one."

Just so it is with God in his wise dealings with us, his creatures, here in this world of sin. O, how often does the great God who sitteth in the heavens, who always seeth clearly and doeth all things rightly, find it necessary to touch with the whip of affliction and administer the sharp stroke of chastisement! How many of us have been turned to God and led to seek the salvation of our souls by passing under the rod!

I once knew a man, a wealthy lumberman, warm-hearted, generous, and blessed with fine qualities of mind and character, whose one defect was his neglect of God. His religious acquaintances wondered that such a man should show so much spiritual unconcern. His wife was a lovely woman, and his devotion to his family was remarkable. God had given them a bright, beautiful, winsome babe, and the father showed an extraordinary affection for the sweet, innocent-faced little Abbie. She had passed her second summer, and one morning at the breakfast table the frolicsome little creature seized the coffee-pot that was standing near her, and before it could be taken from her she had spilled its hot contents upon her bosom, scalding her so seriously that she soon passed away to the brighter home above. The father was overwhelmed with anguish for the loss of his child, but his soul had followed her in her flight heavenward, and he knew that his little lamb was sweetly safe in the arms of the great Shepherd. The funeral came; and as he bent tearfully over the casket which contained all that was left to him of the most precious thing that he had on earth, he cried in his agony, "Abbie, O, Abbie! your God shall be my God, and your heaven shall be my heaven." He kept his

word, and became a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ and an earnest, active worker in the Church, leading many souls to the Saviour. The touch of the whip was sharp and severe, but it wrought in him "the peaceable fruit of righteousness." And thus it is that God is sometimes compelled to deal with us in order to save us.

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## VII. A PERFECT CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

THE rum-shop has never been known to do any one good, while it has led its tens of thousands to ruin and eternal death. A long and earnest conflict has been going on in Norwich as to the utility of the rum-shop. The Spirit of Christ can point to the millions whom he has rescued from drunkenness and other vices. Who will point to the first man or woman who has been elevated or strengthened by the dram-shop? Therefore I charge the rum-traffic before God and man with almost all the murders in the country, almost all the poverty, almost all the crime and misery and irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my soul believe that the dram-shop has sent more souls to perdition than found a grave in Noah's flood. I have learned this from the teachings of Scripture and the history of crime, and also from my own observation. Therefore I cannot see how any Christian can aid it by voice and ballot. So I ask, Is it right to license wicked men to sell what they know will bring destruction to their fellow-men? If so, why should any man be forbidden to do it? And if not right, why should any man be permitted to do it at any price? Can that which always works private evil conduce to public good? Can wrong be legislated into right?

It is also argued that people are not prepared for prohibition. To this I say, They never will be prepared so long as they continue to license. The way to prepare is to think it, talk it, pray it, preach it, vote it, agitate it; still, it is my opinion that there is public sentiment enough now against the business, but not sufficient moral courage. The need is not

for more education, but more back-bone. May God pity the poor cravens who know that the liquor-traffic is a great overshadowing evil, but dare not say so!

O, if a gale from heaven would only sweep the clouds away in which the victims are hid! O, if God would break that mighty power that chains these wretches in their dens and let the sulphury stench roll up the vale, how these visions would change in Norwich, "the Rose of New England!" O rumsellers, if you could only see this as you will one day before the bar of God, you would drop your heads with most remorseful shame!

I ask the drunkard if he is going to give his wife only the bare bones to make a soup, while the rumseller's wife buys the sirloin steak? Should he allow his children to go bare-footed and ragged, while the rumseller's children are dressed in silks and rolling in carriages driven by a lackey? Last Thursday a French Catholic, Joseph Girard, stated to me he had found a perfect cure for drunkenness. Said he: "I was a hard drinker for many years. I usually celebrated God's holy Sabbath with a quart of rum. More than two years ago I signed the pledge, but the craving appetite still remained. One day it came with unusual power upon me as I was working in the woods. At this point I fell on my knees and prayed mightily unto God for help, and I found in him a perfect cure; and now I have lost all cravings for it, and I have tasted none in two years." A man once came to me and said, "I awoke one morning out of a drunken debauch and cried out, 'Is there no help for me? Must I be lost forever?' My little son, six years old, said, 'Papa, ask God to help you.' I got down on my face before God and cried out, 'O Lord God, help me!' And that fever of hell was cooled in the shadow of the great Rock. That was four years ago, and, thank God! since that time I have never wanted a drop."

I can produce scores of witnesses here in this city who will testify to the same thing; and I want to tell you all who think it impossible for you to reform, that the Lord Jesus Christ can work in you by his Holy Spirit a perfect cure.



## VIII. IS IT RIGHT TO LICENSE ? \*

WE respectfully ask all candid men, Is it right to license that which gives men power to mar the image of God in their brother man ? right, to give authority to sell insanity, and deal out sure destruction to sixty thousand men and women annually in America ? right, to license that which commits five hundred murders and five hundred suicides each year in our history ? right, to license that which makes seven hundred thousand paupers in this land of plenty ? right, to license that which drives a hundred thousand women into the streets as vagrants, to beg, starve, or do worse ? right, to license that which drives thirteen thousand little boys into the reform prisons, where a mother's love can never reach them ? right, to license that monster which destroys our people, consumes our substance, impoverishes our nation, defiles all classes of our people, and lays its victims in every cemetery in the land ? right, to license that which is tearing the sinews and crushing the blood and brains of the nation—yea, that contaminates the ballot-box, blights virtue, scoffs at justice, and defies God ?

Following in its train are licentiousness, hate, revenge, cruelty, madness, rage, and fury.

Is it right to license its fiery fingers to tear out the love of father, mother, sister, brother, wife, and child, and leave their bosoms burned and blackened, as with the very caustic of hell ?

No, we cannot have these dens opened under the shadow of our church spires, and along-side our Sunday-schools, to tempt the weak, to ensnare the thoughtless, and to insult the God who has redeemed us. Is it right to license at a direct cost of over \$700,000,000 a year what causes the debasement of the intellect, and the destruction of the body, and to pay with reluctance less than \$100,000,000 for education ? right, to throw many times as much into the seething caldron of rum

\* Delivered in Breed Hall, Sunday evening, Sept. 21st, 1879, on the eve of election, at the request of clergymen of the city.

as we contribute annually to the cause of religion? Are not these startling facts? Do we comprehend the enormity of this national vice? And who pays the bills? Who pays the prison bills, the pauper bills, the cost of criminal prosecutions, the salaries of judges, attorneys, and other officers? The laboring and business men, certainly, do it. With these facts before us, can we vote for license?

We are safe in saying that the greater part of all our crime and misery comes from the rum power. Then with the strong arm of the law let us prohibit it forever.

Carefully prepared statistics show that there are one hundred thousand saloons in the United States. At these saloons are five millions and six hundred thousand daily customers. O contemplate for a moment, and comprehend, if you can, the amount of money wasted by liquor! Including the direct cost and the indirect expense, the waste amounts to \$2,000,000,000 each year in these United States. The total value of crops of wheat, rye, oats, corn, barley, buckwheat and potatoes in the United States, is reported at \$1,111,820,475. The waste of rum over all these is, then, \$888,179,525.

How then can any man of sense vote for license, or doubt the supremacy of the bottle? The bottle to day is the mightiest barrier against the salvation of the world; and yet there are men who would brave eternity unpardoned, rather than vote no license! God have mercy on their souls! Have you heard of the terrible fact that there are four hundred thousand more people to-day engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquor than in preaching God's word and in teaching the rising generation in our schools and colleges? This I get from ex-Vice-President Colfax.

Christian men, as you think of these saddening and gloomy facts, can you, on your knees, repeat the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and then go and vote for license? How can any good man think of the fact that in this land there are half a million of boys from ten to eighteen years of age, each year learning to drink, and then vote for license!

The nation's need is a thorough temperance revival based on the principle of individual responsibility, not asking for law and then sitting down to see it execute itself. It is by laboring individually and collectively, week after week, and month after month, lifting up the fallen and bringing them to Christ, and applying the law to lawbreakers, and putting the rumsellers behind the prison bars, where they belong.

Go to the poor-house of Norwich, and see sixty poor wrecks of humanity supported by the taxes of the people; and of these sixty, nearly, if not quite all, have come to their present degraded state through liquor.

He that votes to legalize this liquor traffic has included in his vote disease, delirium-tremens, murder, suicide, and eternal shipwreck; for all these lie in the bar-room.

O, Christian man, sit down and try to realize something of this ever-widening area of misery, before you vote for license! Is it nothing to you that there is at this moment a wail of anguish arising from millions of American women who, through the drunkenness of their fathers, husbands, and sons, are simply sitting down in the ruin of their lives?

O think of this before you meet them at the judgment-seat; for then it will be too late to change your vote. Politicians, it will then be too late. There is no cutting of the stone after it gets to Jerusalem. Once lost, the chance is lost forever. All who vote for license must remember that God is a sure pay-master. He may not pay at the end of every election; but remember, I charge you, he pays in the end. So I would advise those who are going to vote for license, to halt and fling down the ballot, and say, in God's name, No!

But a change in public sentiment must come in the grand future, when every breathing hole of hell shall be turned into a factory, and when criminal judges and criminal lawyers shall find the greater part of their present occupation gone. Yes, that change ought to come now, for the success of No License has been wonderful. We have reason to praise almighty God for granting such an answer to our prayers and efforts. Notwithstanding the most revengeful and lawless opposition of the

rum interest, the general crime of the two cities has been reduced to less than two thirds, and the drunkenness to less than one half. The number in jail is hardly more than one half of the former number.

My friends, if I could tell you the tenth part of the gain which I have seen with my own eyes, you would realize that the advantages of No License have gone beyond all figures. Only God and the angels can know the full extent of the blessing, as only they ever knew the extent of the curse. Again and again I have seen the drunkard become steadily sober, and the poor wife and children weep for joy because the woe was lifted. I have seen young men reclaimed from their dissipated habits. I have seen mere boys taken out of the road to a drunkard's grave. I have seen many who were going down to everlasting death, raised to the everlasting life which is by Jesus Christ.

And I do testify this night before God and man, that all that blessed work has been aided by No License. As one of the humblest of God's workers I declare that No License has vastly helped me in all my efforts to reclaim and save the fallen. Fellow-citizens of Norwich, I beseech you, as you love God and man, see to it that No License is overwhelmingly sustained on the sixth of October. Its success has been marvelous.

Why has its success not been still greater? What has hindered it from the still larger results?

I have named one reason. It is the unutterable, God-defying, man-destroying lawlessness of the liquor-saloons. The keepers and frequenters of these saloons break their promises and their oaths. They covenant to keep the law, and then they spit upon it and scorn it. Their action is the action of outlaws. I do not hate them. I pray for them. But I do hate their crime.

And I say this, too, that the authorities, and the community back of the authorities, have not set themselves against that crime with the energy equal to the need. Why, it is the "gigantic crime of crimes." It is the source of crime. It is

the fountain of mischief. Therefore the *special* power and energy of the prosecuting officers and of the police ought to be turned against it. They ought to hunt it as they would a devouring wild beast. They ought to give no sleep to their eyes until they have shut it up in prison and bound it with chains. We all must be more active in the fight for law and against rum. Public opinion is in favor of No License, but it needs to be aroused.

Look also at the difficulty of getting juries who are free from bias in favor of the rumseller. I suppose that two thirds of the men of this city come short of total abstinence. A considerable portion of them sometimes go to the saloons. Therefore it is not easy to get good, honest juries, who have no improper bias.

Then there is the Schenck Beer decision. Since that decision was made the amount of drunkenness has increased. The dealers and the drinkers said, on oath, that what they called non-intoxicating beers were really non-intoxicating. They said they meant to keep the law. But under cover of the decision of the courts the saloons have sold intoxicating drinks. When the law, either by its amendment or the reversal of that decision, has been made adequate to the need, our gains will be even greater than they are now.

I hear it said that the drunkard is a criminal, and that it is no matter if temptation is not taken out of his way. I know his criminality, but I also know that he ought to be pitied. In his drunkenness he is the slave of sin, bound hand and foot. In the name of the merciful Christ, let us help to defend him against himself.

And then I want to say this besides. We have not had time enough for No License to do its best work. We are coming to understand its evasions by the rumsellers. License has had trials for years. And I, as has every earnest temperance man, have tried to make the working of it as favorable as possible. In the name of fair-play at least, give No License a similar trial. And let it be so firmly re-enacted at the polls that the rumseller shall see his hope of a speedy re-

versal of the decree to be vain. Then he will be induced to give up his accursed business. Then the community will be the gainer in proportion. May God be with us on the sixth of October! May his almighty Spirit guide the hearts and minds of the people!

I am in full sympathy with those who are opposed to carrying politics into religion, but our cities will never be reformed and purified until we carry religion into politics. We must have good men in office; and if good men ever get into office where grog shops abound and gambling-hells are not interfered with, said good men must not fear losing political influence. And if ever officials close their eyes to the abominations of the dram shops and wink at the trickery of the rumseller, then we must, as Christian men, arise and put our hands on the helm before wicked men swamp the ship. I think if, as compared with national politics, more time were given to municipal government, we should be successful. Come, then, all who have been standing aloof from public affairs, and in the might of God try to save our city. If things are bad it is because we have let them be bad. The Christian man who merely goes to the polls and casts his ballot does not do his whole duty. It is not the ballot-box alone that decides elections; it is also the political caucus; and if at the primary meetings of the two political parties bad men are nominated, then the ballot-box has little to do but to take its choice between two wicked men. The rulers are they whom the people may choose; and depend upon it that in all the cities, so long as pure-hearted men stand aloof from politics because they despise bad partnerships, just so long, in many of our cities, will rum make the nominations, and rum control the ballot-box, and rum inaugurate the officials.

I exhort all good citizens to make one grand effort for the deliverance and salvation of our city from the rum power. Let us, as Christian men, see eye to eye, for souls are dropping from the grog shops, the gambling-dens and houses of shame into hell, while these words are dropping from my lips. O let us toil and pray and preach and vote until all these

wrongs are righted, and not only vote for No License, but also vote for good and honest men to enforce the laws! Let us be faithful in the discharge of all our duties, so that when at last Norwich is in ashes, and the world itself is a red ball of flame, we shall not have to meet the victims that were dragged down to hell by licensed rum.

And, in conclusion, let us not forget that the liquor dealers are already organized for the conflict; the money power is already in the field to control political officials. If we vote license, we need not wonder at fraud and corruption in high places. Can it be expected that a corrupt constituency will bring forward incorruptible officials? We find that saloon men stand in solid array, backed by an immense capital, and held together by moneyed interest.

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#### IX. JUDGE KELLOGG REVIEWED.\*

I WISH to state to this audience before I proceed, that this is a most unpleasant duty for me to perform, and I should not have said a word relating to the case had I not been charged with criminality by the court in instigating the purchase of the liquor. To set myself right before the public, I wish to state that I have never employed detectives against any liquor-seller except upon the complaints of mothers, wives and daughters, whom I have always aided in rescuing their loved ones from these dens of infamy, and to them I shall never refuse my assistance. I am called a fanatic, and if this is fanaticism, I am one. If searching out the drunkard in the cellar and inducing him to sign a pledge, clothing him and making him a respectable citizen; if extending comfort and consolation to the poor, giving my services and expending my last dollar; if the finding of the victim of *delirium tremens* in the attic dying, begging a pillow to put beneath his head, straw beneath his body, speaking words of hope for his consolation, going to the selectmen to get him a coffin, and then preaching

\* Delivered March, 1879.

his funeral sermon; if gathering in the poor to church, and restoring happiness to homes made miserable by rum, is fanaticism, then I am a fanatic.

I have always had the kindest feelings toward his honor, and have often spoken of his rulings as without bias. I have been treated by all the officers of the police court with the utmost kindness; only one man has ever insulted me in the court, and that one is Mr. Shields. The circumstances under which Judge Kellogg was re-elected placed him in the most independent position ever occupied by a city judge. Such opportunities for the reform and purification of the city had never before been offered, he having the wealth of the city and its best men at his back waiting to applaud him. But his ruling in this case has blighted the hopes of his most enthusiastic supporters, cast itself against the whole detective principle, and made a fearful stride for the protection of criminals, against the best and truest interest of society. I appeal to your reason and good judgment, while I review his decision in the city court last Monday.

1. His honor said, "The principal witness received, as it appears in evidence, money, whether for expenses or services the court is undecided." Three full witnesses stated under oath before the court that three dollars were paid for expenses—of which two dollars and forty cents were paid for car fare, and fifty cents for two half pints of liquor. The defense offered no witness. Yet his honor was "undecided." Let the people judge.

2. His honor said, "The witness, according to his own statement, is an itinerant laborer, without an established residence or fixed abode." The witness stated under oath to the court, "that he had lived in Lebanon the last six years, and worked mostly on a farm." This was to charge the man with falsehood without any evidence of it.

3. His honor said, "The witness was contradicted by other witnesses, especially by Mr. Wells, who went with him to the door of Moriarty's shop and remained outside while he made the purchase." Because the principal witness for the State



failed to be so explicit in his statement as to say, "I left a man in the street when I went in to buy liquor," saying only "I went in alone and bought it," the court held that his intention was to mislead and to deceive, and, quoting the well-known Latin proverb—*falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*—with a show of wisdom weighed the evidence, pronounced it void, and threw it out. The witness stated the truth when he said he went in alone. Mr. Wells was put on by the State to show that the young man told the truth, for he *saw* him going into Moriarty's and coming out of Moriarty's. If the judge did not get deluded, who ever did?

4. His honor said, "The law makes the buyer a partaker of the crime of violation," and "The employer and the *employee* became parties to the crime." Will his honor show any written statute violated? Does any law forbid a man to buy? Webster says, "We may lawfully do what the law does not forbid." I do not take pleasure in criticism of the court, or its judgment; and should not make it had it not been made necessary for me to explain to the people a case in which, as a party in defense of law and order, I am openly charged with having been an instigator to crime. Were this the first offense Moriarty had ever been guilty of; had no one else "induced" him before; had he not been following the business long for its profits, and had we been the first to "influence" him to sell, I should plead guilty to that charge. But going there upon the complaint of abused and beaten wives, and of husbands whose wives had procured there the stuff that made them drunk, I think it strange that the eyes of the court should see an instigator, a tempter, and a seducer to crime, in one who, in his personal labors here, had shown himself to be a check, a restraint, and a remonstrance against illegal acts of all kinds. This was not done for any temporal gain, but that we might save others from a drunkard's doom.

5. His honor said "that persuasion was necessary to obtain liquor, and by solicitation and the offer of inducements for the breaking of the law." *Did* the young man use "persuasion," or offer "inducements?"

He went to Moriarty as a buyer of liquor, against which there is no law in this State, and asked for "whisky, brandy, or gin." He was told "they are scarce hereabout," but nothing was said to this man who was "persuaded" to sell. In turning to go out the young man said, "Are you going to let me have it?" Moriarty said, "Yes." No bonus was offered or asked for. Think you this was "persuasion," or was it business? Webster defines the word persuasion as "influencing by argument or entreaty," and if he is right, the buyer having used no argument or entreaty, the court must be wrong in the use of that word. Who among you will say that twenty-five cents was an inducement? Moriarty did what he had been doing for months. He furnished once too many times, and the illegal practice was revealed. He went to court in fear, but came away in joy, for he felt that the Hibernian's definition of justice in America—"a wooden image, with a wooden bandage over wooden eyes, with scales in her hand that would not weigh, and a sword that would not cut"—was after all a true one.

6. The court did not approve of the methods employed to detect Moriarty, but withheld its objections thereto. What could they have been? My instructions to the buyer were, "Go to the runsellers without deceit or false pretenses, and buy the liquor as you would any other salable article." So he did. He employed no art or working tools of professional detectives, such as decoys and deceit. Yet for the mere act of buying, the witness and myself were stigmatized by the court as being partakers in the crime.

7. "Therefore in this charge I pronounce the party not guilty!"

Now, remember, his honor commenced his decision by saying that "the court has nothing to do with the moral aspects of the case so largely entered upon by the counsel for the defense, but must render its decision according to law and evidence." I ask, Did he? If, as his honor decided, the accused party who sold the liquor was "*not guilty*," how could he conclude that the witness who bought, and on whose testimony the

accused should have been convicted, *was guilty*; as also I, who employed him to make the purchase? This is a legal conundrum for wiser heads to solve.

If the law held the buyer *particeps criminis*, and the witness stood self-convicted of purchase, then according to the judge's ruling, "the employer and employee"—both myself and the witness—were "parties" to a crime that had never been committed. Was this a real Irish *bull* or a Yankee witticism?

When necessary, to what extent law may be infringed for protective purposes in the interests of humanity, no court has ever yet decided. We witness revolutions to overthrow despotisms; murders to do away with tyrants; we see great liberties taken with life and property in the interest of the people. These forces, humane and protective in intent, range from the greater to the minor, from protecting the people of a nation to shielding the people of a village. Burglaries of watches are often ferreted out by peddler detectives, who sell or barter in the community in order, if possible, to recover the stolen goods and identify the thief. It is an old saying that "the receiver is as bad as the thief;" but no court has ever so decided when a purchase was necessary to indict and convict the guilty. Choate, the fire-fiend of Eastern Massachusetts, who in sixteen years burned one hundred and fifty buildings, including five churches, was detected by professionals, and it became necessary to break the postal laws of the United States to identify his penmanship beyond doubt, and it was done in the interests of society. The post-office detective with his decoy letters induces the old robber to take one letter too many, but no court makes him *particeps criminis*—a partaker in the crime with the robber; yet in the opinion of the city court, by its late decision, he would be.

In a letter from William C. Bliven, of Jewett City, received by me, he says, that last May, while acting as juror in the United States District Court at Hartford, Judge Shipman presiding, one Mrs. Schwab, of New Haven, was tried before the court for evasion of the revenue laws, in selling liquors and cigars without paying the government tax thereon. The only wit-

ness against her was a detective employed by a government officer to go and buy of her liquors and cigars. The officer stated in court that he sent the witness to secure evidence to convict her. The witness said he had acted as a detective and witness in one hundred and thirty-eight cases. The defense claimed that the witness was not reliable, and that no decent man would stoop to such work. The judge said the counsel need not take the time of the court with such claims; that the witness was to be believed till impeached. Mrs. Schwab was convicted.

Let us look now at the moral aspect of the case. It was said of Christ, "This man is perverting the nation," that is, he is exciting them to tumults. This was a mere wanton accusation, but it was plausible before a Roman magistrate, and they supposed that if they could make this out, Pilate, of course, must condemn him. So the counsel thought if this could be presented as an immoral act, his client would be acquitted. Success crowned the effort when the city government failed to protect its subjects in their rights. I know some feel no concern about any body but themselves. This is a gross injustice and immorality. God holds every man in the city responsible for the wrongs of the government of the city. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth the soul, doth not he know it?" With tears, groans, and cries, parents, brothers, sisters, wives, and children have come to me, saying that their families were going headlong into eternity with lost souls. Now, my friends, I ask, Has the Church unflinchingly done her duty? Dare those men in the Church of God meet me at the bar of the eternal Judge? Take heed!

The moral law is done up in a little bundle. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them" is a perfect "two-inch gauge" by which any man in any situation may measure his obligations to his fellow-man. Put yourself in the place of the oppressed drunkard, and learn your duty to

the fallen. Were you a drunkard's child, what would you have me do? Never say one word for you lest I offend some faithless Christian? No, never! There are higher and lower laws. I must obey the higher laws, and if the lower law forbids me to ferret out that traffic that makes one million of drunkards every year, whom Jesus has died to redeem, shall I obey? Not while there is a God in heaven.

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#### X. REASONS FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE first great reason for total abstinence is educational. We may say, of a truth, that the grog-shop is the devil's school. It is here, often, that young men are first taught in the games of cards and dice, and the many tricks and devices of the gambler. It is frequently in the grog-shop or gilded saloon that he is first introduced to the harlot, and by her educated in the way that leads to death.

The second reason for total abstinence is the protection which every parent should throw around his daughter. It is a serious matter to allow our daughters to become the wives, or even the associates, of young men addicted to drink. I hardly believe there is any father who would like to risk his daughter's happiness or life in the hands of a young man likely to become a drunken husband. Then, again, the disease and misery entailed upon the offspring of the drunkard is enough, for no father can willingly consent beforehand that his daughter should become the mother of such children. No proverb is more true than "Like begets like;" hence we see insanity, disease, and drunkenness, running through families for generations.

I might describe many scenes of misery so terrible that one would think they would incite every person to an espousal of total abstinence. I will relate one which occurred in the city of Norwich. Some time ago a young man was passing along the street, when his attention was attracted by the frightful moans and cries of a woman. She was exclaiming, "O, my

God! my God! what have I done that such a judgment should be brought upon me?" The man immediately entered the house from which the cries proceeded, and there witnessed the horrid sight of a woman walking to and fro like a maniac, with a young child on her arm. She was beating her breast and tearing her hair. The young man rebuked her for disturbing the peace, and interrogated her as to the cause. Pointing to another part of the room she said, "Look there!" He looked, and beheld the lifeless body of a drunken husband who, from strong drink, had died as the beast dies. That poor woman was somebody's daughter.

The third reason for total abstinence is, that the purity and perpetuity of our republican institutions demand it. The great mass of bad men and defective law, both State and national, comes from drunken legislation. Go to Washington and closely observe for a single session the workings of both houses, and you will come home, if you have any patriotism, trembling for the fate of your country. If we would purify the halls of legislation, and have healthy and vigorous laws, we must abolish the liquor traffic. If we would keep our local laws pure and the decisions of the courts sound and just, local officers, prosecuting attorneys and judges, must not be identified in any form with the liquor interest.

The fourth reason for total abstinence is the protection, progress, and prosperity of the Christian religion. Every thing that arrays itself against the cause of Christ is fostered and sustained by the groggery. The purity of religion demands total abstinence. The purity of the clergy demands it; and, above all, the purity of the laity most emphatically demands it. Corrupt the Christian religion, and you strike at the very heart of the body politic and take the life-blood of our cherished institutions. Religion is the parent of our schools, and, indeed, of all our civilization. As the great reservoir sends out a living supply through the brooks and rivers, so religion, in like manner, is the great fountain-head of all we have and hope for.

The fifth reason is the dreadful life and awful death of

drunkards. Their whole lives are spent in agony, misery, and torment, and they truly die most horrid deaths. They are murdered; they freeze; they sleep in drunken lethargy upon railway tracks to be mangled by passing trains; they are poisoned; they are dying while living, under the influence of daily poison. They gain no respect and but little sympathy in life, and have no hope in death.

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## XI. QUERIES ANSWERED.

WHY not punish the drunkard? Why do you so sympathize with him? Why not let him suffer the consequences of his foolish and degrading indulgences!

Questions of this kind are sometimes asked, and there are good answers to them. They arise in the minds of persons who have been cradled in the lap of luxury, who have never suffered from intemperance in themselves or their families, or who live in localities where its evils are not conspicuous, and therefore do not know the magnitude of rum's horrors. In too many instances sympathy is withheld out of indifference so long as one's own comfort is not interfered with. Such persons do not look upon the other side of the picture and see the poor heart-broken wife, whose pale, wan face is in itself enough to arouse the sympathy of a stoic. They do not hear her wail of anguish as she pleads that good Christian friends will surround her wretched husband and save him from the destruction which she foresees is certain to come. "O, Mr. Montgomery," many have said to me, "I know he is bad when he is in drink, but it was not always so. He is good and kind when he is sober, and he is the one that won my heart, and is the father of my children. O, for God and humanity's sake, save him, and the Lord will bless you!" And sometimes a mother, old, wrinkled, and gray, her trembling form on the verge of the grave, comes begging for the protection of her son, her darling boy, who pillowed his head upon her bosom, and from her breast drew the sustenance of his young life.

"He was the pride and joy of my life," she cries. "He is my only support in the few years I have to live. O, I am sure, Mr. Montgomery, if you will save him now, he will never, never, drink again." Sometimes a little child comes praying and pleading that its father or mother may be rescued from the curse of rum.

Drunkards do not realize into what evil hands they have fallen until they are a long way on the road to ruin. They do not become drunkards all at once; there is a time when their hearts and minds are open to the voice of reason. It is then that the preventing influences of society and of those who are strong should be employed. The spirit of the first murderer lurks in the heart of him who can look upon the wretchedness and sin that rum produces, and say, "It is none of my business. If they choose to make fools of themselves and go to destruction, why, it's no affair of mine." As if we are not all our own worst enemies, and do not all need the influence and help of one another.

Can we, as Christians, fail to respond to the earnest appeals made to us? Many men cannot give up drink by themselves. The habit steals upon them as a thief in the night. It is as if you were to bind a skein of silk upon one's hands and feet. The first fine threads would not be felt. He might break them in a moment. But when ten and twenty and a hundred and a thousand are bound around them, then they are become like strong ropes which nothing can break. So surely as this does the hour come by indulgence in drink, when he who was once master of his appetite is made the veriest slave alive, when for drink he will forsake father, mother, wife, children, every thing dear on earth, and abandon all the hopes of heaven; when, if standing on the very brink of hell, he would drink of the accursed draught, even if he knew the act would bring upon him its most terrible penalty. Such cases no earthly power can save. Only the intervention of God himself can save a man from the very gates of hell.

Some years ago, an intemperate man came to me one day, and asked me for ten cents. He frankly told me that he



wanted to buy a drink. He said that he was suffering the torture of the damned, and added, "Mr. Montgomery, hell has no hotter place, no greater terror than is contained in my own body; and if you do not give me the means to get a drink I shall destroy myself." I had not then the experience that I have now, and so refused him money, but tried to get him into my house. He would not come. In a few days his dead body was washed ashore, showing that he preferred death by his own act to deprivation of drink.

Temperance workers are sometimes accused of exaggeration, but in reality no one can describe the awful condition and cravings that alcohol creates. To know these things fully you must endure them. Could I convey to your body the pains that rack the drunkard's, to your mind the imaginings that dethrone his reason, to your heart the agonies with which he is torn; could you see the fireside where all is cheerless, the family cold, sick, hungry, and helpless; and could you yourself be possessed of an appetite that, go where you might, would follow you day and night, until you should be ready for any thing that would give you the means to satisfy the accursed craving for drink, you would realize something of the drunkard's woes, and know why I sympathize with and try to lift him up from the wretchedness into which he has fallen.

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## XII. THE BIBLE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

DURING the past week I have met a man who thinks the Bible does not teach the doctrine of total abstinence. I shall speak fully in protest against certain interpretations of Scripture held and defended by beloved brethren with whom it pains me to differ.

1. The Bible in various passages points out the evils and the perils of intoxicating drinks.
2. There is not a single verse in the Bible which condemns total abstinence.
3. The whole spirit of the word of God teaches self-control

and self-denial, both for our own sakes and the good of our fellowmen. Here I am willing to rest the argument.

Let us look at the general aim of God's book. No one will deny that its aim is to elevate man and not to degrade him; to purify him and not to pollute him; to keep him, soul and body, undefiled, and not to make either soul or body the abode of uncleanness. The whole drift of Bible teaching is toward sobriety and self-control. We must study each passage in the light of the whole book. I therefore assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that from the first syllable of Genesis to the last word of Revelation, the whole spirit of the Bible is in favor of total abstinence from every practice that tends to degrade and destroy either body or soul. Then all attempts to cite the Scriptures in support of moderate drinking customs, as was the case with all similar attempts to force them into the support of modern slavery, can end only in making scoffers.

It may be said that this is dealing in generalities. An examination of particular texts is demanded. The demand shall be gratified. First of all, then, we summon the ancient patriarch Noah, who "planted a vineyard, and drank of the wine, and was drunken." As we gaze on the poor old man lying in his debauch, we spontaneously exclaim, "Had Noah been a teetotaler he would never have been drunk. The very 'preacher of righteousness' who could withstand a world of scoffing idolaters, could not resist the wine cup."

My next witness is Samson, for whom when sore athirst God wrought a miracle to give him drink, and that drink was not wine or whisky, but pure cold water. As this man of giant strength comes on the witness stand, he testifies that he never touched wine or strong drink, nor even ate of any thing that cometh of the vine.

Let us hear Solomon, to whom God gave an understanding heart, so that there was none like unto him: "Who hath woe; who hath sorrow; who hath contentions; who hath wounds without cause; who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look

not on the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Is there any one who can possibly pervert this passage into an apology for moderate drinking? You might as well say that Solomon believed in a moderate playing with snakes, or in being moderately stung by an nest of adders.

So rigid was Paul in his total abstinence principles that he does not recommend his abstaining brother Timothy to use wine as a beverage, but cautiously writes, "Do not drink any longer water only, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." He proposes wine only as a medicine, and but little at that. Will some one prove to me that even that little was an intoxicating drink?

I think the heroic, self-denying Paul, who strove to "keep his body under," he who utters that fearful announcement, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," would not hesitate to vote No license if he lived in Norwich, and had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard, and should see the criminals before the courts of justice, and know, as we know, that the traffic is the fostering parent of nearly all the crimes in the community.

The word of God speaks sometimes of certain drinks as a "blessing," as innocent in themselves, and as a symbol of spiritual blessings. In other passages it condemns certain drinks as dangerous and deadly. Most unfortunately our English translators of the Bible often render both the innocent and the hurtful beverages under the common names of "wine" and "strong drink." The acute and profound biblical scholar, Professor Moses Stuart, has wisely said, "My final conclusion is that wherever the Scriptures speak of wine as a comfort, as a blessing, as a libation to God, they can mean only such drinks as contain no alcohol."

## XIII. HOW I PREPARE MY SERMONS.

I AM so constantly engaged in mission, temperance, and every class of evangelical work, in the church, streets, and the abodes of want and woe, that I am frequently asked, "How and when do you find time to prepare your sermons?" And as I rarely pass a period of two hours without being interrupted by some one in spiritual or physical need calling for my personal attention, I am not surprised at the question.

Well, in this wise. First, I am better acquainted with men and their wants than I am with books. The following is an illustration of why men come to hear me: A Scotchman once on his way to one of my services was asked by another, "Why is it that you, who so frequently express your dissatisfaction with Montgomery's theology, go to hear him?" "I na I diinna like his theology," he answered; "but I like to hear a mon that can take up your ain dure thrasher and knock ye down." My methods of preparation are to personally visit in the first of each week some of the unconverted who attend with my congregation, and to draw from them their reasons for not being followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. In so doing I get stock enough for a sermon. Then I seek a text of Scripture to cover such cases, and arguments to meet them. The result is that those with whom I have conversed watch the discourse with great interest, and it excites them to think; and if they don't agree with my conclusion, they are pretty likely to seek me and tell me of it. This has the advantage of enlarging not only my own view of things, but theirs also, and in many cases they are brought to Christ by this method. We must get men to think. No man wants to be lost. Let action be the result of calm, sober thought upon spiritual matters, and men can hardly help being saved. The Prophet Isaiah says: "But Israel doth not consider."

It is by constant intercourse with people who need God and have begun to realize it, in my daily avocations, in the home circle, in the streets, anywhere and every-where, constantly trying to observe the injunction of Paul, "Be instant in

prayer," that my sermons are prepared. This enables me to speak to the hearts and consciences of the people. As a physician must become acquainted with the disease of his patient before knowing what to prescribe for it, so must the servant of God become acquainted with the spiritual wants of his people before he can properly minister to them the truth that will heal and save them.

THE END.













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